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OUR COMMON ROADS.



THAT the condition of the common road has much to do with the prosperity of both town and country; that it enriches the farmer, and raises him socially, commercially, and financially; that it widens his influence, contributes to the happiness of his family, and brings him in touch with all the improving and civilizing influences of the busier world, there can be no manner of doubt. We are spending, in this country, \$140,000,000 every year for the maintenance of our common schools. Official statistics show that an average of more than thirty per cent. of the pupils are absent from school on every school-day of the year, and that of these absentees by far the larger proportion is made up of our farmers' children. To every one acquainted with the difficulties of traveling the ordinary country road, especially during the wet weather of spring and fall, the reason for this immense falling off in attendance at the public schools will be clearly traceable to the impassable state of the farmers' highway; and thousands of farmers in all parts of the country will testify that they frequently are compelled, by this unfortunate condition, to send their children to inferior schools, which have little to recommend them except mere convenience of location, while a better condition of the roads would enable them to give their children the advantages of more thorough schooling. At every political election, too, the question of the common roads plays an important part; and results have repeatedly established the fact that a heavy rain-storm occurring just before a general-election day will reduce the aggregate vote in many

of our States to so great an extent as to prevent an expression of the popular will. It is by no means an agreeable comment on the institutions of a great nation to say that the success or failure of an important political principle, or the approval or condemnation of a carefully devised policy of government, may depend in so large a degree upon the weather.

We have in the United States something like 16,000,000 of horses and mules above the age of two years upon our farms, and at the moderate estimate of 25 cents as the cost of feed and care of each of these animals, we see at a glance that the aggregate expense of maintaining them is about \$4,000,000 per day. If, by a similarly moderate estimate, we say that they are kept in the stable in a condition of enforced idleness by the deep mud of spring and fall for a period averaging 20 days in each year, we may easily compute that the loss, in this respect alone, will amount to \$80,000,000 per year, a sum sufficient to build 16,000 miles of excellent highway. Of course, considering the great variety of conditions, and the consequent number of factors to be regarded, it is impossible by mathematical formula to compute the loss entailed on any community by the continued toleration of these dirt roads in their present condition; but the error in the result of any computation is more likely to show a loss smaller than actually exists, and in whatever way the matter be regarded, it is certain that with the imposed burden of extra help and extra draft-animals, lost time, wear and tear of wagons and harness, the drawing of light loads, and the depreciated value of farm-lands, we are pursuing

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a short-sighted policy in permitting the present system to continue. Besides the actual loss, which a moment's reflection will serve to show, we are gaining nothing and saving nothing in that great department of agricultural industry to which the condition of the dirt road is of such marked importance.

By dwellers in cities the actual condition of these country roads during the wet season is scarcely known; while with farmers, to whom all roads are dirt roads, and who have never seen nor known of a highway better than that which they have used from boyhood, the dirt road is an accepted fixture, which long habit and use have impressed upon them as a natural

the State of New York the country newspapers were printing long editorial complaints of the hopeless condition of the rural highways, and the consequent paralysis of country trade, while commercial reports were published from week to week in which business embarrassments and failures were charged directly to the impassable condition of the country roads. Half-loaded farm-wagons were stalled in deep mud almost in the shadow of the magnificent twenty-million-dollar Capitol at Albany, while, as if to show to what ridiculous ends the perversity of the human mind will sometimes lead us, the good farmers of Albany County were actually sending telegrams to the legislature, asking for the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE FARMERS' SLOUGH.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

(THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND WARRENVILLE, OHIO, ABOUT TWO MILES FROM CLEVELAND CITY LIMITS, APRIL 7, 1891.)¹

and necessary adjunct to farm life. On this page appears an illustration showing an actual scene on an important road in northern Ohio in the spring of 1891. It is similar in every essential respect to a thousand other views which might have been taken in that region during the same month, and, indeed, not unlike a countless number of scenes which occurred in most parts of the United States in the spring of that year. Farmers were everywhere mud-bound, traffic was suspended, and even the outlying districts and suburban streets of important towns took on the stagnant condition of remote farms, and suspended all forms of wheel traffic for weeks at a time. In

adjournment of a committee hearing, because the roads of Albany County were too bad to permit them to get to town in time to oppose a bill which promised to make them better!

But aside from the social and political features of this question, and the direct bearing which it has upon the personal income, expense, and economy of the farmer, a bad road increases the first cost of produce—an increase which tends to enhance the price paid by every consumer; and this consideration, if no other, brings the road question home to every reader. On the day of this writing the people of the city of New York are paying \$1.10 per hundred pounds for baled hay which fifteen days ago was selling for 80 cents per hundred in the same market. This increase of price represents

¹ All the pictures in this article, with the exception of the diagrams, are after photographs from nature.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

VIEW ON HUNTING PARK AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM THE CITY HALL, FEBRUARY 23, 1891.

nothing to the farmer, who during the last fifteen days has had no connection with the local market by reason of the deep mud in the country roads. It simply represents an added profit of about 37 per cent. to the middleman or speculator, who, following the unbending rule of supply and demand, trades upon the helplessness of the consumer in a market where he is unhampered by competition.

How long should this costly and paralyzing condition be permitted to continue? Measured by every rule of economy, public or private, these common roads of the United States are not only the worst in the civilized world, but in labor and money we are spending more to carry on a "system" of inefficient and shiftless maintenance than would be sufficient to keep in proper repair double the length of high-class roads under the methods pursued by France, Italy, and other European states. In our struggle for road reform we are following in the footsteps and repeating the history of European nations, where, in the beginning, the same objections were urged, and the same obstacles interposed, which meet the later-day American who is engaging in the same good work. A writer of early English history, referring to the difficulties of agriculture, says:

Roads were so bad, and the chain of home trade so feeble, that there was often scarcity of grain in one part and plenty in another part of the same kingdom. Export by sea or river to some foreign market was, in many cases, more easy than the carriage of corn from one market to another within the country. The frequency of local dearths and the diversity and fluctuation of prices were thus extreme. It was out of this general situation that the first corn-laws arose, and they appear to have been wholly directed toward lowering the price of corn. Exportation was prohibited, and home merchandise in grain was in no repute or toleration.

Writing of a later period, Macaulay makes graphic reference to the difficulties of travel upon English country roads at a time when the English farmers indulged in the same periodical diversion of "working out" their road taxes that is provided for in the antiquated American statutes which we still keep in force for the maintenance of our own highways. He states that in rainy weather the English coaches of that day were compelled to travel along roads which, for miles in succession, were little better than quagmires, and it is said to have been a matter of common occurrence for an English coach to become hopelessly mired in a slough on the public road, and to remain there until

lifted out by the aid of a yoke of cattle from some neighboring farm. Not so are the English roads of to-day. By experiment, and by the better light of experience, the English people and their neighbors all over the European continent have learned that true economy in the construction and repair of the common roads, as in the construction and repair of the great railroads, consists in the scientific making and the systematic maintenance of these roads according to fixed rules, and under the direction of an intelligent head.

In the perfection of this enlightened system it is probable that France leads the world. Al-

These comprise: first, national roads, which generally cross several departments, connecting important cities and towns; and secondly, departmental roads, which connect the chief cities and towns within the department. The less important roads are still further classified and divided; but the roads within a department are under charge of an engineer-in-chief, whose directions to his corps of subordinate superintendents and overseers must be implicitly followed. No part of the road system of France escapes attention, and every road is subdivided into sections varying in length according to its importance, each section being placed in charge



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

VILLAGE STREET, SOUTHPORT, CONNECTICUT, WITHIN ONE THIRD OF A MILE OF RAILROAD STATION, APRIL 13, 1891.

though her area is only about four times as great as that of the State of New York, France has spent about \$600,000,000 in the construction of her common roads, and now annually spends about \$18,000,000, or three per cent. of the first cost, in keeping them in repair. France has eighty-seven departments, answering somewhat to our counties, and within these are various forms of local governments bearing some resemblance to that generally adopted in our cities and towns. The Government maintains a large body of trained engineers in its special department of roads and bridges, to whom is intrusted the practical work of constructing and repairing the common roads.

of a man who is held responsible for the constant excellence of its condition. Referring to the economic worth of these roads to the French government, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, commercial agent at St. Etienne, makes report to our Department of State, within the last year, as follows:

The road system of France has been of far greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of lands, and of putting the small peasant proprietors in easy communication with their markets, than have the railways. It is the opinion of well-informed Frenchmen, who have made a practical study of economic problems, that the superb roads of France have been one



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SUBURBAN DESOLATION.

(WAGONS ABANDONED IN DEEP MUD NEAR INTERSECTION OF OGDEN AVENUE AND 22D STREET, CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1891.)

of the most steady and potent contributions to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far-reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors, and in their prosperity, and the ensuing distribution of wealth, lies the key to the secret of the wonderful financial vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation.

In a similar report to the home Government, United States Consul Oscar F. Williams, writing from Havre under date of May 29, 1891, says:

Every freighting- and market-cart here is a road-maker. Its tire is from three to ten inches in width, usually from four to six, and so rolls the road. With the few four-wheeled vehicles used, the tires are rarely less than six inches, and the rear axle is about fourteen inches longer than the fore, so that the rear or hind wheels run in a line about an inch outside of the line rolled by the fore wheels: thus, with a six-inch tire two feet of road width is well rolled by every passing wagon. The varied gauge is also usually observed with cabs, hacks, and other four-wheeled vehicles, so that they become road-makers instead of rut-makers, as in our country. The cost of highway transportation over the properly built roads of France does not exceed one third the like expense

in the United States, it being common in the rural districts of France to haul three tons, and in the cities from three to five tons, freight net with one horse.

Differing somewhat in manner of construction from the best roads of France, but still in many respects admirable examples of road-construction, are the important roads of Norway, of which the great highway extending from Christiania to Leirdalsören is conspicuously prominent. This highway is about one hundred and fifty miles long, has a stone foundation, and is thoroughly underdrained—a precaution adopted in the construction of all first-class roads, and uniformly followed by the road-builders, of Europe. For the greater part of the distance this road winds through the mountains of Norway, and in many places great masses of rock have been blasted out along the edge of the river or mountain stream (there is always a river) to make space for the construction of the road. The road-surface is composed of a fine, gritty material, which might be called "pin gravel," combined with a smaller proportion of clay, which seems to serve as an efficient binding material, and, when finished, possesses peculiarly elastic properties, which



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

BREAKING STONE FOR THE COUNTRY ROAD.
(A FAMILIAR ROADSIDE SCENE IN GERMANY.)

forbid the presence of any kind of jarring and give to the rider a delightful sensation resembling that which might be felt by a person traveling over a surface of velvet.

Contrived and maintained under systems bearing much likeness to that of the French government, the roads of Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and some of the German states are but little inferior in quality to, even though less extended than, the roads of France; and, indeed, in every country where the hand of the government has been directed to the making and keeping of the main roads, there seems to have followed an effort at emulation by the local authorities which has led to the similar improvement of the branch roads, and finally to the welding together of all the systems for mutual benefit.

Have we no excellent roads in the United States? Yes: many miles in the aggregate; but in comparison with the immense mileage of important highways which are substantially neglected, and left in a condition unfit for traffic, our good roads are but oases in the great desert of mudways which covers the face of the country. The suburban districts of Boston, the new roads of Union and Essex counties, New Jersey, the celebrated pikes of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the highways of a few other localities, might receive honorable mention in the history of our practical pioneer work; but the failure of the National and State governments to take the lead in a general movement for better roads, and the consequent discouragement of a general engineering knowledge of the maintenance and repair of common roads, have led to the neglect, and in some cases to the actual disintegration, of roads which were well constructed and intended to last through many generations. The need of a law by which the main roads may be reconstructed and cared for by the State governments is every day becoming more clearly apparent.

HOW ROADS SHOULD BE MADE.

If you take four pieces of white paper, each having a superficial area equal to about one twentieth of the printed portion of this page, and place them on a hard floor, locating one at each corner of an imaginary rectangle about four feet and a half by six feet in size, they will represent in dimension and relative location the four points of contact upon which the wheels of an ordinary farm-wagon will rest, if made to stand upon the same floor, while each piece of paper will also show, with tolerable accuracy, the entire area of actual contact between the wheel and a hard road-surface in good condition. Here, then, is a foundation of eight square inches or less upon which must be rolled across the country a load varying anywhere from five hundred pounds to ten gross tons in weight; and it is obvious that the mechanical advantages of the wheel can be profitably brought into play only by preserving these points of contact, or tangent points, at their minimum size. Of course, to maintain even a quiescent load of several tons upon so slight a foundation without settling would require a well-made and substantial foundation; but when it is remembered that the foundation is a moving one, and that in its transit along the public highway it is made to carry a rolling, jolting, and pounding burden of perhaps several tons, it is all the more clear that the foundation—to wit, the road-bed and -surface—should be of a smooth and unyielding kind. When, by reason of an excessive load, or the inferior condition of the roadway, the wheel is pressed into the surface of the road, the point of contact is enlarged in proportion to the depth of the depression, and this enlargement continues until the wheel is half submerged; but whether it be great or slight, every increase of the surface of contact involves a corresponding increase of the power required to move the loaded vehicle.

To this fact is mainly due the superior tractive qualities of the Macadam or Telford surface over that of the ordinary dirt road. If the



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR C. COLLINS.

A LOAD OF HAY IN NORMANDY.

wheels of a loaded wagon be made to roll over a hard Macadam surface in direction from M to N, as shown in fig. 1, the force required to move the wagon is manifestly small, depending for its amount principally upon the weight of

and details about which road-builders radically disagree, the writer will attempt to set forth briefly a few time-proved directions which may safely be followed in ordinary cases where the construction or improvement of a road is undertaken.

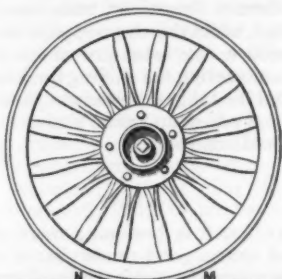


FIG. 1. SHOWING WAGON-WHEEL SUSTAINED AT SINGLE POINT OF CONTACT ON HARD, SMOOTH SURFACE OF COMPACT MACADAM OR TELFORD ROAD.

the load and the hardness and smoothness of the road-surface. But if the same loaded wagon be moved over the surface of an ordinary dirt road, as in the direction of the arrow shown in fig. 2, the weight of the load and wagon will, in most cases, cause a depression of the surface beneath each wheel, by which a continual obstruction is formed at N' to impede the forward movement of the wagon. Thus a greater amount of power is necessary to draw the wagon, and its computation is made complex* and difficult.

Many soils are possessed of elastic qualities, and these are sometimes deemed to be of advantage; but in point of economy in the use of power they are not to be considered in comparison with the Macadam surface, for no dirt surface, however elastic, will rise and give back to the passing wheel (as at M' in fig. 2) the same force which it destroys by the obstructing qualities which it offers to the forward movement of the vehicle.

In all that is hereafter written, then, let it be remembered that hardness and smoothness of surface are two prime qualities in every good highway, and that the insistence of the writer upon thorough drainage, which prevents the softening of the road by rain and flood, and upon thorough rolling, which insures the hardening results of continued pressure, is due to the importance of these qualities of smoothness and hardness in the maintenance of every high-class road.

Of course within the necessary limits of this article no elaborate treatment of the technical side of road-making can be attempted; but avoiding reference, as far as possible, to those methods

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DIRT ROADS.

By this term is meant those roads which are formed of the natural soil found in the line of the roadway. They are so common as to be almost our only roads outside of town and city limits, and will for many years be used largely in country districts, and especially on the lines of cross-roads which connect the main highways. Dirt roads, at their best, are greatly inferior to Macadam and Telford roads in every essential of a good highway; in durability, cost of maintenance, drainage, tractive qualities, and, in many locations, in point of economy also. But the dirt road is here, and the public hand must be directed to its treatment. The first and most important thing necessary for the maintenance of a dirt road may be stated in a single word—*drainage*. It is the one thing that can neither be dispensed with nor neglected. Most dirt is soluble, and is easily displaced under the softening influence of rain, and this process is hastened in the dirt road by the passing of heavy wagons over the wet surface. On every mile of roadway within the United States there falls each year an average of 27,000 tons of water—a heavy, limpid fluid, always directing itself to the nearest outlet and seeking the lowest level. Water is hard to confine and easy to release, and yet, through sheer neglect of the simplest principles of drainage, water is the most active destroyer of our country roads.

In providing for the drainage of a dirt road we should first consider the material of which

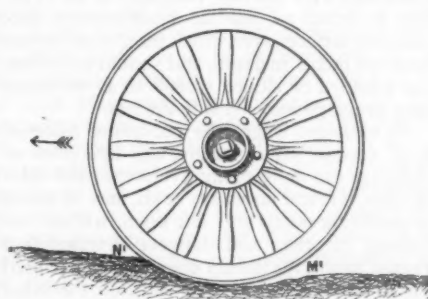


FIG. 2. SHOWING WAGON-WHEEL PRESSED INTO THE SURFACE OF A DIRT ROAD, ENLARGING THE AREA OF CONTACT AND IMPEDING THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE VEHICLE.

the roadway is composed. If a heavy, viscous clay predominates, the ordinary side-ditches should be of good depth, and will even then,

in many cases, be inadequate for thorough drainage without the addition of a center-drain running midway between, and parallel with, the side-ditches. The center-drain should of course be filled with loose irregular boulders, cobblestones, broken bricks, or similar filling, covering a line of tiles or fascines at the bottom, and should be connected with the side-ditches by cross-drains carrying the water outward from the center-drain at proper intervals along the length of the roadway. These center- and cross-drains, and, indeed, the side-ditches also, may be made cheaply after the manner shown in the cross-sections, figs. 5 and 6 on page 812. Center-drains, though often greatly needed for the improvement of country roads, are not in common use. They add somewhat to the cost of the roadway, but, in most cases, considerably more to its value, and should be employed in all situations

depend upon the nature of the clay and sand used, and which can best be determined by experiment), this composition affords many advantages which make it superior to a roadway composed of either sand or clay when used alone. The sand serves to quicken the drainage and to destroy the sticky, tenacious qualities of the clay, while the clay supplies the quality of cohesion in the substance of the road-surface, counteracting the shifting qualities of the sand, and making the roadway more easily packed and rolled, and more likely to retain its proper grade and slope.

ROLLING.

EVERY day it is becoming more firmly established that a good road-roller is the most valuable piece of machinery employed in the

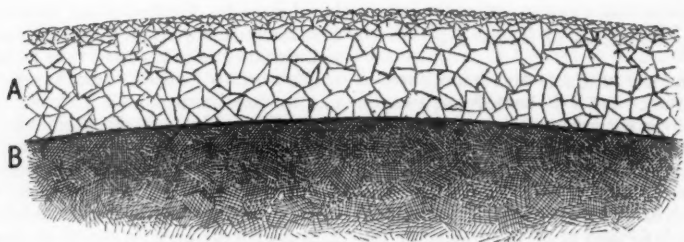


FIG. 3. CROSS-SECTION OF MACADAM ROADWAY LAID ON COMPACT EARTH, AND MADE SOLID AND PERMANENT BY HEAVY ROLLING.

where sand or gravel cannot be had to relieve the heaviness and water-holding properties of the clay. If gravel, sand, or other porous material can be conveniently or cheaply obtained, the center- and cross-drains may often be dispensed with by mixing the gravel or sand in plentiful quantities with the clay roadway, so as to insure as nearly as possible a porous and self-draining surface-layer, which should not be less than ten inches in depth, and should be laid on the rounded or sloped subsoil so as to insure easy drainage into the side-ditches.

In locations where the prevailing material is of a loose, sandy nature, the difficulties of drainage are more easily overcome, and side-ditches, if found necessary at all, may be made of moderate depth and left open, without incurring the risks and dangers of travel that prevail where the deeper open ditches are used for draining heavier soils. But, on the other hand, the light and shifting nature of sandy road-material destroys its value as a surface layer for an earth roadway, and its deficiency in this respect is most easily remedied by the addition of a stronger and more tenacious substance, such as stiff clay. When mixed with sand in proper proportions (which in each case

road-maker's art; and indeed, without it, neither can the foundation or subsoil of the roadway be made uniformly hard and reliable, nor the surface-layer be given that uniform compactness and solidity which give excellence to the road and insure a perpetual economy in the cost of maintenance and repairs. To one who has seen a heavy road-roller used in compacting the soil of a new roadway these facts will be very evident. If a length of one thousand yards in an ordinary earth road be cut to an exact and uniform grade one foot below the original surface of the road, it will be found in most cases that the new surface thus exposed will present an appearance which, to the ordinary observer, is of a uniform material and even hardness from end to end: but the passage of a roller weighing from ten to fifteen tons over this new surface will soon disclose defects and soft spots located at irregular intervals throughout the length of the work; and as the process of rolling continues, the uniformity of the grade will disappear, and what at first appeared to be a tolerably satisfactory surface will develop into a succession of humps, holes, and undulations. In the using of the roller in actual work these depressions and soft spots are carefully filled

and brought to the line of the required grade, while the successive passing of the heavy roller over the filling gives to the entire road that form and consistency which are so essential to every good highway. It is true that heavy rollers are rarely used in the construction or improvement of dirt roads; but this is owing as much to a lack of knowledge of the real value of a good roller as to the apparently formidable outlay involved in its first cost. All dirt roads become hard and passable by the use of a roller. Every wagon-wheel acts as a roller upon the road-surface, and the value of its rolling qualities depends upon the width of the wheel-tires and the load which the wheel sustains; but the wagon-wheel is generally made so narrow as to create ruts in many cases, and its use always tends to develop the weak spots, humps, holes, and undulations which are so quickly revealed in the use of the regular roller. Moreover, the

the county authorities in the fact that a good road-roller, when not profitably employed upon the higher-class Macadam or Telford roads, may often be made to serve with value and economy in the improvement of adjacent dirt roads. In the grading of a dirt road the work may generally be cheapened and improved by employing one of the various forms of "road-machines" which have come into use within the last few years. In its common form this machine is provided with an adjustable steel-shod blade which cuts, scrapes, and forms the earth to the desired grade, and, when drawn by one or two teams, generally performs its work in a commendable and satisfactory way.

MACADAM ROADS.

IN the construction of a Macadam road the experience of a century has warranted modern

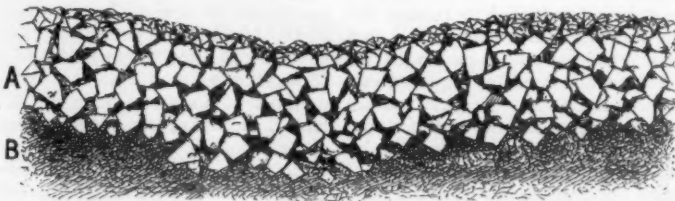


FIG. 4. CROSS-SECTION SHOWING WASTEFUL USE OF MACADAM MATERIAL.

rolling qualities exerted by the wheels of passing traffic are never bestowed uniformly upon the entire width of the roadway, but are confined throughout the length of most country roads to the two narrow lines of travel which marked the tracks of the wheels of the first passing vehicle, and which seem to have been followed with scrupulous care by all the vehicles which came after. The result is that the roadway on both sides of these beaten tracks is often left in a soft, muddy, or rutty condition, and when two heavily loaded vehicles are compelled to pass each other, the necessity of turning out results in a break-down, or in the delay and difficulty which are familiar to every farmer just in proportion to the number of times that he has been stuck in the mud by reason of the conditions here described. The writer has made mention here of the value and use of a road-roller in connection with the maintenance of the ordinary dirt road, not with the belief that expensive road-rollers will be purchased for use solely upon the dirt roads in our country districts, but rather because it is believed that in the near future every progressive county will make use of the road-roller in the making and keeping of its important roads and streets, and that a hint given here may serve to instruct

road-builders in departing somewhat from the rules which Macadam believed to be imperative; but in its prominent features the Macadam road, properly so called, is to-day not unlike that built by its original maker. The first consideration to be looked after in the construction of a Macadam road is the probable traffic, and consequent wear and tear, to which the road will be subjected. Macadam roads are by no means the best in locations where heavy traffic is to be provided for, and are generally inferior to the Telford road for reasons which may presently appear. But Macadam roads, when made with care, are infinitely superior to the ordinary dirt roads, and are most excellently adapted to suburban localities where the travel is not too heavy, and where the earth bottom can be made firm and compact. It is not uncommon in some of our States to find the idea prevalent with town authorities that the purchase of a stone-crusher, and the turning out of a large mass of broken stone which can be dumped in irregular quantities along the length of a country road, to be leveled and worn down by passing traffic, will result in the formation of a Macadam road, and such a process is sometimes miscalled macadamizing. To say nothing of the false economy generally en-

tailed by such a process, it may be asserted to be not only wholly unlike the method of road improvement which Macadam instituted, but it is in direct violation of the principles upon which he most strongly insisted.

The evil results of this shiftless and unsystematic use of broken stone may not only be seen in the long and toilsome process of rolling this material into passable shape by the wheels of wagon traffic, but it involves questions of economy in the use of material, and in the permanency of the road itself, which ought to be considered. In fig. 3, page 810, the writer has attempted to show the permanent form of cross-section which a well-laid and well-kept Macadam road will always retain. The earth foundation B, having first been consolidated by the use of a heavy roller passed over its surface many times in preparing it for the stone, and having also been shaped into a convex cross-section so as to insure the quick drainage of such water as may find its way through the upper surface, is well adapted to receive the stones of the superstructure which are shown at A, and which have also been laid in successive layers and consolidated by ample rolling, as is elsewhere described. The evil consequences of neglecting to roll the earth foundation, and to give it the proper form to insure drainage, are illustrated in fig. 4, in which B is again the earth upon which the stone has been laid. The dumping of loose stone upon the soft and flattened earth foundation in this case invites disaster in many ways. In the first place, the loose, open texture of the superstructure readily admits the water of rain and melting

into the soft dirt, and in such cases it too often happens that the remedy attempted results in the adding of new material in the same neglectful and slovenly way as marked the putting down of the first. The writer feels confident in saying that he can point out sections of Macadam highways in the United States where, by the wasteful process just described, enough stone has been sunk into the earth foundation of the road-bed to serve in the building of six times the same length of excellent Macadam road.

In the proper construction of a Macadam road, then, rolling of the earth foundation is of prime importance, and it is essential also to give to the earth foundation a cross-section having a convex form, so as to quicken its draining qualities. The necessity for this rolling process may easily be gathered from what has been here written under the head of dirt roads, and the same reasons which have been urged in favor of rolling the earth foundation are found to exist in rolling the layers or courses of the Macadam superstructure. This superstructure is principally of broken stone, hard rock such as flint, granite, and the better qualities of limestone being in all cases preferred. In regard to size, the largest admissible stone should be small enough to pass through a ring two and one half inches in diameter, though Macadam himself specifies that the largest stone in this road should be determined by weight, and seemed to prefer a somewhat smaller stone as the maximum to be used. Theoretically, the stones of the Macadam road should be as nearly cubical in shape as possible, as indicated in fig. 10, where the largest of the three rough cube-shaped stones represents about the maximum size to be used in Macadam construction, and in the upper course of Telford roads, to which reference will be made elsewhere.

In a Macadam road the thickness of the road-covering need not in any case exceed nine or ten inches when completed, and in many locations, where the road has been subjected

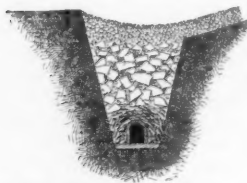


FIG. 5. CROSS-SECTION OF FILLED DRAIN WITH TILE BOTTOM.

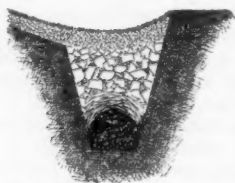


FIG. 6. CROSS-SECTION OF FILLED DRAIN WITH FASCINES AT BOTTOM.

snow, and this water, passing quickly through the sieve-like material, still further softens the earth beneath. Then the weight of the stones themselves, added to that of heavy wagons which pass over the road, serves to press the loose, angular stones down into the soft earth beneath, while the dirt itself seems to permeate the body of the stone, and eventually to find its way to the surface, where it forms into puddles and hastens the disintegration of the entire structure. In this condition the passing of loaded wagons for a considerable time results in the disappearance of the Macadam stone

only to light traffic, even six inches have been found sufficient. Stone roads somewhat resembling the Macadam in form, and having a thickness of only six inches, are by no means uncommon in France, and have been successfully used in some of our New England States. Macadam mentions one case in which he declares that the road had been allowed to wear down to a thickness of only three inches, and that "this was found sufficient to prevent the water from penetrating, and thus to escape any injury from frost." It thus appears, as it will appear in all cases, that the efficiency of the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. ELWELL.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

SCENE ALONG THE LAKE OF THUN, SWITZERLAND.

Macadam road, beyond a certain limit, does not depend so much upon the amount of material used in its construction as upon the manner in which that material is applied.

Drainage of Macadam roads, as of all roads, must be provided for, and the question of drainage admits of such extended scope in its treatment that it can be attempted here only in the briefest way. Suitable side-ditches should in all cases be provided, and center- and cross-drains may profitably be added wherever heavy water-holding clays and similar soils present

the same conditions as have been referred to in recommending drainage of ordinary dirt roads. But some of the objections and dangers of open side-ditching have already been pointed out, and in the construction of Macadam and Telford roads it is infinitely better to avoid their use as much as possible. This can be done in many situations by substituting covered drains upon each side of the roadway; and these covered drains may be made in a variety of ways, depending for their cheapness and ease of construction upon the mate-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

MATTAPAN STREET, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEVEN MILES FROM BOSTON.

rials most conveniently at hand, and upon the ingenuity of the road-maker. Two forms in common use are shown in figs. 5 and 6.

In fig. 5 there appears in the shaded outline the ordinary form of an open ditch as constructed in stiff soils, where the sides may be cut with a steep incline without danger of caving in. The ditch so opened is made with a longitudinal grade at the bottom, corresponding with more or less exactness to the grade of the road-surface. Upon the graded bottom of the ditch is laid a succession of planks or flat stones, and upon this is placed a line of ordinary U tiling with ends set close together, so as to prevent, as much as possible, the introduction of foreign substances into the waterway of the tile. The tiling is then covered with straw, hay, coarse marsh-grass, or similar substance, still further to protect it from the introduction of dirt, and the ditch is afterward filled nearly to the top with coarse, irregular-shaped stones of various sizes, the work being completed by the addition of finer stones and sharp gravel, so laid as to invite the free passage of water from above. As these side-drains

are generally located at about the lowest point in the cross-section of the finished roadway, the covering layer of the drain should be given a concave or gutter-shaped section as shown in the illustrations, so as to hold the water which runs off from the roadway and to carry it along in the line of the surface grade, depositing in adjacent culverts or watercourses such portions of the surface-water as fail to become absorbed by the porous material of the side-drains. Whenever it appears that natural waterways, culverts, or other artificial outlets occur at frequent intervals along the roadway, the expense of side-ditches and drains may be entirely saved by simply forming a concave-paved gutter, as shown in fig. 7, along which the surface-water may be carried by a proper grade to the nearest outlet; but in this form of construction it is essential that the earth foundation be properly shaped and rolled hard before the Macadam material is put on, and that the latter should be finished with great compactness, so as to resist the introduction of water, and the consequent softening of the earth foundation which is likely to follow. Fig. 6 represents another

and somewhat cheaper form of side-drain, in which fascines are bound together in separate bundles and laid along the bottom of the drain, instead of the tiling. The fascines are covered with straw and coarse, porous material in the same manner as was shown in the description of fig. 5. Flat

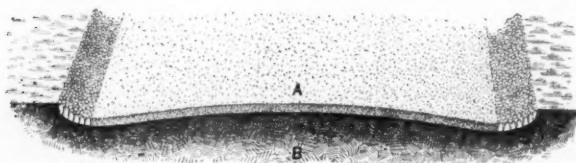


FIG. 7. CROSS-SECTION AND TOP VIEW OF COMPLETED MACADAM ROAD WITH PAVED SURFACE-GUTTERS AT SIDES.

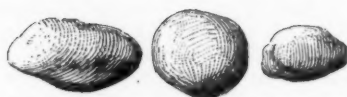


FIG. 8. ROUNDED PEBBLES AND SMALL COBBLESTONES TO BE CAREFULLY EXCLUDED FROM ALL MACADAM AND TELFORD ROAD-MATERIALS.

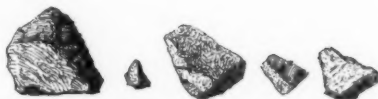


FIG. 9. SHOWING FORM AND SIZES OF STONE CHIPS COMMONLY USED FOR THE TOP LAYER IN CONSTRUCTION OF MACADAM AND TELFORD ROADS.

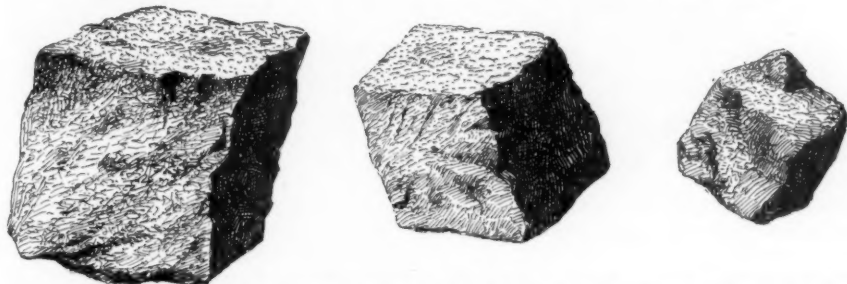


FIG. 10. SHOWING ROUGH CUBE-SHAPED STONES OF PROPER SIZE AND FORM TO BE USED IN MACADAM AND TELFORD ROADS. In the "intermediate" courses of either form of construction moderately larger sizes may be employed; but in top courses it is always best to restrict the workmen to a maximum-size stone not materially greater than that shown at the left of the figure.

stones or bricks are sometimes laid at the bottom of the side-drains, so as to form an open waterway with angular cross-section; and other methods are pursued, all leading to the same end and based upon the same principles of construction.

After the road-bed has been properly excavated, the drainage provided for, and the earth foundation properly rolled and shaped, a layer of broken stone from four to six inches in thickness, and never exceeding the latter figure, should be spread evenly upon the surface of the earth foundation, and rolled until it has become thoroughly compact. In this process of rolling, a sharp, clean binding material in moderate quantities may be added to advantage, but on no account should loam, dirt, or other soft material be used, since these soon turn to mud by the addition of water. After the first layer is thoroughly consolidated, the second layer may be added, being spread evenly and smoothly over the surface of the finished course, and in its turn rolled until firmly compacted. In rolling these Macadam layers into a compact form, it is frequently found best to sprinkle the surface with water, as is recommended elsewhere in the construction of Telford roads. After the completion of the second course of macadam, a top or finishing layer of clean gravel or fine stone chips not exceeding two inches in depth should be spread evenly over the whole surface and thoroughly consolidated by rolling. For this top layer perhaps nothing is better than the fine chips and gritty material which may be found in every quarry where the breaking of stone is carried on, and if this cannot be otherwise obtained, it may be broken from the larger stones by a crusher

specially adjusted for that purpose. The small stones used in this finishing layer are usually in size and shape somewhat like those represented in fig. 9, and the largest stone used for this purpose should not exceed three quarters of an inch in its greatest dimension. The completion of the top surface just described marks the finished work of the construction of a Macadam road, and it is then ready for use. A partial cross-section of a completed Macadam road is shown in fig. 3, in which A represents the consolidated stones resting upon the rolled and compacted earth foundation B. The top view and cross-section of the finished Macadam road are shown on a small scale in fig. 7, where A again represents the finished superstructure and B the compact earth foundation.

An important thing to be kept in view in the construction of roadways of the Macadam, Telford, and kindred types is the necessity of excluding from the road-material all rounded stones of whatever size. Such stones are most damaging in their effects when incorporated in the structure of any of these roads, and the greatest care should be taken to prevent their use. On many occasions mere pebbles of the

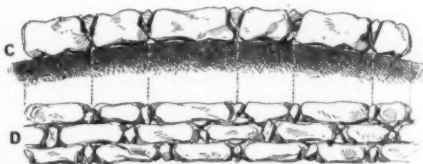


FIG. 11.

Cross-section (C) of portion of Telford sub-pavement laid on rolled earth foundation, and top view (D) of three partial courses of same, showing method of breaking joints of larger stones and wedging and packing of stone chips into voids and interstices.



EAST BROAD STREET AND MAGNOLIA AVENUE, ELIZABETH,
NEW JERSEY, APRIL 14, 1891.

size and form shown in fig. 8 will in some manner find their way between the flat and angular stones of the superstructure, destroying the compactness of the roadway and preventing that snug settling and wedging of the angular stones which are so essential to the proper completion of the road.

TELFORD ROADS.

THE system of Thomas Telford, whose name for many years has been used to designate the

kind of road which he advocated, differs from the Macadam system in many particulars, the most important of which prescribes the use of a sub-pavement of large stones set in in courses upon the earth foundation.

Since the time of Telford, and indeed in his own day, road-builders have modified his rules without in any way detracting from the excellent quality of their work. For example, in some cases it has been found better not to prepare a level bed for the road-materials as Telford advised, but rather to give to the earth foundation a downward slope from the center-line to each side of the roadway, so as to insure a convexity of cross-section parallel to the cross-section designed for the road-surface when completed. According to the original Telford specifications the convex form of the finished surface was obtained by varying the size of the stones used in the sub-pavement, and by placing the deeper stones in the center of the road, while those of less depth were placed in the order of their decreasing size from the center to the sides of the roadway. This method, while possessing excellent features, appears in some cases to have the disadvantage of requiring a careful assortment of the sub-pavement stones, and it may also be questioned whether the leveled earth foundation is as well suited to insure sub-drainage as is the rounded earth



ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

A STONY ROAD IN BAD REPAIR.

(CODMAN STREET, DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, NEAR STABLE OF THE MUNICIPAL PAVING DEPARTMENT.)



FIG. 12. TOP VIEW AND CROSS-SECTION SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING TELFORD ROADWAY.

B is the rolled earth foundation on which is laid the sub-pavement as shown in fig. 11. At A have been laid the upper courses of broken stone rolled into compact form, similar to that shown in the broken-stone layer of fig. 3.

foundation which in late years has come to be more commonly used. The construction of the Telford road may be better understood by reference to some of the accompanying figures. In fig. 11 C represents a portion of cross-section, or end view, of the Telford sub-pavement laid on a well-rolled earth foundation, with the broadest edges of the stone laid lengthwise across the road. In the interstices between

ly done, as it insures the solidity of the sub-pavement, and serves to prevent the dropping or settling of all materials which are subsequently put on. When finished, the sub-pavement should present a general uniformity of outline, with a moderately roughened surface caused by the irregular upper edges of the pavement stones and chips—an irregularity which serves well to prevent the shifting and sloping of the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. ELWELL.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

SWISS MOUNTAIN ROAD IN PROCESS OF REPAIR.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER,

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN CARBUTT.

A ROAD NEAR TRYON CITY, NORTH CAROLINA.

smaller stones above, and to insure the compact binding together of the entire structure. In the making of a Telford road it is important to remember that the stones used in the sub-pavement need not be selected with regard to their hardness, and that stones may be used in this part of the work which would be wholly unsuited to situations where they might be exposed to direct contact with heavy vehicles. Another practical point to be remembered in the laying of the sub-pavement is that the driving and wedging of chips and smaller stones into the interstices of the sub-pavement must not be permitted near the face of the unfinished work, as this practice would result in the loosening and forcing apart of the larger stones of the sub-pavement.

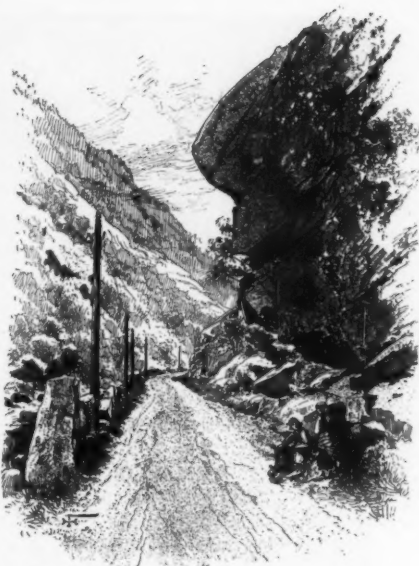
After the completion of the sub-pavement at least two separate layers of broken stone are

generally put on to form the upper and finishing course of the roadway. The intermediate course next to the sub-pavement is made of broken stones somewhat after the manner of Macadam material, although these need not be, and in practical work generally are not, of the same uniform size and quality as are required for the finishing layer. The stones used in the intermediate course may vary in size from one inch to three inches in their largest diameter, and this course should be at least four inches thick, free from dirt, and laid in a bed of uniform thickness to preserve the regular contour of the roadway. In putting down this course, the heavy roller should again be employed to compact and consolidate the stones, so that the repeated passing of the roller over its surface will produce no settling, hollows, or uneven places. Before

completing the rolling, a quantity of clean, sharp sand should be laid on the surface of the intermediate course, evenly and in sufficient amount, and over this the roller should be passed repeatedly, after having first sprinkled the sand with a sufficient quantity of water to prevent its sticking to the surface of the roller.

The top or surface course is the finishing work in the building of a Telford road; and in the making of this course great care must be had both in selecting the material to be used and in the method of laying it down. All the stones of this course should be of uniform size, and all stones should be rejected from this material which are too large to pass through a ring having an inner diameter of two inches. If trap-rock can be obtained for this course, it can be used with the assurance that a better material is scarcely obtainable; but if trap-rock cannot be had, there are several varieties of hard granite and limestone which make excellent substitutes, and which are frequently used with success.

The top or surface course should be laid with a uniform depth of not less than three inches, and after being compactly rolled it should show a thickness of at least three inches above the intermediate course. After the loose stones for the top course have been evenly laid over the surface of the intermediate course, so as to show the form of the completed roadway, the roller should be run over the new surface just enough to render it moderately compact, and for this purpose a light roller will be sufficient. Then a light coat of clean, sharp sand should be put on, and sprinkled as in the case of the intermediate course, after which, by the use of splint brooms, the sand may be worked in between the stones of the surface, while the heavy roller is made to follow, pressing the small stones



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN NORWAY.

firmly into a compact mass. The rolling should proceed backward and forward in line with the direction of the road, beginning at the side or gutter of the roadway, and working toward the center. The process of rolling and adding moist sand should continue until each stone becomes so firmly bedded, and the finished surface so hard, that more sand cannot be pressed into the surface, after which all loose material remaining on top of the road may be removed, so as to leave the surface smooth and complete. This process of rolling the top sur-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A FRENCH NATIONAL ROAD.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. ELWELL.



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

VIEW OF BLUE HILL AVENUE, MATTAPAN, MASSACHUSETTS.

(AN IMPORTANT BUT BADLY KEPT ROAD, SHOWING DEEP RUTS CAUSED BY THE USE OF NARROW WHEEL-TIRES.)

face can hardly be continued too long or done too thoroughly. In France it is no uncommon thing for engineers to require that this rolling shall be continued until a cubic inch of hard Macadam material laid on the finished surface of the road shall be crushed by the roller without being pressed into the finished surface or marring its compactness.

Macadam himself declaimed most loudly against binding material; but the methods of both Macadam and Telford were anticipated by Trésaguet, a French engineer, whose methods have been followed with eminent success by the road-builders of France. The system of Trésaguet involved the use of a binding material, and it is now generally adopted in the construction of roads both in England and America. Every stone road comes eventually to be supplied with a binding material into which its component parts are bedded and by which its voids are filled. This may easily be seen by the examination of any of the old Macadam roads which were originally laid without a binding material, and which, after a long term of years, are found to contain a gritty substance which completely fills all the voids between the original stones. The use of binding material in the first instance insures and hastens the compacting of the roadway,

and, if the materials be of proper quality, in no way detracts from the character of the work.

In fig. 12 is shown a cross-section and top view of a Telford road in process of construction after the manner here described. The portion at A represents the finished surface of the broken-stone layer or course after the completion of the rolling, and the portion at B is the compact earth foundation upon which the sub-pavement has been set. The concave portion on each side of the road serves as a gutter to carry surface-water lengthwise in the direction of the roadway into the nearest watercourse or culvert; and where no watercourse is conveniently near, it is best to introduce side-ditches or -drains as described in that portion of the text which refers to Macadam roads. It may briefly be said that this form of concave gutter is not so commonly used as curb gutters, in which the curbstone is set nearly vertical, inclining slightly outward from the roadway, and forming an angle with the road-surface at its lowest point, somewhat after the manner of the street gutter seen in cities and towns. Such a form of construction permits of a more thorough use of the roller on the entire road-surface, but in districts where suitable stone for curbing cannot be had cheaply, the concave gutter may be well substituted.

Isaac B. Potter.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.¹

II. WHAT IS POETRY?



THESE lectures, as I have intimated, are purposely direct of statement, and even elementary. From my point of view this does not of itself imply a disrespect for the intelligence of the listener. The

most advanced star-gazer holds to his mathematics; while, as to poetry, enthusiasts find it easier to build fine sentences than to make clear to others, if to themselves, the nature of that which affects them so inspiringly. I trust that you are willing, in place of the charm of style and the jest and epigram of discourses for entertainment, to accept a search for the very stuff whereof the Muse fashions her transubstantial garments—to discover what plant or moth supplies the sheeny fiber; in what heat, what light, the iridescent fabric is dyed and spun and woven.

It has occurred to me—I think it may not seem amiss to you—that this eager modern time, when the world has turned critic, this curious evening of the century, when the hum of readers and the mists of thought go up from every village; when poetry is both read and written, whether well or ill, more generally than ever before; and when clubs are formed for its study and enjoyment, where commentators urban or provincial, masters and mistresses of analytics, devote nights to the elucidation of a single verse or phrase—it has occurred to me that this is an opportune time for the old question, so often received as if it were a jet of cold water upon steam or the stroke of midnight at a masquerade—an apt time to ask ourselves, What, then, *is* poetry, after all? What are the elements beneath its emotion and intellectual delight? Let us have the primer itself. For, if such a primer be not constructible, if it be wholly missing or disdained, you may feel and enjoy a poem, but you will hardly be consistent in your discourse upon it, and this whether you concern yourself with Browning, or Meredith, or Ibsen,—as is now the mode,—or with the masterworks of any period.

NEVERTHELESS, we too must begin our answer to the question, *What is poetry?* by declaring that the essential *spirit* of poetry is inde-

finable. It is something which is perceived and felt through a reciprocal faculty shared by human beings in various degrees. The range of these degrees is as wide as that between the boor and the sensitive adept—between the racial Calibans and Prosperos. The poetic spirit is absolute and primal, acknowledged but not reducible, and therefore an axiom of nature and sensation.

To state this otherwise: it is true that the poetic essence always has been a force, an energy, both subtle and compulsive; a primal force, like that energy the discovery of whose unities is the grand physical achievement of this century. The shapes which it informs are Protean, and have a seeming elusiveness. Still, even Proteus, as Virgil tells us, is capturable. Force, through its vehicle of light, becomes fixed within the substance of our planet; in the carbon of the fern, the tree, the lump of coal, the diamond. The poetic spirit becomes concrete through utterance, in that poetry which enters literature; that is, in the concrete utterances of age after age. Nothing of this is durably preserved but that which possesses the crystalline gift of receiving and giving out light indefinitely, yet losing naught from its reservoir. Poetry is the diamond of these concretions. It gives out light of its own, but anticipates also the light of after-times, and refracts it with sympathetic splendors.

With this uttered poetry, then, we are at present concerned. Whether sung, spoken, or written, it is still the most vital form of human expression. One who essays to analyze its constituents is an explorer undertaking a quest in which many have failed. Doubtless he too may fail, but he sets forth in the simplicity of a good knight who does not fear his fate too much, whether his desert be great or small.

In this mood seeking a definition of that poetic utterance which is or may become of record,—a definition both defensible and inclusive, yet compressed into a single phrase,—I have put together the following statement:

Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight, of the human soul.

First of all, and as a corollary,—a resultant

¹ A series which formed the initial course, delivered in March, 1891, of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry, founded at Johns Hopkins University by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull of Baltimore.

from the factors of imagination and expression,—we infer that poetry is, in common with other art products, a creation, of which the poet is the creator, the maker. *Expression* is the avowed function of all the arts, their excuse for being; out of the need for it art in the rude and primitive forms has ever sprung. No work of art has real import, none endures, unless the maker has something to say—some thought which he must express imaginatively, whether to the eye in stone or on canvas, or to the ear in music or artistic speech; this thought, the imaginative conception moving him to utterance, being his creative idea—his art-ideal. This simple truth, persistently befogged by the rhetoric of those who do not “see clear and think straight,” and who always underrate the strength and beauty of an elementary fact, is the last to be realized by commonplace mechanicians. They go through the process of making pictures or verses without the slightest mission—really with nothing to say or reveal. They mistake the desire to beget for the begetting power. Their mimes and puppets have everything but souls. Now, the imaginative work of a true artist, conveying his own ideal, is creative because it is the expression, the new embodiment, of his particular nature, the materialization of something which renders him a congener, even a part, of the universal soul—that divinity whose eternal function it is to create. The expressive artist is to this extent indeed fashioned after his Maker. He can even declare, in the words of Beddoes, who used them, however, to reveal his surprising glimpses of evolution:

I have a bit of *Fiat* in my soul,
And can myself create my little world.

At the same time, the quality of the poet's creation, be it lyrical, narrative, or dramatic, is in a sense that of revelation. He cannot invent forms and methods and symbols out of keeping with what we term the nature of things; such inventions, if possible, would be monstrous, baleful, not to be endured. But he utters, reveals, and interprets what he sees with that inward vision, that second sight, the prophetic gift of certain personages—that which I mean by “insight,” and through which the poet is thought to be inspired. This vision penetrates what Plato conceived to be the quintessence of nature, what Wordsworth, in his very highest mood, declares that we perceive only when

We are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

The creative insight, according to its degree, is allied with, if not the source of, the mysterious endowment named genius, which humdrum intellects have sought to disallow, claiming that it lies chiefly in one of its frequent attributes,—industry,—but which the wisdom of generations has indubitably recognized. The antique and idealistic notion of this gift is given in “*Ion*”: “A poet . . . is unable to compose poetry until he becomes inspired and is out of his sober senses, and his imagination is no longer under his control; for he does not compose by art, but through a divine power.” The modern and scientific rendering is that of the exact investigator, Hartmann, who traces this power of genius to its inmost cell, and classifies it as the spontaneous, involuntary force of the untrammelled soul—in precise terms, “the activity and efflux of the Intellect freed from the domination of the Conscious Will.” Whichever statement you accept,—and I see no reason why the two are not perfectly concordant,—here is the apparently superhuman gift which drew from Sophocles that cry of wonder, “Æschylus does what is right without knowing it.”

As an outcome of genius producing the semblance of what its insight discovers, poetry aims to convey beauty and truth in their absolute simplicity of kind, but limitless variety of guise and adaptation. The poet's vision of these is shared to some extent by all of us, else his appeal would not be universal. But to *his* inborn taste and wisdom is given the power of coadequate expression. Taste has been vilely mistaken for a sentiment, and disgust with its abuse may have incited the Wordsworthians and others to disqualify it. They limited their own range by so doing. The world forgives most sins more readily than those against beauty. There was something ridiculous, if heroic, in the supercilious attitude of our transcendentalists, not only putting themselves against the laity, but opposing the whole body of their fellow-seers and -artists, whose solace for all labors ever has been the favor of their beloved mistress Beauty—the inspirer of creative taste.

The truth is that taste, however responsive to cultivation, is inborn—as spontaneous as insight, and, indeed, with an insight of its own. Schlegel's alertness with respect to the esthetic moved him to define even genius as “the almost unconscious choice of the highest degree of excellence, and, consequently,” he added, “it is taste in its highest activity.” Profound thinkers, lofty and unselfish natures, may flourish without taste: if so, they miss a sense, nor only one that is physical—something else is lacking, if the body be the symbol of the soul. I would not go so far as to say of one born, for instance, without ear for melody, that there

will be "no music in his soul" when that is disembodied. It is finer to believe that

Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in

such a one cannot hear it; that

The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping, does herself erect.

But taste, whether in or out of the body, is a faculty for want of which many ambitious thinkers have in the end failed as poets. It is a sense, however, the functions of which are very readily assumed and mechanically imitated. At periods when what are called false and artificial standards have prevailed, as in French and English letters from 1675 to 1790, the word "taste" has been on every one's lips, and the true discernment of beauty has been supposed to be supreme, when in fact merely the crown and scepter of taste have been set up and its mantle stuffed with straw. At this very time art is suffering everywhere from an immense variety of standards and models, and our taste, in spite of the diverse and soulless yet attractive productions of the studio and the closet, is that of an interregnum.

Assuming that the artist's conceptions are spontaneous and imaginative, their working out brings into play the conscious intellect. He gives us thought, building up masterpieces from the germinal hint or motive: his wisdom is of so pure a type that through it the poet and the philosopher, in their ultimate and possible development, seem united. It is the exclusive presentation of thought and truth that makes poetry didactical and hence untrue in the artistic sense. For taste has been finely declared to be "the artistic ethics of the soul," and it is only through a just balance of all the elements in question that poetry rises above ordinary and universal human speech and becomes a veritable art.

Under the conditions of these reciprocal elements, the poet's nature, "all touch, all eye, all ear," exalted to a creative pitch, becomes *emotional*. Feeling is the excitant of genuine poetry. The Miltonic canon, requiring the sensuous beauty which taste alone insures, demands, last of all, as if laying stress upon its indispensability, that poetry should be passionate. It is the impassioned spirit that awakes the imagination, whose taste becomes alert, that hears whisperings which others do not hear,—which it itself does not hear in calmer periods,—that breaks into lyric fervor and melody, and that arouses kindred spirits with recital of its brave imaginings. Feeling of any kind is the touch upon the poet's electric keyboard; the *passio vera* of his more intense moods furnishes the impulse and the power for effective

speech. His emotion instinctively acquires the tone and diction fitted to its best expression. Even the passion of a hateful nature is not without a certain distinction. Flame is magnificent, though it feed upon the homes of men.

RIGHT here we stop to consider that thus far our discussion of the poetic elements applies with almost equal significance to all the fine arts; each of them, in fact, being a means of expressing the taste, thought, passion, imagination, and insight, of its devotee. The generic principles of one are those of all. Analysis of one is to this extent that of art as art: a remark illustrated by the talk of every noteworthy virtuoso, from Angelo to Reynolds and Ruskin and Taine. Reflect for an instant upon the simultaneous appearance of a certain phase, such as Preraphaelitism, in the plastic, structural, and decorative arts, in imaginative literature, and on the stage itself, and you see that the Muses are indeed sisters, and have the same food and garments—often the same diseases. But take for granted the "consensus of the arts." What is it, then, that differentiates them? Nothing so much as their respective vehicles of expression. The key-stone of our definition is the statement that poetry, in the concrete and as under consideration, is *language*. Words are its specific implements and substance. And art must be distinguished, whatsoever its spirit, by its concrete form. A picture of the mind is not a painting. There is a statue in every stone; but what matters it, if only the brooding sculptor sees it? A cataract, a sunset, a triumph, a poetic atmosphere, or mood, or effect—none of these is a poem. When Emerson and Miss Fuller went together to see Fanny Elssler dance, and the philosopher whispered to the sibyl, "Margaret, this is poetry!" and the sibyl rejoined, "Waldo, it is religion!" they both, I take it, would have confessed with Hosea that they had used similitudes. We are now considering the palpable results of inspiration. Poetry houses itself in words, sung, spoken, or inscribed, though there is a fine discrimination in the opening sentence of Ben Jonson's Grammar, which declares of language that "the writing [of it] is but an accident."

Language is colloquial and declarative in our ordinary speech, and on its legs for common use and movement. Only when it takes wings does it become poetry. As the poet, touched by emotion, rises to enthusiasm and imaginative power or skill, his speech grows *rhythmic*, and thus puts on the attribute that distinguishes it from every other mode of artistic expression—the gild-mark which, rightly considered, establishes the nature of the thing itself. At this date there is small need to descant upon the

universality of rhythm in all relations of force and matter, nor upon its inherent consonance with the lightest, the profoundest, sensations of the living soul. Let us accept the wisdom of our speculative age, which scrutinizes all phenomena and reaches the scientific bases of experience, and, looking from nadir to zenith, acknowledges a psychological impulse behind every physical function. The earliest observers saw that life was rhythmical, that man and brute are the subjects of recurrent touch, sensation, order, and are alike responsive to measured sound, the form of rhythm most obvious and recognizable; that music, for instance, affects the most diverse animate genera, from the voiceless insect and serpent to the bird with its semi-vocal melody, and the man whom it incites to speech and song. The ancients no less comprehended the rhythm of air and water, the multitudinous harmonies, complex and blended, of ocean surges and wind-swept pines. But our new empiricism, following where intuition leads the way, comprehends the function of *vibrations*: it perceives that every movement of matter, seized upon by universal force, is *vibratory*; that vibrations, and nothing else, convey through the body the look and voice of nature to the soul; that thus alone can one incarnate individuality address its fellow; that, to use old Bunyan's imagery, these vibrations knock at the ear-gate, and are visible to the eye-gate, and are sentient at the gates of touch of the living temple. The word describing their action is in evidence: they "thrill" the body, they thrill the soul, both of which respond with subjective, interblending vibrations, according to the keys, the wave-lengths, of their excitants.

Thus it is absolutely true that what Buxton Forman calls "idealized language," *i. e.*, speech which is imaginative and rhythmical, goes with emotional thought; and that words exert a mysterious and potent influence, thus chosen and assorted, beyond their normal meanings. Equally true it is that natural poets in sensitive moods have this gift of choice and rhythmic assortment, just as a singer is born with voice and ear, or a painter with a knack of drawing likenesses before he can read or write. It is not too much to say that if not born with this endowment he is not a poet: a poetic nature, if you choose,—indeed, often more good, pure, intellectual, even more sensitive, than another with the "gift,"—and, again, one who in time by practice may excel in rhythmical mechanism him that has the gift but slights it; nevertheless, over and over again, not a born poet, not of the royal breed that by warrant roam the sacred groves. I lay stress upon this, because, in an age of economics and physics and prose fiction, the fashion is to slight the special

distinction of poetry and to deprecate its supremacy by divine right, and to do this as our democracy reduces kingcraft—through extending its legitimate range. You cannot force artists, architects, musicians, to submit to such a process, for material dividing lines are too obvious. Otherwise, some would undoubtedly make the attempt. But poetic vibrations are impalpable to the carnal touch, and unseen by the bodily eye, so that every realist, according to his kind, either discredits them or lays claim to them. All the same, nothing ever has outrivalled or ever will outrival, as a declaration of the specific quality of poetry, the assertion that its makers do

Feed on thoughts, that *voluntary* move
Harmonious numbers;

and the minstrel poet, of my acceptance, "lispd in numbers" as an infant—and well does the hackneyed verse reiterate, "for the numbers came."

Aside from the vibratory mission of rhythm, its little staff of adjuvants, by the very discipline and limitations which they impose, take poetry out of the place of common speech, and make it an art which lifts the hearer to its own unusual key. Schiller writes to Goethe that "Rhythm, in a dramatic work, treats all characters and all situations according to one law. . . . In this manner it forms the atmosphere for the poetic creation. The more material part is left out, for only what is spiritual can be borne by this thin element." In real, that is, spontaneous minstrelsy, the fittest assonance, consonance, time, even rhyme,—if rhyme be invoked, and rhyme has been aptly called "both a memory and a hope,"—come of themselves with the imaginative thought. The soul may conceive unconsciously, and, as I believe in spite of certain metaphysicians, without the use of language; but the moment the wire is put up, the true and only words are flashed along it. Such is the test of genuineness, the underlying principle being that the masterful words of all poetic tongues are for the most part in both their open and consonantal sounds related to their meanings, so that with the inarticulate rhythm of impassioned thought we have a correspondent verbal rhythm for its vehicle. The whole range of poetry which is vital, from the Hebrew psalms and prophecies, in their original text and in our great English version, to the Georgian lyrics and romances and the Victorian idyls, confirms the statement of Mill that "the deeper the feeling, the more characteristic and decided the rhythm." The rapture of the poet governs the tone and accent of his

High and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted.

Whoever, then, chooses to exempt poetry from this affinity with rhythm is not considering the subject-matter of these discourses. Not that I would magnify its office, or lessen the claims of other forms of imaginative and emotional expression. "The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another . . . there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon." Nor do I ask you, with the Scripture, to set one above the other: count them of equal rank, if you like,—as in truth they seem to be in a time which has produced not only "In Memoriam," "Pippa Passes," "The Problem," but also the "Tale of Two Cities," "Henry Esmond," "The Scarlet Letter,"—but count them as *different*. Of one thing I am assured, that every recognized poet will claim the vitality of this difference—a professional claim, without doubt, but not as though made by a lawyer or a divine, since their professions are more arbitrary and acquired. I confess that natural aptitude justifies in a measure the expressions "a born lawyer," "a born doctor," etc.; still, more of what we call professional skill is obtained by training than by derivation. The reverse of this is true of minstrelsy, and thus it chances that for a thousand excellent lawyers you shall not discover one superior poet.

It is not essential now, when the trick of making clever verse is practised, like all the minor technics of decoration, music, and so on, by many more or less cultured persons with a talent for mimicry, to discuss historic forms of measure, and to show why rhythm is not confined to any formal measures rhymed or unrhymed. Yet even rhyme, in our tongue, has advantages apart from its sound, when so affluent and strong a workman as Browning uses it in some of his most extended poems as a brake on the whirl and rush of an over-productive genius. All the varied potencies of rhythm,—its trinity of time-beat, consonance, and assonance, its repetends and refrains and accidental wandering melodies and surprises,—are the vibrations of the poetic fervor made manifest, and the poet's conveyance of it to his listeners.

Now, we have seen that the term poetry was long applied to all imaginative literature. I recognize the fact that the portion of it which was only germinal with the ancients, but is the chief characteristic of our modern age, the prose tale or romance—that this, our prose fiction, is equally a part of the feigned history celebrated by Plato and Bacon and Sidney, of the thing creatively invented rather than of things debated or recorded. It is often imbued with the true spirit of poesy, and is almost always more original in plot, narrative, structure, than its sister art. It well may supply the topic

for a series of discourses. Among the brilliant romancers and novelists are not a few who, were not fiction the dominant mode of our time, would possibly have wreaked their thoughts upon expression in rhythmical form. But to see how distinct a thing it is, and also to illustrate my belief that a dramatic poet may as well not originate his own narrative or plot, read a story of Boccaccio or a chronicle by Holinshed, and then the play of Shakspeare's molded upon it. The masterly novelist, the better to control his plot and to reflect life as it is, keeps his personal emotion within such command that it fails to become rhythmical. Where it gets the better of him, and he breaks into blank verse or singsong, his work is infallibly weakened; it may catch the vulgar ear, but is distinctly the less enduring. Who now can abide the tricky metrical flow of certain sentimental passages in Dickens? And Dickens, by the way,—nature's own child and marvelous, as in truth he was,—occasionally set himself to write poetic verse, but he knew no trick of it, and could acquire none. His lyrics were mostly commonplace. This was to be expected, for a real poet usually writes good prose, and rarely rhythmical prose as prose, though he may elect, with Macpherson, Blake, Tourgénéiev, Emerson, and Whitman, to cast his poetry in rhythmical prose form. Thackeray, who was a charming poet, of a light but distinct quality above which he was too genuine to venture, put no metrics into his novels. See how definite the line between the prose and verse of Milton, Goethe, Landor, Coleridge, Byron. Of Emerson I have said elsewhere that his prose was poetry, and his poetry light and air. There is a class of writers, of much account in their day, whose native or purposed confusion between rhythmical and true prose attracts by its glamor, and whom their own generation, at least, can ill spare. Of such was Richter, and such in a measure have been De Quincey, Wilson, Carlyle, and even Ruskin, each after his kind. The strong personality of a writer forces its way. But it is to be noted that these after a time fall into distrust, as if the lasting element of true art had somehow escaped them. Certain latter-day lights well might take a lesson from the past. These illuminati leave firm ground, but do they rise to the upper air? There is something eery and unsubstantial about them as they flit in a moonlit limbo between earth and sky. Howbeit, they are what they are, and may safely plead that it is more to be what they can be than not to be at all. The difference betwixt poetical prose and the prose of a poet is exemplified by Mark Pattison's citation of the two at their best—the prose of Jeremy Taylor and that of Milton, the former "loaded with

imagery on the outside," but the latter "colored by imagination from within."

In short, although throughout our survey, and especially in the Orient, the most imaginative poetry often chants itself in rhythmic prose, the less rhythm there is in the prose of an essayist or novelist the better, even though it characterizes an interlude. As a drop of prosaic feeling is said to precipitate a whole poem, so a drop of sentimental rhythm will bring a limpid tale or essay to cloudy effervescence. As for eloquence, also classed with poetry by our ancestors, and which is subjective and passionate, I do not say that it may not rise by borrowing wings; but in a poem the force of eloquence pure and simple cannot be prolonged without lessening ideality and the subtlest quality of all, — suggestiveness, — and rhetoric is as false a note as didacticism in the poet's fantasia.

It is worth while to observe, in passing, that there never was a time before our own in literary history when more apparent successes, more curious and entertaining works, were achieved by determined and sincere aspirants who enter, not through original bent, but under gradual training and "of malice aforethought," fields to which they are not born inheritors — the joint domains of poetry and prose fiction. Their output deceives even the critic, because it does serve a purpose, until he reflects that none of it is really a force — really something new, origination, enduring. Such a force was that of Fielding, of Byron, of Scott, of Keats, of Wordsworth, of Browning; and many lesser but fresh and natural poets and novelists are forces in their several degrees. What they produce, from its individual, often revolutionary, quality, is an actual addition to literature. But we see natural critics and moralists, persons of learning, of high cultivation in the focal centers of literary activity, who develop what *is* inborn with them — an exquisite gift of appreciation, and in time a stalwart purpose to rival the poets and novelists on their own ground. This they undertake at that mature age when the taste and judgment are fully ripe, and after admirable service as scholars, essayists, and the like. Now, there scarcely is an instance, in the past, of a notable poet or romancer who did not begin, however late, by producing poetry or fiction, however crude, and this whether or not he afterward made excursions into the fields of analysis or history or esthetics. Mr. Howells is a living illustration of this natural process. He began as a poet, and then, after excursions into various literary fields that displayed his humor, taste, and picturesqueness, he caught the temper of his period as a novelist, and helped to lead it. The cleverness and occasional "hits" of many self-elected poets and tale-writers are, however,

noteworthy, even bewildering. At this moment those who command public attention and what is called the professional market have previously demonstrated that their natural bent was that of didactic and analytic, rather than of emotional and creative, writers. Their success has been a triumph of culture, intellect, and will power. These instances, as I have said of an eminent poet and essayist now no more, almost falsify the adage that a poet is born, not made. Still, we bear in mind that precisely analogous conditions obtain in the cognate artistic professions — in painting, music, architecture. The poets and novelists by cultivation, despite their apparent vogue in the most extended literary market the world has ever seen, and ambitious as their work may be, lack, in my opinion, the one thing needful to create a permanent force in the arts, and that is the predestined call by nature and certain particles of her "sacred fire."

We need not enter the poet's workshop and analyze the physics and philosophy controlling the strings of his lyre. That a philosophical law underlies each cadence, every structural arrangement, should be known in this very spot, if anywhere, where not alone the metrics and phonetics, and what has been called the rationale, of verse, but therewithal the spirit of the poetry of the East, of our classical antiquity, of the Romance tongues, of the Norse, and of our own composite era, are in the air, one may say, are debated with a learning and enthusiasm for which a few of us, in my own academic days, hungered in vain. Here, too, it was that the most analytic treatise ever conceived, upon the technics of rhythmical effect, was written by your own poet, Lanier, for whom the sister-spirits of Music and Poesy contended with a rivalry as strong as that between "twin daughters of one race," both loving, and both worshiped by, one whom death too soon removed while he strove to perfect their reconciliation. Though poetry must come by the first intention, if at all, and inspiration laughs at technical processes, even the unlettered minstrel conforms to law, as little conscious of it as some vireo in the bush is conscious of the score by which a Burroughs or an Olive Miller transfers the songster's *tirra-lirra* to the written page. The point remains that poetry is ideal expression through words, and that words are not poetry unless they reach a stress that is rhythmical. Painting is a mode of expression, being visible color and shadow distributed upon a material surface; the language of poetry is another mode, because it is *articulate* thought and feeling. Sidney pointed merely to the fact that rhythm is not confined to verse, when he spoke of "apparelled verse" as "an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many

most excellent poets that never have versified"; and he added that "now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poet." Wordsworth's familiar recognition of "the poets that ne'er have penned their inspiration" was a just surmise; but such a poet is one *in posse*, assuredly not *in esse*, not a maker. Swinburne traverses the passage with a bit of common sense—"There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate."

SUBMITTING these views with respect to a scientific definition of poetry, I ask your attention to a brief consideration of its bounds and liberties, as compared with those of music and the respective arts of design.

The specific province, by limitation, of Sculpture, the art consecrate to the antique precision of repose, is to express ideals of form arrested as to movement and time. Its beauteous or heroic attitudes are caught at the one fit moment, and forever transfixed in rigid stone or wood or metal. Painting has an additional limitation; it gives only the similitude of form in all its dimensions, and only from one point of a beholder's view. To offset this, the range of the painter is marvelously broadened by the truth of perspective, the magic and vital potency of color, the tremulous life of atmosphere, and the infinite gradations and contrasts of light and shade. The mystical warmth and force of the Christian humanities are radiant in this enrapturing art. Yet its office is to capture the one ideal moment, the lifelong desire of Faust, and to force it to obey the mandate

Ah, still delay — thou art so fair !

Such are the arts addressed to the eye alone, both of them lending their service to the earliest, the latest, the most various, of all material constructions—Architecture, whose pediments and roofs and walls originate in our bodily necessities, whose pinnacles typify our worship and aspiration, and which so soon becomes the beneficiary and the incasement of its decorative allies. None of the three can directly express time or movement, but there is practically no limit to their voiceless representation of space and multitude.

But movement in time is a special function of Music, that heavenly maid, never so young as now, and still the sovereign of the passions, reaching and rousing the soul through sound-vibrations perpetually changing as they flow. To this it adds the sympathetic force of harmonic counterpoint. Its range, then, is freer than that of the plastic and structural arts, by this element of progressive change. Under its spell, thrilling with the sensations which it can excite, and which really are immanent in our

own natures, considering moreover the superb mathematics of its harmony, and again that it has been the last in development of all these arts, we question whether it is not only superior to them but even to that one to which these lectures are devoted. All feel, at least, the force of Poe's avowal that music and poetry at their highest must go together, because "in music the soul most nearly attains the great end for which it struggles—supernal beauty." And so old John Davies, in praise of music,—

The motion which the ninefold sacred quire
Of angels make: the bliss of all the blest,
Which (next the Highest) most fills the highest
desire.

Schopenhauer thought that the musician, because there is no sound in nature fit to give him more than a suggestion for a model, "approaches the original sources of existence more closely than all other artists, nay, even than nature herself." Herbert Spencer has suggested that music may take rank as the highest of the fine arts, as the chief medium of sympathy, enabling us to partake the feeling which excites it, and "as an aid to the achievement of that higher happiness which it indistinctly shadows forth." And in truth, if the intercourse of a higher existence is to be effected through sound-vibrations rather than through the swifter light-waves, or by means of aught save the absolute celestial insight, one may fondly conceive music to be the language of the earth-freed, as of those imagined seraphim with whom feeling is "deeper than all thought."

Consider, on the other hand, how feeling governs the simple child, "that lightly draws its breath," while thought begins its office as the child grows in strength and knowledge, and it is a fair inference that thought is the higher attribute, and that the suggestion of emotion by music is a less vital art than that of intellectual speech. The dumb brutes partake far more of man's emotion than of our mental intelligence. Neither is music, despite our latter-day theorists who defy the argument of Lessing's Laocoön and would make one art usurp the province of another, and despite its power as an indirect incentive to thought by rousing the emotions, a vehicle for the conveyance of precise and varied ideas. The clearer the idea, the more exact the language which utters and interprets it. This, then, is the obvious limitation of music: it can traverse a range of feeling that may govern the tone of the hearer's contemplations, it can "fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath" and prolong their harmonic intervals indefinitely, but the domain of absolute thought, while richer and more imperial for its excitation, is not mastered by it. Of that realm music can make no exact chart.

Thus far, we have no art without its special office, and none that is not wanting in some capacity displayed by one or more of the rest. Each goes upon its appointed way. Now comes poetry,—rhythmical, creative language, compact of beauty, imagination, passion, truth,—in no wise related, like the plastic arts, to material substance; less able than its associate, music, to move the soul with those dying falls of sound that increase and lessen thought and the power to harbor it; almost a voiceless spirit of invention, working without hands, yet the more subtle, potent, inclusive, for this evasive ideality, and for creations that are impassable except through the arbitrary and non-essential symbols by which it now addresses itself to the educated eye.

Permit me to select, almost at random, from Keats and Tennyson, ready illustrations of the bounds and capabilities of the various arts—passages necessarily familiar, since they are from Keats and Tennyson, but chosen from those masters because, of all English poets since Spenser, they are most given to picture-making, to the craft that is, as we say, artistic, picturesque. A stanza from the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" describes, and rivals in verse, the ravishing power of a bit of sculpture to perpetuate arrested form and attitude—yes, even the suggestion of arrested music:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal; yet, do not
grieve—
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair.

These undying lines not only define by words the power and limits of the sculptor, but are almost a matchless example of the farthest encroachment poetry can make upon sculpture's own province. What it cannot do is to combine the details of the carving so as to produce them to the mind, as sculpture does to the eye, at a single instant of time. It lingers exquisitely upon each in succession. Progressive time is required for its inclusion of the effects of a Grecian frieze or scroll. Now, take from Tennyson's lovely but lighter poem, "The Day-Dream,"—a lyrical idyl at the acme of melodious and fanciful picture-making,—a stanza which seems to match with a certain roundness and color the transfixing effect of the painter's handiwork. It portrays a group entranced by the spell that has doomed to a hundred years of abeyance and motionlessness the life of the king's palace and the Sleeping Beauty.

In the poems of Keats and Tennyson, as I say, artists find their sculptures and paintings already designed for them, so that these poets are the easiest of all to illustrate with some measure of adequacy. The theme of the following lines, rendered by a painter, would show the whole group and scene at a flash of the eye; poetry cannot do this, yet the listener has painted it all in his mind when the last word is uttered:

More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honor blooming fair;
The page has caught her hand in his:
Her lips are sever'd as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

It is to be noted, as we read, that Tennyson's personages, and those of Keats as well, are mostly conventional figures, as characterless as those on a piece of tapestry. The genius of neither poet is preferably dramatic: they do not get at individuality by dramatic insight like Shakspeare, nor by monodramatic soliloquy and analysis, like the strenuous Browning. Their dramas are for the most part masques containing *eidullia* (little pictures)—though who can doubt that Keats, had he lived, would have developed the highest dramatic power? Remember what the less sensuous, more lyrical Shelley achieved in "The Cenci," when only four years beyond the age at which Keats imagined his "gold Hyperion, love-lorn Porphyro." But, to resume, see what poetry, in addition to the foregoing counterfeit of the painter's ocular presentment, can bring about in its own field through its faculty of movement in time—a power entirely wanting to the arts which it has just mimicked. Note how it breaks the spell of transfixed attitude, of breathless color and suspended action; how it lets loose the torrents of Life at the instant of the "fated fairy prince's" experimental kiss:

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd, and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

That is the stream which the painter has no art to undam. Only by a succession of pictures can he suggest its motion or follow the romance to its sequel; and that he can do even this with some fitness in the case of a Tennysonian ballad is because the laureate, as we see, counterfeits the painter's own method more artistically than other idyllists of rank in our time. If art is the fit and beautiful conformation of matter infused with the spirit of man, it must indeed have life. The most nimble, ardent, varied transfer of the vital spirit is by means of language, and of all language that of the poet is the most alive and expressive. Observe, again, that in what are called art circles—Arcadian groups of those devoted to art and letters—the imaginative writers are apt to interest themselves far more with respect to the plastic arts than the sculptors and painters with respect to poetry and romance; and well they may, since the poet enriches his work by using all artistic effects, while nothing is more dangerous to a painter, for example, than that he should give his picture a literary cast, as the phrase is, and make it too closely tell a story or rehearse a poem. This of itself tends to confirm Lessing's apothegm that "the poet is as far beyond the painter as life is better than a picture."

THE conquests of poetry, in fine, are those of pure intelligence and of emotion that is unfettered. Like the higher mathematics, it is not dependent on diagrams, for the mind to which it appeals is a responsive draughtsman of lines finer and more complex than any known to brush or graver. It creates no beauty of form beyond the accidental symbols grouped in script and print, none of light and color, while the ear is less touched by it than by the melodies or harmonies of music; for its melody is that of flexible speech, and it knows not counter-

point, but must resort to the value of successive strains. Yet we say that it has form and outline of its own, an architecture of its own, its own warmth and color, and, like music, life, and withal no little of music's vocal charm, in that through words it idealizes these "sweet influences," and is chartered to convey them all to the inward sight, the spiritual hearing, of the citadeled soul, with so apt suggestion that the poet's fellow-mortals, of like passions and perceptions with himself, see and hear and feel with much of his distinct individuality. Its vibrations excite the reflex action that creates in the mind of the receiver a vision corresponding to the imagination of the poet. Here is its specific eminence: it enables common mortals to think as the poet thinks, to use his wings, move through space and time, and out of space and time, untrammelled as the soul itself; it can feel, moan, weep, laugh, be eloquent, love, hate, aspire, for all—and with its maker; can reflect, and know, and ever seek for knowledge; can portray all times and seasons, and describe, express, interpret, the hiddenmost nature of man. Through poetry soul addresses soul without hindrance, by the direct medium of speech. Words are its atmosphere and very being: language, which raises man above the speechless intelligences; which, with resources of pitch, cadence, time, tone, and universal rhythm, is in a sense a more advanced and complex music than music itself—that idealized language which, as it ever has been the earliest form of emotional expression, appears almost a gift captured in man's infancy from some "imperial palace whence he came." To the true poet, then, we say, like the bard to Israfel:

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

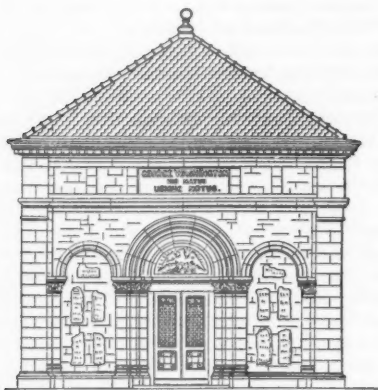
COME LOVE OR DEATH.

O LIFTED face of mute appeal!
Poor tongueless pantomime of prayer!
O sullen sea, whose deeps conceal
The children of despair!
O heart that will not look above!
Poor staggering feet that seek the wave!
I would come quick, if I were Love,
And I had power to save.

O sinking sunset loneliness
Aflame in hot, unmoving eyes!
Poor wan lips, creeping in distress
To cover up your cries!
O broken speech, and sobbing breath!
Poor restless and uncertain will!
I would come quick, if I were Death,
And I had power to kill!

Will H. Thompson.

THE MOTHER AND BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.



DESIGNED BY CHARLES C. PERKINS.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO MARK THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.



N Lancaster County, Virginia, on the left bank of the Rapahannock River, where its tide broadens before blending with beautiful Chesapeake Bay, stood Epping Forest, which, nearly two centuries ago, was the plantation home of Colonel Joseph Ball. There, in the latter months of the year of grace 1706, was born his youngest child, Mary. The baby came of brave and sturdy British stock. Her English grandfather, Colonel William Ball, a Royalist, emigrated to America in 1657, and settled upon a plantation called Millenbeck, in the parish of St. Mary's, Lancaster County, Virginia. The name Ball is mentioned first in the "Doomsday Book of Exon" some time in the thirteenth century. The scutcheon of the family is described in Burke's Armory, its crest thus: "Out of a ducal coronet a hand and arm, embowered in mail, grasping a fire ball — all proper."

That the Balls were alike faithful to Church and state is set forth in Bishop Meade's book, "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," which also mentions that Major James Ball and Colonel Joseph Ball were allowed to finish a private gallery for the use of their families, themselves meeting the expense, while White Chapel¹ was rebuilding.

A number of these historic colonial churches

¹ Chapel of Ease to Old Christ Church, Lancaster County, Virginia.

still remain, some in an excellent state of preservation, others in ruins, with their silent congregations gathered around them under the solemn shade of noble pine- and cedar-trees, notably at White Chapel, where many time-worn tombstones remain almost hidden in wild grass, but bearing uneffaced upon the lichened marble the names and brave records of the Balls.

Under the old régime in Virginia estates were entailed as in the mother-country, and the life of the planters was dignified and aristocratic, and also rather isolated, while of the lives of the women we find few records beyond those of birth, marriage, and death.

Scant data are left of Mary Ball's childhood and youth at Epping Forest. Her name occurs in a legal document of the 25th of June, 1711, when her father, smitten with sore sickness, and, as he states, "lying upon the bed in his lodging-chamber, maketh his last will and testament, commanding his soul to God with sound and disposing mind," carefully arranges the settlement of a large estate, real and personal, for the benefit of his family.

Only a single extract can be given from this lengthy document with its profuse legal phraseology. Having made liberal provision for his wife, the testator makes a special bequest to their youngest child thus: "Item,— I give and bequeath unto my daughter Mary 400 acres of land in Richmond County in y^e freshes of Rappa-h'n River, being a part of a pattern of 1600 acres, to her, y^e said Mary, and her heirs forever."

From the time of her husband's death Colonel Ball's widow lived many years, which were undoubtedly devoted to careful training of her child, fitting her, as it proved, to pass with rare firmness and fortitude through the trials and vicissitudes that later life laid upon her.

Few of Mary Ball's letters remain; it is probable that few were written. The handwriting is stiff and cramped, the spelling is bad, but they are most sensibly and earnestly expressed. Only one letter of her girlhood is known; it was written at seventeen to her half-brother Joseph, in England, and says, among other things, "We have not had a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in nearly four years." In the Virginia of that day of course no public schools existed, and few tutors were available, except when the rector of the parish consented to perform that function.

Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was Married the
Sixth of March, 17³²

= George Washington son to Augustine & Mary his Wife was born
of 11th Day of February 173¹/₂ about 10 in the Morning & was baptised the 5th of April
following by Mr. Beverly Whiting & Cap^t. Christopher Brooke godfathers and
Mr. Milard Gregory godmothers

= Betty Washington was born the 20th of June 1733 about 6 in the Morning
Departed this life the 31st of March 1797 at 4 o'clock

= Samuel Washington was born of 16th of Nov. 1734 about 3 in the Morning

= Jane Washington Daughter of Augustine and Jane Washington
Departed this life Jan^y 17th 1737

= John Augustine Washington was born of 13th of Jan^y about 2 in the Morning
1735

= Charles Washington was born of 2nd Day of May about 3 in the Morning
1730

= Mildred Washington was born of 21st of June 1739 about 9 at Night

= Mildred Washington Departed this life Oct^r of 23rd 1740 being Thursday
about 12 o'clock at Noon Aged 1 Year & 2 Months

= Augustine Washington Departed this life of 12th Day of April 174.
Aged 49 Years —

FACSIMILE OF THE RECORD IN THE FAMILY BIBLE OF AUGUSTINE AND MARY WASHINGTON.

She is described with charming quaintness in a fragmentary letter that was found during the war in one of the desolated houses near Yorktown, Virginia. Under date of "Wm^{sb}burg, y^e 7th day of Oct., 1722," the letter-writer says:

Madame Ball of Lancaster and her sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the Comeliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 y^r old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest, and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax. Her eyes are the color of Yours, and her cheeks are like May Blossoms.

From the time of this visit to Williamsburg, years follow of which no record is left until some time in 1728, when it befell that her mother died. But before Mistress Ball's eyes closed she had seen her daughter bloom from the "sweet Molly" of sixteen into a lovely young woman of twenty-two, who was termed, in the flowery language of that day's local romance, "The Rose of Epping Forest," and is mentioned by Sparks and Irving as "the belle and beauty of the Northern Neck," as that section of the Virginia low country to which

Lancaster County belonged was commonly called.

A fragment of another old letter, written about this time, says, "I understand Molly Ball is going Home with her Brother, a Lawyer who lives in England"; but of this proposed visit there is left neither record nor tradition of any kind among her personal descendants, though Dr. Lossing considers it possible that the visit was made and that in England she met and married Augustine Washington. The record of her marriage upon the page of the old and much-worn family Bible gives the date 1730. The volume is a most quaintly illustrated quarto; time and age have turned the paper to a pale yellow-brown, but the handwriting of the very brief and simple entry is quite distinct and clear.

Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was married the sixth of March 1730-31.

This Bible has been a hereditary relic in the writer's family for five generations, having been given by Mary Ball Washington to her only daughter Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, and transmitted directly to her descendants. The scribe in the old Bible has given no other detail of the event, not even whether it took place in church or at home.

That the bride was blonde and beautiful both history and tradition tell, and of the bridegroom in his fortieth year a description has been transmitted from one generation to another. Mary Washington's description of her husband is confirmed by the testimony of contemporaries—a noble-looking man, of distinguished bearing, tall and athletic, with fair, florid complexion, brown hair, and fine gray eyes.

Something more is due to the father of Washington than mere mention of his personal appearance; but space allows us only to refer the investigating reader to careful reviews of Washington's ancestry given in Sparks's and Irving's histories, tracing the family for six centuries in England, and further, to a grant of land recorded in 963 from Edgar the Saxon King to "Athelunold Wasengatone."¹

Returning to Mary Ball's marriage and the query who was her husband, nothing could be more emphatic than his own solemn assertion, made in the first sentence of his last will, "I, Augustine Washington of the county of King George, Gentleman."

The bridegroom's home at this time was in

Westmoreland County, on the Potomac. The house, built in pioneer days, was small but substantial, the main building hip-roofed, with dormer-windows, and a one-story wing running back, which was used as a chamber; in this room, family tradition tells us, George Washington was born. The long side of the house fronted the river, which was, and is, about three hundred and fifty feet distant. The bank is about fifteen feet high, with, at this date, a depth of water at its base averaging five feet; and here it was that vessels from Europe came laden with supplies for the Washingtons, and, returning, bore away with them the products of the Wakefield and Haywood plantations.²

Around the mansion were the fine fields of its owner's broad domain, extending for a mile, and skirted on one side by the Potomac. There was full measure of content in this abode where the first years of Mary Washington's wedded life were spent, made perfect when, as the old Bible tells us, George Washington, son of Augustine and Mary his wife, was born "y^e 11th day of February, 1731-2, about 10 in the morning, and," the record goes on to say, "was baptized the 3d day of April following, Mr. Beverley Whiting and Captain Christopher Brooks, Godfathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory, Godmother."³

Other children came in rapid succession. They were Betty, Samuel, John Augustine, Charles, and Mildred, who died in infancy. The second son, Samuel, was born in November, 1734, and in the following spring, while the servants, preparing for the planting of early crops, were burning the accumulated "trash," the mansion took fire and was burned to the ground. For many years a massive chimney remained standing; it was generally supposed to have belonged to the original house, but is stated by the oldest living members of the family to have been part of an outhouse that stood hard by the mansion and has been wrongly pictured in histories as the birthplace of Washington.

When the Wakefield estate was sold many years ago by one of the Washingtons to another of the name, a reservation was made of the spot where the house had stood, and in 1858 this reservation was presented to the State by its hereditary owner, the late Colonel Lewis W. Washington of Virginia, conditional upon the place being inclosed, and a fitting monument erected upon it properly inscribed as the birthplace of Washington.

Recently Congress passed a bill appropriat-

¹ Volume I, *Chronicon Monasterie de Abingdon*, published by the British government.

² Statistics from the State Department's exploration of Wakefield, made by Dr. F. O. St. Clair.

³ The godmother, Mrs. Mildred Gregory, was an

aunt of the infant. She was the daughter of Lawrence Washington, brother of Augustine. Mildred Washington married Roger Gregory of King and Queen County, Virginia, and after his death was married to Colonel Thornton of Fredericksburg.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

EPPING FOREST, BIRTHPLACE OF MARY BALL.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

ing thirty thousand dollars to erect a monument upon Washington's birthplace, and while the Hon. William M. Evarts was Secretary of State much interest was excited. He visited the spot, and Colonel Casey, chief engineer, made a careful survey of the site. Subsequently, under instructions of the State Department, the foundation of the house was traced and uncovered. There is an old water-color picture now hanging in the west room at Mount Vernon, for several generations an heirloom in one branch of the Washington family, which, tradition tells, represents the old Wakefield house where George Washington was born.

The place to which Augustine Washington removed in 1735 was known to his Lewis grandchildren, who subsequently inherited it, as Pine Grove; it was also called Ferry Farm, from the adjacent ferry over the Rappahannock. The house was small, and stood upon a bank above the river, surrounded by fine orchards, garden, and shrubberies. The Washingtons with their children were regular attendants at the Episcopal church in Overwharton Parish, where their home was situated; and here one Master Hobby, a pompous person of enormous self-esteem, who combined the vocation of sexton with that of schoolmaster, earned a post-mortem fame as the first instructor of George Washington.

Eight years passed serenely, when suddenly

Mary Washington's great sorrow came. Early in April her husband, riding one day over his plantation, was caught in a rain-storm; he took cold, and after a brief illness died of rheumatic gout. The record in the old Bible tells us tersely, "Augustine Washington Departed this life y^e 12th day of April, 1740, aged 49 years." His remains were taken back to his birthplace on the Potomac, and entombed in the family vault. One clause of his will is a little curious: "It is my Will and desire that my said four sons' (George, Samuel, John, and Charles) estates may be kept in my wife's hands until they respectively attain the age of Twenty One years, in case my said wife continues so long unmarried."

The provision in case of a second marriage proved unnecessary, for, though left a widow at thirty-seven, Mary Washington was loyal to her husband's memory and to his trust. And now, having to assume her husband's duties in addition to her own, no time for sorrowful brooding was permitted to the widowed mother, upon whom the management of her own and her children's properties devolved; for Augustine Washington bequeathed landed estates to each of his young sons, and made an especial provision in sterling money for his only daughter Betty. The personal care and training of their children until majority were left solely to the mother, and of the result able historians have written that in these manifold duties she "ac-

quitted herself with great fidelity to her trust, and with entire success."

Three years passed, and her son George being now fourteen years old, Mrs. Washington's thoughts were seriously moved to the consideration of his future career. She consulted his eldest half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who had married and settled at Mount Vernon, and become a prominent county gentleman, after having served with distinction in the British navy. Recognizing the boy's decided military taste, Lawrence strongly advised that George should adopt the same profession and enter the navy, though his mother's anxious heart opposed the plan.

To this episode in Washington's career attention has been repeatedly called by many writers, who quote from a letter written by Joseph Ball, in England, to his sister Mary, in Virginia, who had taken counsel with him on the subject of her son's entering the navy. The reply is, that no preferment can be expected for him, as he has "no influence" to obtain it. This was a mistake, and against the probably hasty assertion put the historic fact that Lawrence Washington secured by his influence a commission for George in the British navy, and after his luggage had been put aboard a man-of-war lying in the Potomac, at the last moment, his mother, yielding to her fears, recalled her consent, and the obedient but sorely disappointed boy returned home. After this episode the mother gave over her beloved son much to his eldest brother's guidance, permitting him to live at Mount Vernon until two years later, when he was appointed to and accepted, at the age of sixteen, the office of public surveyor.

The well-known incident of the boy's killing his mother's favorite thoroughbred colt has probably given rise to the mythical hatchet story. In a daring effort to break and ride the fiery, untamed creature, it reared, and fell back dead. Afterward, in response to her remarks about the colt, George confessed his fault without extenuation; to which the mother replied, "I am sorry that my favorite colt is killed, but I am glad that my son always tells the truth."

The time soon came when the country was shaken by the French and Indian War, and again the mother's heart ached with anxiety, while he, eager to win his spurs, was preparing to join General Braddock. His strong sense of duty overcame the illogical protest of anxious maternal love. Answering her objections, he said: "The God to whom you commended me, madam, when I set out on a more perilous errand defended me from all harm, and I trust he will do so now. Do you not?" After this she could only commend him to God, and—wait. Rumors reaching her, after Braddock's

defeat, that he was killed, he wrote promptly assuring her of his safety, and in one of her few letters she writes at this time to her brother in London, "I have known a great deal of trouble since I saw you; there was no end to my trouble while George was in the army, but he has now given it up."

The first month of the year 1759 brought brighter days, for in January Colonel Washington was married to beautiful Martha Dandridge Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, and brought his lovely bride to Mount Vernon the following spring, while the mother rejoiced in her son's happiness.

For nearly a decade from this time there is no special note of Mary Washington's life. In 1760 her only daughter Betty was married to Colonel Fielding Lewis of Gloucester County, who built for her an elegant house on the border of the village of Fredericksburg, that she might be near her mother.

In 1765 the passage of the Stamp Act startled the colonists from their dream of peace. Deeply moved as she was by the public agitation, keenly alive to its possibilities of peril to her sons, the prevailing excitement made no change in the routine of her duties. Directions to the overseer, supervision of the spinners' and weavers' work,—an important item, as the servants were clothed in the main from fabrics of home manufacture,—and the daily direction of the household, kept her constantly occupied. Typical of her force of character and her rigid discipline was the rebuke she administered to an overseer who, presumptuously departing from her directions, followed his own judgment upon some matter of work. When arraigned for the offense, he made the insolent reply, "Madam, in my judgment the work has been done to better advantage than if I had followed your directions." A withering flash of her eyes fell upon the offender, with the imperious question: "And, pray, who gave you the right to exercise any judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey." The overseer was dismissed at once, and tradition tells that afterward, relating his misfortune to his friends, he declared that when he "met the blue lightning of Madam Washington's glance he felt exactly as if he had been knocked down."

Before leaving home for the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, with a recognition of the deadly strife the nation was entering upon, and with tender forethought for his own aging mother, Washington induced her to leave the lonely country home and to remove to Fredericksburg. Mistress Lewis and her husband urged that she should come to live with them in their beautiful home overlooking the town, but her answer to their loving insistence was



FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LEWIS FAMILY PLACE AT MARRION, VIRGINIA, ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

BETTY, WASHINGTON'S ONLY SISTER.

tender yet firm: "I thank you for your dutiful and affectionate offer, but my wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." She selected a house of good size on Charles street. There were stables and an orchard in the rear, and a garden, redolent in their season with lilacs, calycanthus, flowering almond, hyacinths, cowslips, and other flowers. This garden was her favorite resort. Washington's solicitude for his mother's comfort was not satisfied until he had assisted in her removal and seen her comfortably settled in the new home.

Some of its furnishings may be gathered from the items of her will, which states that she is disposing of what "remains of her worldly estate." Numerous beds, bedsteads, counterpanes, curtains, and quilts; dressing-glasses, looking-glasses, — probably parlor mirrors, — silver tablespoons and teaspoons, "square dining-table," sets of china, "blue and white" and "red and white," are itemized. "Six red leather chairs," an "oval table," and her "walnut writing-desk with drawers," are also mentioned.

There was also a mahogany sideboard, given shortly before her death to her daughter for her young grandson Robert. The writer's mother well remembered it; but in the settlement of Major Robert Lewis's estate it was sold in the sale of personal property. The value of such relics was not realized then as now. The equipages mentioned in her will are a "phaëton and bay horse," also her "riding-chair, and two black horses"; so the stable was amply supplied. The number of attendants upon the mistress of this comfortable establishment formed quite an array for one person's needs; but in that day a retinue of domestics was required by every Southern lady.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Skelton, an active young woman, had general charge under the mistress's directions, and three colored servants, Patty, who held high dignity as "maid" to her lady, Bet, or Betsey, the cook, and her husband Stephen, coachman, sometimes gardener, with their two children, who had occasional duties between house and kitchen, completed the household.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. TURNER, RETOUCED BY A. BRENNAN.
PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

This house, where Washington's mother passed her declining years, still stands in Fredericksburg, Virginia, but not in its original form, one end having been altered and the roof raised to give a full second story, which destroyed its former quaintness of aspect.

During the trying years when her son was leading the Continental forces the mother was watching and praying, following him with anxious eyes; but to the messengers who brought tidings, whether of victory or defeat, she turned a calm face, whatever tremor of feeling it might mask, and to her daughter she said, chiding her for undue excitement, "The sister of the commanding general should be an example of fortitude and faith." At last Fredericksburg was thrilled with the glad tidings of the victory at Trenton. Friends flocked to her with congratulations, and when the principal citizens waited upon her to express their gratitude and pride in the nation's hero, she gently answered, "George seems to have deserved well of his country"; and when they read letters eulogizing his skill and courage, she said, smiling, "Gentlemen, here is too much flattery; still, George will not forget the lessons I have taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is an object of so much praise."

The following years were anxious and trou-

bled ones, with few lights amid their shadows; but she never swerved from the systematic daily routine, and in good weather took frequent drives to her country-place in Stafford, making an impressive appearance in progress, said the grandson from whose personal recollections these facts are given. Her favorite conveyance, imported from London, was a "park phaëton," so called. It was low, without a top, and resembled a Windsor chair, with the difference that it had a seat in front for the driver and two seats within; it was an easy step from the ground, and had a somewhat straight back of perpendicular rounds. Her coachman, Stephen, was a tall, elderly colored man, full of pompous pride and dignity. On these excursions into the country, in summer she wore a dark straw hat with broad brim and low crown, tied down under the chin with black ribbon strings; but in winter a warm hood was substituted, and she was wrapped in the "purple cloth cloak lined with shag" that is described in the bequests of her will. In her hand she carried her gold-headed cane, which feeble health now rendered necessary as a support, and, as my grandfather and Mr. Custis stated, "When passing through the streets of Fredericksburg in this unostentatious manner, her progress became an ovation, for every one, from the gray-

haired old man to the thoughtless boy, lifted his hat to the mother of Washington."

Her systematic exactness in business was a distinguishing trait, and even when her health and strength failed under the weight of age and infirmity, the spirit was still strong and steadfast. When her son-in-law, Colonel Lewis, desiring to relieve her of business cares, offered to take the supervision of them, he received the resolute reply, "Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eyesight is better than mine; but leave the management of the farm to me."

The experiences of these years must have been deeply felt by Washington's mother: but whatever the tension of thought, there was no change of demeanor, while she dispensed a large though simple hospitality to the friends who gathered around her from far and near; and though her means were limited, her charities were wide and generous. There was something of nervous energy in her constant occupation, knitting-needles ever flying in the nimble fingers; for with her daughter and their domestics to aid, dozens of socks were knitted and sent to the General at camp for distribution, to-

walked over in the morning to spend the day, followed by her handmaid Patty, whose turban handkerchief towered in a toploftical structure, carrying with her an extra wrap and the little basket of needlework or knitting for her mistress, who usually ordered Stephen to come in the evening with the chaise to fetch her home.

Accustomed to exercise, admiring nature's beauties, she loved to go into the open and enjoy them, and retained to a remarkable degree her strength and activity. In their grandmother's walks the young Lewises were often her companions, forming in their early years a sort of infantry escort. In later years Major Lewis often reverted to them as among his most interesting and pleasant recollections of his grandmother.

Upon the Lewis estate, overlooking the valley of the Rappahannock, was a favorite spot which she afterward selected for her burial. Where several picturesque gray rocks were piled she would sometimes stop to rest, and, seated upon a low, flat boulder, would meditate while the young ones amused themselves.

But they better liked to nestle near her side while she chatted cheerfully, teaching them les-



DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

TOMBSTONES OF THE ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF WHITE CHAPEL, VIRGINIA.

gether with garments and provisions, the fruit of her thrift and economy.

Young grandchildren were growing up around her through all this bitter war, bright boys and one girl. The children often came with their mother in her almost daily visits to her honored parent, and were always made welcome, though at the same time required to behave properly. The distance was not great between the suburban mansion of Mistress Lewis and her mother's house in the town, and these visits were frequently returned.

Sometimes the venerable but still active lady

sons of natural history illustrated by their surroundings and linked with the Bible story of the creation of the world, the deluge, and the changes that came over the earth. The manner of her speaking was so deeply impressive that neither the lessons taught nor the scenes connected with them were ever quite forgotten by the young listeners. As one of them related when himself growing old, "There was a spell over them as they looked into grandmother's uplifted face, with its sweet expression of perfect peace," and they "were very quiet" during the homeward walk. A small picture of this

spot was preserved many years in the family, but lost during the war—in the foreground the group of rocks, with two splendid pine-trees towering above them.

Firm as were the forces of her nature, Mary Washington was almost overcome with terror during a thunder-storm. This fear was the effect of a shock received in youth, when a girl friend sitting at her side had been instantly killed by lightning. As long as she lived she would sit silent and still during a thunder-storm, with closed eyes and clasped hands. On one occasion the daughter, missing her mother, and knowing how she suffered, found her kneeling by the bed with her face buried in its pillows, praying. Upon rising, she said, "I have been striving for years against this weakness, for you know, Betty, my trust is in God; but sometimes my fears are stronger than my faith."

The Bible was her constant study, its precepts the guide of her life, and the influence of its teachings ever shone in her character and conversation. When teaching her children from its pages, any irreverence or mutinous merriment was sternly rebuked. The old Bible

brief visits of cheer and comfort from her younger sons, who were serving in the army at different points. John Augustine commanded a regiment of Virginia troops, was afterward a member of the House of Burgesses, and married Hannah, daughter of Colonel John Bushrod. Samuel won the rank of colonel, and was married five times. Charles, the youngest son, also became a colonel, and married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Francis Thornton of Virginia.

After the treason of Arnold, he, with a horde of British and Tory freebooters, landed upon James River in Virginia, plundering and desolating the country; and when, in the spring of 1781, an armament of British vessels ascended the Potomac River, threatening to devastate that portion of Virginia not remote from Fredericksburg, and near Mount Vernon, Washington became very anxious on his mother's account. Speaking of this to her daughter, the serene matron remarked: "My good son should not be so anxious about me, for he is the one in danger, facing constant peril for our country's cause. I am safe enough; it is my part



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OLD WHITE CHAPEL, LANCASTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA, WHERE WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER ATTENDED, AND WHERE HER ANCESTORS ARE BURIED.

which she used has descended through Robert Lewis to his daughter, the writer's mother. It is a curious specimen of the illustrations of the day, full of horrors and absurdities. The venerable volume is covered with homespun cloth in a check plaid of now faded blue and buff, the Continental colors; this cover, fashioned by her hands, remains upon the sacred book, much worn and patched to preserve the original fabric.

In the intervals of war she had occasional

to suffer, and to feel, as I do, most anxious and apprehensive over him."

When the tidings of the splendid success at Yorktown were brought direct from the General to his mother, she was moved to an exclamation of fervent thanksgiving: "Thank God! the war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness, and independence, for at last our country is free." Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington left Yorktown with a brilliant suite of French and Ameri-



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. TURNER.

HOME OF MRS. FIELDING LEWIS, WHERE WASHINGTON'S MOTHER DIED. NOW CALLED "KENMORE."

can officers, and started upon his journey to Philadelphia, stopping on the way at Fredericksburg to visit his mother. It was nearly seven years since he had last seen her face: he left Mount Vernon in May, 1775, and did not return till the autumn of 1781. Now that the time of meeting drew near, his mother was serene but very quiet, only smiling to herself oftener than usual. Yet it was not the hero crowned that filled her thoughts, but the son who, after years of absence and danger, was coming back to her. On the 11th of November, 1781, the town of Fredericksburg was all aglow with joy and revelry. Washington, "in the midst of his numerous and brilliant suite," wrote Mr. Custis, "sent to apprise her [his mother] of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. . . . Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America," he goes on to say in the grandiloquent style of the day, "the deliverer of his country, the hero of the hour, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being," etc. When the warm embrace of greeting was over, looking into his face with earnest, close observance, her eyes enkindled with maternal love, she said tenderly, "You are growing old, George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw it last." Her voice is said to have been singularly sweet, and he loved its cadence as she called him by name.

She inquired as to his health, and she spoke much "of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word."¹

The citizens of Fredericksburg had resolved to give a grand ball in honor of the victors, and the lady above all others who should grace the *fête* was the mother of Washington. The messenger who called to invite her attendance was graciously received, and her consent given to gratify her son and friends, although, she added, her "dancing days were pretty well over."

The town-hall at Fredericksburg, where this ball took place, was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and had fresh muslin curtains at the windows, and seats along the side of the room for those not dancing, and a low platform at the end where chairs were placed for the most distinguished guests. When Washington entered at the early hour then considered correct, his mother leaning upon his arm, every head was bowed in reverence. She wore a simple black-silk gown, with snow-white kerchief and cap, her figure still erect, though it had grown thinner and frailer than it once had been.

The foreigners stood in admiring astonishment as they watched the crowd pressing forward to gain a salutation. When she was holding her little court, one of the French

¹ "Rec. and Private Mem. of Washington," by George Washington Parke Custis, as per Lossing, p. 141.

officers observing, "If such are the matrons of America, well may she boast of illustrious sons." Neither elated nor excited by the largess of compliments and attentions bestowed upon her, when ten o'clock approached she rose, and, bidding good-night, remarked that it was "time for old folks to be in bed," and left the ball-room, supported as before upon her son's strong and tender arm.

The Marquis de Lafayette, before leaving

friend, his hero, the preserver of the country and its liberty. For had not America adopted the sons of France who fought for her, and was not Washington's mother dear to him for her noble son's sake? After listening to this outpouring of enthusiastic praise, her simple answer was, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

Lafayette remained some time talking with her, and when he arose to take leave referred



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. TURNER.

UNFINISHED MONUMENT TO MARY WASHINGTON, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

the States for his home in France, and after a farewell visit to Mount Vernon, came to Fredericksburg to bid adieu to his friend's honored mother,—there is a discrepancy in statements as to the exact date of this visit,—and upon the occasion was conducted to her presence by the young grandson Robert Lewis, who often narrated the incident to his family and friends.

She was walking in the garden, taking careful note of its condition, when they approached. Her black stuff gown and apron were as neat as a nun's, while above the white cap that nearly covered her gray hair a broad straw hat was worn, tied down under her chin.

"There, sir, is my grandmother," said young Lewis, pointing toward her. The Marquis made the military salute as they approached, while she, recognizing the distinguished visitor, came to the garden paling, and, looking over, with a kind smile remarked: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come in, I can make you welcome without parade of changing my dress."

The impulsive Frenchman's reply was full of warmth, he calling her the mother of his

to his speedy departure for his native land and home, and asked that she would bestow upon him a blessing. With clasped hands, and the light of faith in her uplooking eyes, the blessing was fervently invoked, beseeching that "God might grant him every blessing of safety, happiness, prosperity, and peace," so moving the heart of her noble guest that tears filled his eyes, and, taking the frail, faded hands into his warm clasp, he bent his head to touch them reverently with his lips as the final adieu was spoken. The grandson who witnessed this scene said that it was "so affecting that he almost choked to keep from crying aloud." Speaking of Washington's mother subsequently, the Marquis made the remark that he had seen the only Roman matron who was living in his day.

The years of life now left to her were weary ones, a painful and wasting disease—cancer—caused by an accidental blow slowly undermining her naturally fine constitution. The weakness and suffering were met with uncomplaining calmness and cheerfulness; nothing that could be done by her loving children for her health and comfort was omitted.

Writing to the President from Fredericksburg, July 24, 1789, his sister says:

I am sorry to inform you mother still suffers from her breast. She is sensible of it, and is perfectly resigned — wishes for nothing more than to keep it easy. She wishes to hear from you, and will not believe you are well till she receives it from under your hand.

When the summer heats of the low country were prostrating, she was sometimes persuaded to take a trip to Berkeley Springs and the fine mountain country of Frederick, where her sons Samuel and Charles resided. Her life was happily spared to see her eldest son elevated to the highest dignity a grateful people could offer. It was in April, 1789, that a final farewell took place between mother and son. He found her bright of mind, serene of spirit, but weak and worn in body. The fear that this would be their last meeting on earth intensified the tenderness of the interview. When the son spoke regretfully of her illness, inquiring anxiously if something more might not be done to relieve it, and expressed his profound sorrow that public duty compelled him to leave her, but however painful, he could not go to his responsible position without having her bid him God-speed, then adding, "So soon as public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government has been disposed of I shall hasten to Virginia and —" she gently interrupted him. "You will see me no more," she said. "My great age and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God. I am prepared for a better. But go, George, and fulfil the high destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may that Heaven and your mother's blessing be always with you."¹

Her hand was laid upon his bended head, and the great man's strong frame trembled in the parting embrace, while a sob, almost a groan, burst from his breast, for already he saw that the shadow of death was upon her.

When Washington rose to go she went with him to the door, leaning fondly upon his arm. Stopping on the threshold to repeat the last adieu, her son silently pressed into her hand a purse filled with gold pieces. This she refused to receive, and insisted upon returning the gift. "I don't need it, my son," she remonstrated. "My wants are few, and I think I have enough."

"Let me be the judge of that, mother," he replied; "but whether you think you need it or not, keep it for my sake."

This appeal was irresistible, and the purse was retained; but after he had gone she dropped it indifferently upon the table, and sank into a

chair, lost in sad reverie. Her grandson, coming with a message, witnessed this parting scene, and, too respectful to disturb her sorrow, hastened home to tell his mother all that had passed. Feeling anxious touching her mother's state, and fearing that this painful excitement might cause serious illness, she hastened at once to her side. Very calm and still they found her, seated with drooping head and sad, unseeing eyes.

In Washington's cash-accounts and memorandum-books many entries appear of money given to his mother, in sums ranging from three to thirty pounds, during a period of years. Also "a chaise" and a "cloth cloak lined with silk shag."

Mary Washington's forebodings were fulfilled, for her death took place a few months afterward (in August), in her eighty-third year, upheld by unflinching faith in the promises of her Bible and by full belief in the communion of the saints. It has been supposed that this event took place at the house in Fredericksburg where she had lived so many years; but there is a tradition that not long before her death the daughter induced her to consent to a removal to the Lewis home. All of her relatives, children, and grandchildren who could come were there; but the best-beloved son was far away.

Extracts from a diary of Robert Lewis, then in New York acting as assistant private secretary to the President, his uncle, inform us that on August 22 he was "surprised by a visit from Parson Ryan, who has brought letters from my sister Carter and Mr. Carter making mention that my grandmother was exceedingly ill and not likely to recover"; and though her death took place on the 25th, and she was laid to rest on the 28th, the news, sent by a messenger who had to ride the distance from Fredericksburg to New York, did not reach her son until September 1. The diary further states that "Baron Steuben and Governor St. Clair dined with us to-day [September 1]; the Baron was remarkably cheerful and facetious, likewise greatly devoted to the President. In the midst of our mirth my uncle received a letter . . . informing him of the death of my grandmother, an event long expected." Only so far does the brief record go, but its writer said afterward, in a letter to his mother, "My uncle immediately retired to his room, and remained there for some time alone."

Those who remembered Mary Washington's appearance in the later years of her life describe her person as being of medium size and well proportioned, the dignity of bearing, the erect carriage, giving something of stateliness to her presence, while her features were regular and strongly marked, her brow fine, and her eyes a clear blue.

No authentic portrait of Mary Washington

¹ Lossing, p. 67.

is known; it is a family tradition that in the destruction of Wakefield by fire the family portraits were lost. Colonel G. W. P. Custis was questioned as to his knowledge of the subject, and replied by letter to Colonel Lewis W. Washington that "there was *no picture* preserved of the mother of the chief," and this has been always the belief of her descendants.

At Fredericksburg on the day of the funeral all business was suspended, and though the August sun shone hot, crowds of citizens from town and the country around "thronged St. George's Church, . . . where the impressive funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America . . . was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Thornton, her pastor." And then, borne reverently in her coffin by strong men, the mortal remains of Mary Washington were conveyed to the spot she had chosen for her burial, followed by a long procession.

Colonel Custis, Dr. Lossing, and other writers have emphasized the transmitted accounts of her death, telling how "clergymen throughout the land spoke eloquently from their pulpits of the honored dead, while members of Congress and many private citizens wore the usual badge of mourning in respect to her memory." In a long letter to his sister—recently given in Ford's publication—Washington speaks religiously and tenderly of their mother's death and her Christian character.

For many years her grave remained un-

marked. About the year 1830 there was a plan proposed to remove the remains, and to place them in a vault under the Presbyterian church; but to this the Washington family positively refused consent. Many other suggestions and proposals were made, but nothing was done till at last, in 1833, the Hon. Silas E. Burrows of New York offered to raise a monument at his private expense. The corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies by the President of the United States, General Andrew Jackson, in the presence of the relatives, many distinguished guests, and a large concourse of people.

Unfortunately, when the monument was almost completed, the generous donor, meeting with sudden and severe reverse of fortune, was unable to finish the work of placing the obelisk upon its handsome base. Hoping to rally from his financial prostration, Mr. Burrows requested the committee to wait awhile until he could have the work finished, but not long afterward he died, before recovering anything of his fortune. Then disagreements arose regarding the matter, and the shaft lay prone upon the ground, slowly disintegrating, for nearly sixty years, until the women of the country rallied to the rescue, as they did for Mount Vernon, and the Mary Washington Monument Association, organized a few years ago and now successfully working, will before long complete their patriotic plan, and perfectly restore the now mutilated monument.

Ella Bassett Washington.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

LORENZO LOTTO.—1480(?)—1554(?).

THERE is absolutely no record known of the birth of Lorenzo Lotto, one of the most important of the second-rate painters of the Venetian school, and remarkable for the range of his emulations rather than for genius or individuality. He may be compared to Andrea in the school of Florence, less individual, but more varied in his appreciation and imitation of the masters about him. He began as a follower of the Bellini, later inclined to the style of Palma, then to that of Giorgione, and finally became Titianesque, but with a tinge of Lombard execution underlying his manner. His family was of Bergamo, and his life was passed mostly under the influence of the Venetian school; but he was a great roamer, and though he painted in some of the cities of central Italy, and finally, when his powers as a painter had declined through age, died in the sanctuary of San Loretto, he was on the whole one of the most faithful followers of Titian whose works are left us. Cavalcaselle says of him: "It is easy to be enthusiastic about Lotto's talent;

he had a very fine feeling for color; he became a master of foreshortening and modeling; he studied action in its most varied forms, and rendered it with unaccustomed daring; expression in every mood—expression roguish, tender, earnest, solemn, he could depict them all. But there was one thing lacking in his pictorial organism—he lacked the pure originality of genius and independent power." To put it in fewer words, he lacked imagination, without which there is no great individuality. A man may contrive a new manner, but a genuine style cannot spring from imitations or determination to be original, but is the expression of the personality, which can be told in art only by the presence of creative power—that is, imagination. Lotto's styles were many, but none of them his own; he was a reflex of whichever painter of genius at the time had absorbed him. He was a painter of enormous fertility, and as a portrait-painter is considered in the aggregate of his production inferior only to Titian, among all the painters of the generation suc-

ceeding his. Some of the pictures which are now conclusively assigned to him are among those long attributed to Giorgione. To that number belongs the example engraved by Mr. Cole for the frontispiece of this number, painted after Lotto had fallen under the influence of the brilliant genius of Castelfranco.

With this general technical mastery of the art of painting, in which few of his time surpassed him, and the want of a strong and individual inspiration in the conception of subject, it might be expected that a man growing up in art under the conditions of life at Venice would become a successful portrait-painter, and this was, in fact, the capacity in which he rendered his best service to the ages following his own. In this vein of art he had few superiors, and none except the half-dozen leading masters just preceding him. There is at Hampton Court a portrait, long attributed to Correggio, but now known to be by Lotto, of a gentleman in a fur pelisse, seated at a table with fragments of antique sculpture near him; he holds a statuette in his right hand, and on the table are a book and some coins. Cavalcaselle considers it the portrait of the contemporary connoisseur Andrea Odoni, and says of it:

There is hardly a masterpiece of this time more deserving of praise than this half-length for warmth and fluid touch, for transparency of color, and freedom of handling. It has the qualities of softness and brilliance combined with excessive [exceeding?] subtlety in modeling, and tenderness of transitions.

And again he says:

There are few masters of the time, if we except Titian, of whom we possess so many and such masterly portraits. That some of these should be attributed to Giorgione, others to Leonardo, and others again to Titian and Pordenone is one of the natural consequences of a versatile manner. In one of the best single figures under Pordenone's name at the Borghese palace, we have the semblance of a stout, florid man in grand attire, whose turn of thought is possibly illustrated by a hand resting on a death's-head concealed by flowers. St. George tilts at a dragon in a landscape seen through a window. We do not meet with a finer or more dignified pose in any of Titian's canvases, nor do we know of any other example in which Lotto so nearly approached Vecelli. The treatment is broad and powerful; the color, in its warm and golden transparency, is fluid, and modeled with perfect blending.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE BY THE ENGRAVER.

THE "Three Ages of Man" is in the Hall of Saturn of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. It is painted on wood, and measures 26 inches in height by 31¼ inches in width. Though much retouched, it is still a fine example of Venetian coloring. The background is a rich, deep, dark color; the flesh-tints are mellow and glowing. The garment of the old man is of a rich, soft cardinal. The color of the boy's garment is a purplish maroon; his scarf is scarlet, not brilliant, but soft and rich. His cap is black, from beneath which flow his dark locks. The garment of the young man is a soft, delicious green. How vain to describe these

harmonious colors! His hair is brown, imperceptibly softening into the background, after the manner of Giorgione. Indeed, in its breadth and softness of treatment, the whole thing reminds me of Giorgione. How charming it is in sentiment, and in the perfection of its arrangement! I like the way in which the beautiful boy, with his gay scarf, is brought into contrast with the stern, bald old man. The painting of the old man's head is wonderful in its deftness of execution and its subtleness of treatment. The characteristics of age are in every touch, while there is that breadth of handling that bespeaks the consummate master.

T. Cole.



THE "WYOMING" IN THE STRAITS OF SHIMONOSÉKI.



N the annals of the American navy no achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the *Wyoming* at Shimonoséki. Happening on the other side of the globe, during our civil war, this daring exploit passed unnoticed at the time. Ignored by our naval historians, it has thus far found no chronicler. The modest report of the hero, in about five hundred words, conveys no idea of the splendor of the achievement.

Briefly told, the story is this: A sloop of war of six guns, in a narrow strait, engaged during seventy minutes a force of seven batteries mounting thirty heavy guns, and three men-of-war carrying eighteen guns—in all, forty-eight guns. The Japanese force comprised probably twelve hundred men. The *Wyoming*, unassisted, destroyed one of the batteries, sunk two ships, disabled a third, and emerged from the conflict with a loss of four men killed and seven wounded.

The *Wyoming* was a sister ship to the *Kearsarge*, and on the same errand. At the outbreak of the war, being one of the few national vessels within call, she was despatched to the Asiatic station. Built in 1858 by Merrick & Co. of Philadelphia, she was rated as a sloop of war, second class, of 726 tons. Like the *Kearsarge*, she was of the type recommended, as far back as 1841, by Captain Matthew Calbraith Perry. This sailor diplomatist was not only one of the most accomplished artillerymen in the navy, but the trainer, as both officers repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged, of David McDougal and the able executive officer of the *Kearsarge*, James S. Thornton. Long and narrow in build, of great speed, the *Wyoming* was armed with the heaviest ordnance. With only four 32-pounder broadside-guns, she mounted amidships two 11-inch Dahlgren pivot-guns.

In anticipation of Confederate privateers being let loose in the eastern seas, the *Wyoming* received a new crew at Panama, and was put under the command of McDougal in June, 1861. This tried and true officer was then a commander. He was fifty-four years old, had seen service for thirty-two years on many seas, and had been under fire in the Mexican war. Having been trained especially on steamers, he had little of that fear which in 1861 occasionally possessed, like a paralyzing demon, naval

officers who had never fought over a boiler. Though he had served for sixteen years in one grade,—that of lieutenant,—he was not a creature of routine, afraid of taking responsibility when necessary. One of his companions in service had been Lieutenant James Glynn, who, at Nagasaki, in 1849, with his little fourteen-gun brig *Preble*, in the teeth of all the Japanese batteries, had dashed through the cordon of spy-boats and compelled the release and delivery of eight shipwrecked American seamen. With such precedents in Japan as Glynn and Perry, McDougal was the man to make the most of his ship and men. Among these, mostly native Americans inured to danger and burning with patriotism, were some foreigners who required watching, and McDougal found it expedient occasionally to shift or change the personnel of the gun-crews. Even after the battle, with the smell of powder still in their clothes, he found a Portuguese fighting an Englishman because the latter had said, "My stomach is on the *Wyoming*, but my heart is on the *Alabama*."

The complement of the *Wyoming* was 160 officers and men. The efficient executive officer was the late Commander George W. Young, who nobly seconded his captain in every enterprise. Master William Barton, then twenty-three years old, now President of the Maryland National Bank at Cambridge, Maryland, was in charge of the forward division, and Acting Master John C. Mills was in command of the after guns. Surgeon E. R. Denby, Paymaster George Cochran, Engineer (now Captain) Philip Inch, and Ensign Walter Pierce, were among the other officers, all young, and of the finest stock of which our naval officers are made.

By the end of the year 1862 the Americans resident in Japan felt like men without a country. The *Alabama* had so swept American commerce from the seas that the sending home of a package, or even of a letter, became a matter of extreme risk. News of disaster to the Union armies came thick and fast, and Americans were frequently twitted by men speaking their own tongue that the day of the "United" States was over. Besides the national troubles at home, they were living as social exiles in a land threatened with both civil and foreign war, because one party had determined to sweep all foreigners out of Japan.

On the 4th of April, 1863, Captain McDougal, then at Hong Kong, and alert for the *Alabama*, received word from the Minister of the

United States in Japan, the Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, to bring the *Wyoming* to Yokohama, and to "be ready to use her guns for the protection of the Legation and American residents in Japan." Incendiarism and assassination on the part of the Japanese *ronin*, or "wave men," were increasing, and the sight of an American man-of-war would be welcome. Shortly after the *Wyoming's* arrival the American Legation in Tokio was burned to the ground, but whether on account of politics or by accident is not known to this day. By an act of terrorism, but in evident anxiety for the safety of all foreigners, the Tycoon's ministers secured the removal of all Americans from Tokio and Kanagawa to Yokohama. The American flag was hauled down in Tokio, never again to float over the Legation of the United States established where it ought always to be—at the seat of the Government—until John A. Bingham raised it in 1873 in Tokio, then the imperial capital. The *Wyoming* was turned into a temporary hotel, and the American families were accommodated on board until shelter under her guns was to be found on shore. The British, French, American, and other legations ate humble-pie at Yokohama, because a horde of would-be assassins held Tokio in terror.

The Japanese were, in fact, already well advanced in those internal troubles preparatory to the crisis which they had been approaching for a century, but which the presence of foreigners, by disturbing the elaborate political machinery created by Iyéyasü, had precipitated. Potentially, the civil war of 1868, under which the "curtain government" of Tokio, the dual system, feudalism, and Old Japan were to sink into oblivion, had begun, though foreigners knew not the significance of the mighty movement which was to give birth to New Japan. They supposed the turmoil to mean simply the revolt of two great feudatories from their suzerain, and that it was simply a quarrel between Satsuma and Choshü on the one hand, and the Shogun on the other. The British agents were pressing those demands upon the Tokio government for "the Satsuma outrage" in the murder of Mr. Richardson, which issued in the bombardment of Kagoshima, even after \$440,000 of indemnity had been paid.

Tokio at this time had lost its prestige and nearly all the spectacular glory of feudalism, which now centered at Kioto. At this city gathered tens of thousands of two-sworded clansmen over-eager to flesh their blades. They were furious alike at the vacillating Tycoon and at the "ugly foreigners," for whose expulsion from the defiled Land of the Gods they clamored. The "Great Prince" of Tokio had been compelled to come to Kioto, and on his knees and with face on the ground to pay homage to

the divine Mikado, not only "worshipping the dragon countenance," but impoverishing himself by a list of gifts that reads like the catalogue of a museum of decorative art, and which cost 63,000 ounces of silver. The sole purpose of this untold personal trouble, profound humiliation, and heavy mulct was the hope of staying the imperial edict that all foreigners should be expelled from the Holy Country, the ports closed, and Japan resume her hermit-like isolation. In vain, however, did he "moisten the whole populace in the bath of his mercy," for the decree of the Emperor had gone forth. "The ugly barbarians," so ran the edict, "are watching the Empire with greedy eye, and you will, in obedience to his wish, perform the exploit of sweeping them away." In Japanese phrase, signifying what Darius meant by "the laws of the Medes and Persians," "the decree of the Mikado is like perspiration—it never goes back."

This was the edict which set the clansmen of Choshü at work building batteries, and which let loose the ronin, the unattached two-sworded bullies and swashbucklers, all over the country. They swept Tokio as with a broom, until no foreigners, despite all their fleets and soldiery, were left in the city, while Yokohama became an intrenched camp. The work of incendiarism and assassination was carried on diligently, even by youths who afterward became the liberal and enlightened men of New Japan; for their object was to embroil the Tycoon with the treaty powers, and thus to effect his overthrow, that the Mikado might be restored to supreme power.

On the 28th of May, in Kioto, with all decorative circumstance and spectacular pomp, the Mikado Koméi, father of the present Emperor Mutsühito, borne invisible in his phenix car, accompanied by the Tycoon, Hitotsübashi,—"the throne and the camp" together,—made a ceremonial visit to the shrines of the gods to pray for the "brushing away of the 'ugly barbarians.'" Myriads of people worshiped the Mikado as his Mysteriousness passed by, and prayed to him as the representative of the heavenly gods. His imperial Majesty took this solemn step preliminary to heading his armies for the sweeping away of the foreigners. June 25 was fixed as the date. Mere children in their seclusion, the courtiers imagined that by the word of the Emperor, backed by the sword and "the unconquerable spirit of everlasting, great Japan," the task would be as easy as the splitting of a bamboo. On the 23d of June, at Yokohama, even while the carts loaded with silver were being emptied of their \$440,000, which was deposited as indemnity in the holds of the British ships *Euryalus*, *Encounter*, and *Pearl*, the order

for the closing of the ports and the notice to all foreigners to leave Japan were duly received. At the same time the Tycoon, a gentleman still living, who knew what foreign ships and cannon were, sickened at his task and wished to resign, but was not allowed to do so. Like grist poured into a hopper to be ground between the upper and the nether millstones, he manfully addressed himself to the hopeless tasks laid on him by the foreign diplomatists and his sovereign.

Meanwhile, Mori, lord of Nagato, or Choshiu, being guardian of the Straits of Shimonoséki, had resolved to begin war on his own account. So soon as the barbarian-expelling edict was promulgated, swift couriers were sent southward. In a few hours after the receipt of the news hundreds of laborers, under native engineers, were leveling, excavating, and throwing up earth on commanding portions of the bluffs overlooking the narrow straits. They worked under a flag inscribed "In obedience to the imperial order." Before the rise of Iyéyasu and the Tokugawa family of Tokio rulers, in 1600, the lord of Choshiu held sway over eleven provinces. When Iyéyasu became master of all Japan, and covered again the chess-board of the Empire, he stripped Mori of all his possessions except two provinces. Proximity to Kioto was coveted by the great daimios, with a view to seizing the imperial person and making a *coup d'état*. This was the king-move in the game of Japanese politics. Iyéyasu checkmated Mori, and surrounded Kioto with his own most loyal vassals. He further pressed the game by setting the Kokura clan between Choshiu and Bungo, so that the powerful feudatories Mori, Kuroda, Nabeshima, and Arima could never easily unite for harm to the Tokio government. This old allocation of friend and enemy on opposite shores of the straits explains why only one side was at this time fortified. After two centuries of galling subjection, Mori now saw a grand opportunity to regain the ancient fortunes of his house by obeying Kioto and defying Tokio. Iyéyasu's maxim of "divide and rule" seemed about to be turned against his heirs.

The Straits of Shimonoséki form the western entrance into the Inland Sea, and divide the great islands Hondo and Kiushiu. They are three miles long and from one half to one mile wide, the navigable channel being from three to seven hundred feet wide. The town, of eighteen thousand inhabitants, consists chiefly of one very long street at the foot of bold bluffs, except that in the center the houses completely encircle and cover two or three small hills, and cluster thickly in a ravine. The town of Shimonoséki, like that of Nagato, or Choshiu, is ancient, mirroring in its name

the old feudalism of Japan. It means "the lower barrier," at which all persons passing or entering Nagato, or the long gateway of Hondo, the main island, must be examined. Some have called it "the Gibraltar of the Japanese Mediterranean."

As geography is half of war, so the most famous naval battles in Japanese history took place here in the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries. The tide in its ebb and flow runs like a mill-race at the rate of five miles an hour, and the violent oscillations acting upon the numerous sunken rocks and shoals have, in the course of centuries, furnished an appalling list of wrecks and a great loss of life. Every landmark in the region is eloquent or ominous with traditions of gloom. It is told that the foundations for a beacon, often swept away by the invincible current, were finally made by binding a fair virgin to the granite block, as it was lowered into the waters. Her life propitiated the dragon whose lair was beneath, and the tower was built. On one of the rocky ledges stands the monument of the young Emperor Antoku, drowned in the great naval battle, A. D. 1185, between the Genji and the Héiké, the white and red flags, when possibly one thousand war-ships fought together. The same waters which were reddened with the blood of the nearly annihilated Héiké clan were to witness, seven centuries later, a series of artillery conflicts between ships and forts—the prelude in both cases of a new era of national development.

At advantageous points on the bold bluffs overlooking the rushing current of this narrow and crooked passage the Choshiu men prepared the ground for seven *ho-dai*, or cannon-platforms. These were from 50 to 100 feet above tide-water, and each mounted from two to seven guns. A few of these were 12- and 24-pounders, but most of them were 32-pounders, and several in the batteries nearest to the town were 8-inch Dahlgren cannon, which the United States had presented to the Tokio government, but of which the Choshiu men had in some way obtained possession. For several years previous the study of Dutch treatises on fortification had been carried on, and it is even possible that thus early there had been direct instruction by French artillerymen.

The Choshiu clansmen trusted not only to their batteries to close the straits and thus to bring on war, but also to their armed ships. Ostensibly for the Tokio government, they purchased of the American firm Jardine, Matheson & Co., for \$160,000, the iron steamer *Lancefield*, of 600 tons. They also secured for \$45,000 the clipper-built brig *Lanrick*, a fine sailing vessel formerly used in the opium trade, and for \$22,000 the American bark *Daniel Webster*. On the steamer they mounted four, on the brig

ten, and on the bark six guns, mostly brass 24-pounders. On these vessels they raised the flag of Japan, a red ball or sun on a white ground, and at the fore the blazon of Choshu, a blue flag with a straight bar at the top, and, underneath, a pyramid of three white balls. They named the war-steamer *Koshin* and the brig the *Kosei*. Without knowing the Chinese characters, we read the names as meaning "loyalty to the Mikado" and "in the Emperor's service," or "imperial vassal" and "imperial order," respectively.

Ships and batteries were not fully completed, but nevertheless were ready for action, when, on the 25th of June, 1863, the very date appointed by imperial order for hostilities, the first game appeared in sight, of which these eager hunters expected to make easy quarry.

The American merchant steamer *Pembroke*, from Yokohama to Nagasaki and Shanghai, entered the straits in the afternoon, passing on her way an armed Japanese bark. Instead of attempting passage through the seething, current-tossed waters, her captain obeyed the customary sailing directions, and awaited slack water. She carried the United States flag, and her Japanese pilot had been furnished by the Tokio government. Shortly after her anchor was dropped the armed bark moved past her and anchored a short distance off. It was noticed that she carried the national flag of Japan, although it was the law that vessels owned by daimios should fly the clan or feudal flag at the fore. There was no suspicion of hostilities, however, harbored by the captain of the *Pembroke*. An hour after midnight the bark suddenly opened fire on the American ship. Some minutes later a brig, which was made out to be the *Lanrick*, appeared in view, her crew shouting as they passed the *Pembroke*, and, anchoring near the bark, began firing on the American ship. As it was reported in Tokio a few days afterward, and officially made known to Mr. Pruyn by an officer of the Foreign Office, that the American vessel had been sunk, it is probable that the doughty cannoners, who had broken the peace of two hundred and fifty years by firing the first hostile gun, did really so believe. As a matter of fact, it being a dark night, the *Pembroke*, having steam up, eluded her assailants by retracing her course, and, escaping through the rarely used Bungo Channel, reached Shanghai without having touched at Nagasaki. For indemnities, "loss of time, freight, passengers, and deadly peril," etc., though no one was hurt, and no paint, rigging, or wood injured, the owners at once sent in a bill for \$10,000, through the American Legation, to the government of Tokio. As a matter of fact, \$12,000 were paid.

By the 8th of July the batteries were finished,

the ships equipped, and the gunners, after practising night and day, well trained. The Dutch treatises on artillery had been well conned, and were curled into dog's ears at the pages treating of how to attack ships caught in a current. A French despatch-vessel, the *Kien-chang*, on her way from Yokohama, appeared in the straits July 8, and anchored as usual to await the turn of the tide. The batteries at once opened upon her, and she was hit in seven places. A boat was lowered to inquire into the reason for these surprising hostilities, but a well-directed shot shivered it to pieces, killing several men. With heavy work at the pumps, the *Kien-chang* was able to reach Nagasaki, though nearly in a sinking condition. Her commander informed Captain, now Admiral, de Cassembrout of the heavy Dutch frigate *Medusa*, sixteen guns, then on her way to Yokohama, of what had happened.

For 250 years the flag of the Netherlands had been known in Japan. The Dutch commander, though hoping for peace, went well prepared for war. Anchoring at night, the frigate entered the western entrance at daylight on the 11th of July. As the current was running at five knots, and the *Medusa* was able to steam only six knots, progress was slow, though in this case desirably so. Signal-guns, two from the first battery and eight from the brig, were heard, yet, as the opposite shore was lined with Japanese junks, the Dutch captain was disposed to think that no hostile shot would be fired. Vain hope! No sooner was the *Medusa* opposite the brig, than the *Lanrick*, which flew the flag of Nagato, the bark *Daniel Webster*, and the heavy battery of Senneji, mounting six guns, opened simultaneously. In a few minutes the frigate was within the concentrated fire of six batteries. What most astonished the Hollanders were the projectiles, such size and weight being undreamed of. The splendid abilities of the Japanese artilleryists and the rapidity of their fire were astonishing. To find 6- and 8-inch shells exploding on their ship was a novelty to the Dutchmen in the eastern world, and showed that the Japanese were up to the times. With his port broadside Captain de Cassembrout illustrated true "Dutch courage" for an hour and a half. Unable, on account of his draft, to attack the ships directly, he passed on his way. The *Medusa* was hit thirty-one times. Seven shots pierced the hull, sending bolts and splinters in showers about the decks. Three 8-inch shells burst on board. The long-boat, cutter, and smoke-stack were ruined. Four men were killed and five wounded. On his return to Europe Captain de Cassembrout was knighted, and his crew received medals of honor. He is still living at The Hague.

A few days later, July 20, the French gun-

boat *Tancredi* was hit in three places while swiftly steaming through the channel. Later, a Satsuma steamer, mistaken for a foreign warship, was set on fire and sunk by the batteries. The bodies of nine officers and nineteen men, killed or drowned, were swept out to sea. Evidently, then, the Japanese as artillerists were not to be despised.

Before any news of hostilities was received at Yokohama the *Wyoming* had received orders to return to Philadelphia by way of the Straits of Sunda. Officers and men were in high spirits at the prospect of home and the possible capture of the *Alabama* on the way thither. When, however, on the 11th of July, the Tokio government gave information of the attack on, and the supposed sinking of, the *Pembroke*, the exact facts being received by mail from Shanghai next evening, Captain McDougal, rejoicing that the daimio of Nagato had provided an *Alabama* at hand, ordered coal and stores on board with all despatch. Two Japanese pilots were furnished by the Tokio government. Mr. Pruyn sent his interpreter, Joseph Héko, a native gentleman picked up at sea as a castaway, educated at Baltimore, and still living. Journalism was represented by Mr. E. S. Benson, an American who edited a cable paper at Yokohama. Without charts of the straits, or map of the batteries, Captain McDougal took care to learn the exact draft of the *Lancefield*, finding to his delight that where she went the *Wyoming* could follow. He hoped to board and capture her, and perhaps one of the other vessels. Weighing anchor at 5:30 A. M. on the 13th, and entering by the rarely used Bungo Channel, the *Wyoming* anchored at the eastern end of the straits at 9:30 P. M. on the 15th. There McDougal awaited the favorable turn of the tide.

Moving into the straits at 5 A. M. next day, the point of Shiroyama was rounded at six o'clock. Signal-guns were fired, and were repeated along the six batteries to the town, which was still invisible, owing to the promontory of Monshi, which projected from the southern shores of Bungo, where no batteries were. In a few minutes the first shot struck the ship just above the engine-room, cutting away the wind-sail halyard. The crew were beat to quarters, but no reply was made until after rounding the Monshi promontory on the southern side, when the whole panorama of the town, the larger batteries, and the three Japanese men-of-war burst into view. The bark was lying close in toward the town or northern shore; fifty yards outside of her and one length ahead was the brig; another length ahead and outside of the brig was the steamer. The main channel lay south and outside of all these vessels. McDougal noticed that stakes had been driven into

the mud along the edges of the main channel, and it was evident that the Choshu cannoners expected to blow the *Wyoming* to atoms. As the three vessels lay with their sterns to the *Wyoming*, each in turn was quickly recognized. All three were crowded with men, and from the steamer hung kedge-anchors at the yard-arms, to be used as grappling-irons for boarding. On each vessel the national flag of Dai Nippon was flying at the peak, and the feudal flag at the fore.

In symbolic design the Choshu pennant would have been suggestive to the occidental mind of the pawnbroker's three balls and the ominous interpretation of "Two to one you'll never get it again"; but the reversed form of a pyramid, one ball above two, gave an omen that was cheering. It meant at least one chance.

What was to be done? The Japanese pilots had at first kept the *Wyoming* in the main channel, bearing to the port side or southern shore. Already frightened when told by McDougal to take the ship toward the northern shore under the very noses of the cannon, they were paralyzed with fear when he ordered them to run the *Wyoming* in between the steamer and the brig. In vain they protested that the *Wyoming* would get aground. Knowing the exact draft of the *Lancefield*, McDougal, though without charts, took all other risks, and steamed directly for the vessels. Immediately another battery of three guns, fifty feet up on the side of the hill, fired its heavy shot, cutting the rigging between the mainmast and the mizzenmast, which showed that remaining in mid-channel would have made the *Wyoming* an easy target. The American flag was now run up at the peak, and all hands were ordered to prepare for boarding. The flag was at once saluted by shot and shell from a fresh battery of four guns, and it was then noticed that the *Lancefield* had steam up and was making ready to move.

Upon this, McDougal called his men back to the guns and gave the order to begin firing. Both pivots and the starboard guns at once opened. So excellent was the gunnery, though at the time the Americans knew it not, that one fort was practically torn to pieces with the shells of the first broadside. As the Japanese historian writes, "One of the balls of the barbarian vessel destroyed a fort, and, encouraged by this lucky shot, she dashed in." As the *Wyoming* forged abreast of the bark the latter opened a broadside fire from three guns, by which two men, William Clark of New Jersey and George Watson of Vermont, stationed near the anchor, were killed, the latter by a chain-shot. A marine in the gangway was also struck dead by a ball from the battery of Sennenji, which, mounting six or seven guns, was the most formidable of all. Within two minutes more the



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SHIMONOSÉKI IN 1859.

Wyoming was abreast of the brig, from which a broadside fire of four brass 25-pounders opened. On the port side the steamer was less active, having her guns pointed up the channel and being able to fire only swivels and muskets.

In these few moments every gun on the American ship was worked to its fullest power. She was so close to the bark and the brig that the faces of the Japanese were plainly discernible, the guns seemed almost to touch, and the *Wyoming* to be wrapped in sheets of flame. The Japanese sailors worked their guns so rapidly that no fewer than three broadsides were fired from the brig during the swift passage of McDougal's ship. One of her shells entered under the forward broadside-gun of the *Wyoming*, and killed and wounded all the gun-crew except three. The captain of this gun, William Thompson, having his left arm torn off, and the tackle being shot away, Charles J. Murphy, though himself wounded, lashed the breeching of the gun, kept it in position, and fought this 32-pounder short-handed until, later in the action, Lieutenant Barton sent him reinforcements from the pivot-gun. With the exception of the marine and the two men killed at the anchors, every other man killed or wounded in the action belonged to the division of Lieutenant Barton, whose sword-guard was struck and bent by a piece of shell. In passing the ships, every shot of the American told upon the Japanese vessel on each side.

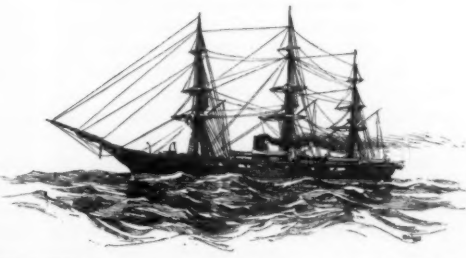
When out into clear water, the *Wyoming*, having rounded the bow of the steamer, was nearer the southern shore, and the six batteries and the bark concentrated their fire on her. Despite the holes torn in the sides of the vessels by the Dahlgren shells, their guns were still vigorously plied, when the danger hitherto feared was realized—the *Wyoming* was aground. Meanwhile the steamer had slipped her cable and was moving over to the northern shore, whether to escape, to examine damages, or, as is probable, to swing

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round and to attempt to ram or board the *Wyoming* while stuck fast, is not known. Fortunately the propeller was powerful, and the *Wyoming* was worked off the mud. Neglecting the bark and the batteries, the brig being already in a sinking condition, attention was turned entirely upon the *Lancefield*.

Manœuvring into favorable position, despite the current, which was running like a mill-race, and training his pair of pivot-guns upon the steamer, McDougal prepared to give the Japanese a lesson in the power of 11-inch Dahlgren ordnance. This was exactly what the Choshu men needed to know. Of the after-pivot Frank Wyatt, boatswain's mate, was captain. Of the forward gun Peter King, a fine specimen of the American sailor, had charge. Both sent their shot into the hull of the *Lancefield*, whereupon a group of men, presumably officers, left the ship in a sculling-boat, and scores of men jumped into the water, which was dotted with heads as a winter rice-field is tufted with stubble. The second shell of the forward pivot was planted directly in the center of "the Prince of Choshu's own steamer, the *Koshin Maru*," one foot above the water-line. It pierced ship and boiler, came out on the other side, tearing a great hole, and, passing into the town a quarter of a mile away, exploded among the houses. In a moment great volumes of smoke and steam rolled out of the doomed ship both fore and aft; cinders and wreckage were hurled upward as from a geyser; and as red tongues of flame shot out here and there black crowds of men leaped into the water to swim ashore. According to reports in Tokio a few days later, forty men lost their lives on the steamer. Two more shells were fired to secure the utter destruction of the vessel. When, however, McDougal found that the sailors were using their revolvers upon the Japanese struggling in the water, he called them off, and the inhuman work stopped.

The guns of the bark were still at work as fast as they could be loaded and fired, and despite the smoke concealing the hull of the *Wyoming* the flags on the trucks enabled the



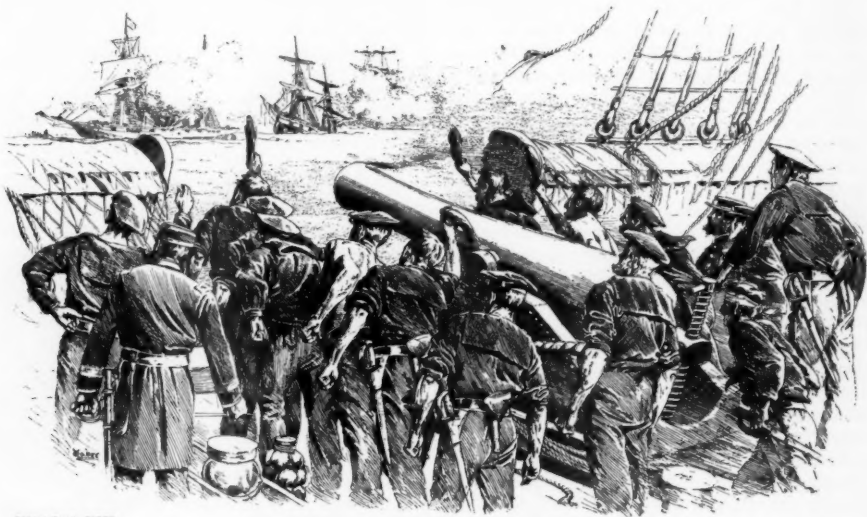
DRAWN BY W. TABER,

THE "WYOMING."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

batteries to find their target. Upon these and the bark the pivot- and the broadside-guns were now trained. By the splendid gunnery of our sailors several shells were dropped exactly within the batteries, and the bark was so riddled as to be worthless. Three days later the *Tancrède* saw only the tops of the submerged brig, the steamer also having sunk. The fire from the batteries was less active on the *Wyoming's* return, and not a man on her decks was hurt. For their non-participation in the fight the spectators on the southern side, the clansmen of Kokura, were afterward roundly berated by the Choshu warriors, and the Emperor was greatly distressed about their conduct.

the United States the sum of \$10,169. The fact that McDougal had run his ship out of the main channel and close to the northern shore, and then, incredible as it seemed to the Japanese gunners, between the ships without grounding, gave the batteries a good target only in the spars and rigging. Losing their first good opportunity to sink the ship, they failed to regain it. It was thought at first that the cannon of the Choshu men were fixed to fire up the channel only. Before the engagement was over, the Americans found that the Japanese were able to alter their range, and did so. Four days later, when the French admiral appeared with his heavy 35-gun frigate *Se-*



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE SINKING OF THE JAPANESE SHIPS.

Throughout the action both the men and the officers of the *Wyoming* behaved with admirable coolness and *elan*. After a lucky shot the whole crew gave three cheers, enjoying this, their first battle, with fierce delight. After the last battery was passed, and the point of Shiroyama rounded, there was time to count the odds, and hear what surgeon, carpenter, mate, and quartermaster had to report. The battle had lasted one hour and ten minutes, and the *Wyoming* had fired fifty-five rounds, or, from the hoisting of the flag to the last discharge, nearly a gun per minute. The ship was in good fighting trim, though struck in over twenty places. Her hull had received ten shots; her funnel had six large holes in it; and the foremast and the mainmast were injured each in four places, while the upper rigging was badly cut. For rope, wood, canvas, and metal injured, and for ammunition expended, the battle cost the Government of

miramis, the gunboat *Tancrède*, a land force of 250 men, and, provided with maps made by the captain of the *Medusa*, took, after bombardment, a 5-gun battery of 24-pounders, it was found that the carriages were of excellent foreign pattern, able to sweep a wide arc.

Of our gallant sailors four had been killed outright, and two died of their wounds. Two sailors were severely and two slightly wounded. Except a negro, born in Martinique, and three Irishmen, all of these were native Americans. That the Japanese fired a variety of missiles was shown in the abundance of marks left by the grape and canister, the death and wounds by shell, and the killing of a landsman, George Watson, by a chain-shot. James Caswell, another landsman, by a solid shot coming through the bulwarks, was filled with splinters from head to foot, and died at sea on the Sunday following the fight. Michael

Lynch, a coal-heaver, who had both legs shot off below the knees by a ball, walked half the length of the deck on the stumps. Before he died he complained of his toes hurting him.

Sewed in their hammocks, the dead were committed to the deep next morning at 9 A. M. The service was read by the commander, who now, with the tenderness of a bereaved father, and with tears rolling down his face, mourned for his brave seamen. Beloved of his men, he had by kindness won the highest discipline and strongest personal regard even from those whose lifelong habits as landsmen had made the routine of a man-of-war odious, so that the *Wyoming* in all the potencies, human and material, was ever a unit of the highest possible efficiency for the Government of the United States.

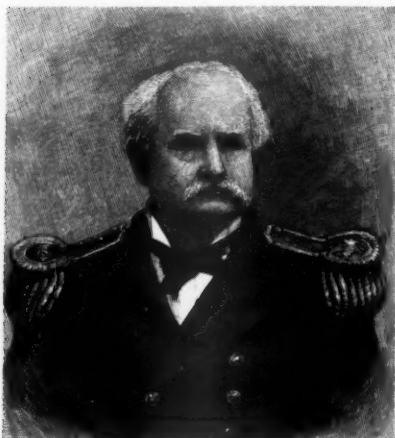
The act of the Choshu men, who thus deliberately and voluntarily broke the peace of two centuries and a half by firing on the steamer *Pembroke*, was, as the native historian wrote, "the first deed of arms in Japan." It marked the beginning of civil and foreign war, and began the long political struggle of which the constitutional and representative Japan of the year 1892 is the outcome, and which none more than the Choshu men, both in war and in peace, helped to achieve. Above all things eager to try their strength with foreigners, and to show the "ugly barbarians" the spirit of unconquerable Japan, it was they who began their exhibition upon an American ship. It was an American ship, also, which first gave them a counter-exhibition, not only of extraordinary physical prowess, but of moral courage. To the Choshu clansmen, brave and capable as they themselves were, it seemed as though McDougal possessed more than human nerve in thus running his vessel into the fierce fire which they had prepared for him. Long afterward they spoke respectfully of the "American devils." They had fought the Dutch frigate, and four days later were chastised at one point by the French, but neither of these combats, carried on in mid-channel at long range, or by a charge after the single battery had been emptied by long bombardment, so impressed the thinking men of Japan's most intellectual clan as that of the commander of a single ship coolly and of choice meeting such overwhelming odds at close quarters and winning so surprising a victory. The Choshu men were noted for their thinking, and for the power of profiting by their reverses, and this time their profit was great.

Yet this act of McDougal was not a mere "running amuck," a rash plunge; it was as cool and scientific a movement, albeit one requiring as much nerve and courage, as Cushing's attack

on the *Albatross*. With Japanese prison-cages and torture all foreigners in Japan of that day were acquainted by daily report. Even casual walks around Yokohama had made the American officers familiar with the pillories near the blood-pits, which were almost daily decorated with human heads. Besides, it had been immemorial law and custom for the beaten party in Japan to perform *hara-kiri*; or, failing, to suffer decapitation. It was a clear knowledge of these facts that led McDougal, while shrinking from nothing within the bounds of possibility, to give an order not mentioned in his amazingly modest official report. He had, only a few days before, seen the American flag hauled down and the Legation of the United States driven from the capital; and this was humiliation enough for McDougal. Hence he determined neither to see nor to have the like thing done on the ship he commanded. If boarded or overwhelmed, or made helpless by grounding or a shot in the boilers, it was his deliberate purpose to blow up the ship and all on board, the officer of the powder division being instructed to that effect. Knowing his ship, officers, and men, the draft and the tide, he took the chances, and won. His splendid courage in fighting all their ships and batteries with his one small vessel affected the thoughtful men of Choshu as mightily as when, a year later, as their twelve batteries, mounting sixty-two guns, crumbled under the fire of the combined squadrons of four nations, they swore by all the gods of everlasting, great Japan to give body and soul no rest till they had won the secret of the strength of the western nations. "The plucky falcon had its leg broken," but even while temporarily disabled it dreamed of new quarry. Even before their great battles with the fleet in 1864 Choshu had no need to prove her courage. All foreigners believed and respected it. They saw one clan, and one only, even though well-drilled and armed with American rifles, fighting at one time the whole army of the Tycoon at Kioto and the combined foreign fleet at Shimonoséki. Although unable to sound the depth of Japanese politics, they admired bravery. What puzzled the men of Christendom was the ronin's attack from behind, which they counted as cowardly murder. Both assassination and incendiarism seemed to them barbarous, and as inconsistent with the boasted honor of the samurai as do "the Shimonoséki indemnity" and "Christianity" to the Japanese, when these words accidentally occur together. Yet hard fighters as they proved themselves, the chief glory and distinct mental endowment of the Choshu clansmen is their remarkable capacity, not for military, but for civil, organization and affairs. In military talent and in the bolder virtues the Satsuma men

excel; in patience, foresight, and constructive ability, the Choshu. The two, as mortise and tenon, make superb framework of government.

After their chastisement at Shimonoséki and Kagoshima, both Choshu and Satsuma forgot



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID STOCKTON McDOUGAL, U. S. N.

their hatred of foreigners in their eagerness to win the secret of their power, which they suspected lay behind ships and cannon. Thirst for alien blood was consumed in the more intense thirst for knowledge. They overthrew anarchy and feudalism, and made New Japan.

For twenty-two years they have led the most progressive of Asiatic nations. Now, indeed, in limited monarchy and parliamentary government, they are to be forgotten as clansmen, and to be known only in the general democracy of voters. In the education of that clan which, since the era begun by Perry, has produced more than any other the leadership and practical intellect for Japan, McDougal had a larger share than he ever dreamed. Out of that superb company of men came not only Yoshida Torajiro, the man who, with clothing stuffed with paper and pencils to take notes in a foreign country, and with scholarly hands blistered by rowing past the guard-boats, stood on Commodore Perry's ship at midnight beseeching passage to America, but the more brilliant statesmen and leaders, Yamada the brave, Kido the matchless, Inouyé and Ito and Yamagata, statesmen of highest rank, all names forever to be associated gloriously with New Japan.

One of the bravest and best of American naval officers, David McDougal acted not only in harmony with his instincts as a patriot, but in accordance with the tenor of orders from the Navy Department, the urgent request of the American Minister, and the unanimous sentiment of the Americans in Japan. His reward from the Government during his lifetime was ordinary routine promotion, as captain at the age of fifty-five, and as rear-admiral on the retired list at the age of sixty-four. He died at San Francisco, August 7, 1882.

William Elliot Griffis.

THE KING.

SUGGESTED BY GÉRÔME'S PICTURE, "THIRST."¹

STRETCHES of sand whereon no thing of life
Is visible. Above, a copper plane,
Hung like a cymbal poised before the strife
Of clashing. Lying, seething, grain on grain,
The sand stares up, the vacant sky stares down,—
As on two idiots, one by the other seen,
Grows no expression, neither smile nor frown,—
And heated, filmy mists are spun between.
Across this horrid space a lion's tread
Is traceable. None save a king dare track
This hellish vast. Kingly he reared his head,
And his proud step pressed firm upon the rack
Of blistering sand. . . . Far in an oasis
This king bent low a water-drop to kiss.

Louise Morgan Sill.

¹ See THE CENTURY for February, 1889.

THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSES OF 1889.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY.



EVERY year there must be two eclipses of the sun, and there may be five. These are partial eclipses, however, except in the comparatively rare case in which the moon passes nearly centrally over the sun's disk and produces a total obscuration of his light. Since the invention of the spectroscope, in 1860, there has been barely a score of total eclipses, and a number of these could not be observed because the belt of totality fell at the earth's polar regions or upon the oceans. The belt of totality is a narrow strip—never more than one hundred and seventy miles wide—where the point of the moon's shadow falls upon the earth. Total eclipses

flames which are seen at the sun's border during an eclipse are solar and not lunar appendages. They are shown *dark* in figures 3 and 4. The moon covered them up progressively as she advanced in her orbit. In 1868 Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer established the fact that these rose-colored prominences were, in truth, huge flames and spires of hydrogen gas extending thousands of miles above the solar globe, but truly belonging to it, as our atmosphere belongs to the earth. A method was then invented by which the flames can be observed with the spectroscope on any clear day, even without the intervention of an eclipse, and there are several observatories the chief work of which is the accurate mapping of the solar prominences day by day. Thus the few moments of totality are now left free for other

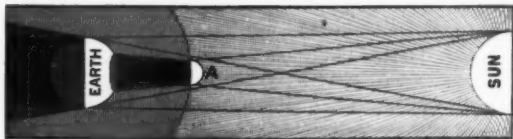


FIG. 1. THEORY OF A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The moon is at A. The eclipse is total to a spectator within the black interior shadow, and partial to a spectator anywhere within the penumbra.

rarely recur, therefore, at the same point of the earth. At London, for example, there has been no total eclipse since the year 1140 except that of 1715, and there will be none during the next century.

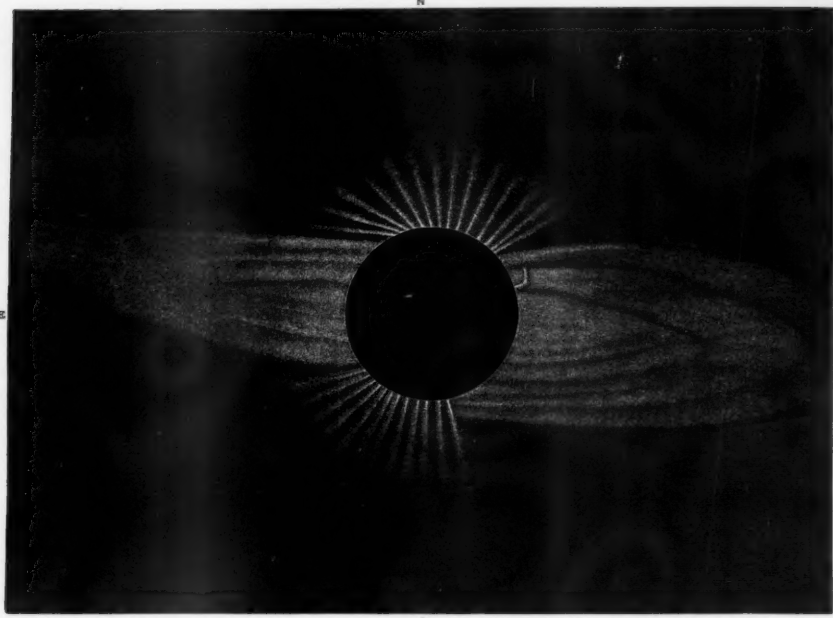
Figure 1 gives an idea of the cause of a total eclipse, but the dimensions of the moon's shadow are enormously exaggerated. As the moon moves rapidly along its orbit, the duration of an eclipse to any one spectator is never more than eight minutes, and ordinarily it is not so much as four.

Less than three quarters of an hour of actual observing time has been available to astronomers since the spectroscope was invented, or since photography was first fruitfully used in recording the features of a total eclipse. We are apt to be impatient with the slow progress of science, but, when we consider what advances have been made in these few years, we must admit that each one of the brief and precious moments has been well utilized.

The eclipses of 1842, 1851, and especially that of 1860, proved that the rose-colored

observations, and the discovery of Janssen and Lockyer has virtually doubled our opportunities for the study of the corona itself, which has never been seen except at totality. Dr. Huggins has spent the last few years in experiments in photography, with the object of studying the corona in full sunshine, but so far without success. It is the next great step required.

In 1869 a very favorable total solar eclipse occurred in the United States (the first since 1834), and its opportunities were fully utilized to the permanent fame of American astronomers. The observations of Professor Young of Princeton, and of Professor Harkness of Washington, decided the question as to the general nature of the corona. It certainly consisted of a glowing gas, the composition of which, however, is still unknown. It was a solar appendage, and was not an appearance produced by the earth's atmosphere. The eclipse of 1870 (in Spain) confirmed the results of 1869. In 1871 another eclipse allowed Janssen to observe beside the bright line (1474) in the spectrum of the corona, the presence of which proved



ENGRAVED BY FELIX LE BLANC,

FIG. 2. THE CORONA OF JULY, 1878.

FROM A DRAWING BY M. TROUVELOT.

It is to be remarked that the corona consists of polar rays and of two faint wings.

it to consist partly of incandescent gas, the dark Fraunhofer lines, which showed that some, at least, of its light must be due to sunlight reflected from solid particles near the solar body. Polariscopic observations confirm this also.

The photographs of the 1871 eclipse yielded a marvelous account of the complex details of the inner coronal forms. We began to see, with this eclipse, that the corona was of much more complex nature than the hydrogen flames, for example. Not only was its light derived both from reflected sunshine and from native brilliancy, but it appeared that the inner and brighter corona might even be of a different quality from the long wisps and streamers which form its outer portions. The eclipses of 1874 and 1875, owing to bad weather, etc., added little to previously known facts.

The American eclipse of 1878 was fully observed from Wyoming to Texas. Among its most important results was the observation that the characteristic spectrum line of the corona (1474) certainly extended nearly a radius of the sun (400,000 miles) from the edge, and that when this line vanished no other spectrum was visible. From this the conclusion was drawn that the gas corresponding to the 1474 line (coronium) extended at least to this height above the sun. The observations of Langley and Newcomb showed that coronal matter of some sort extended much further than this, even

out to nine millions of miles. The photographs taken by the parties of the United States Naval Observatory were very satisfactory, and showed the shape and structure of the corona of 1878 to be essentially different from that of 1871. The year of 1878 was a year of few sun-spots; 1871 was a year of many sun-spots. It was suggested that the corona varies periodically in shape and in appearance as the sun varies in frequency of sun-spots, and an examination of the few trustworthy records lent considerable force to the suggestion.

The observations and drawings of the corona which we possess were collected into a splendid volume by Mr. Ranyard of London. A careful examination of the drawings seemed to show that among the thousand apparently accidental and capricious coronal forms two types, characteristic forms, could be traced.

During a period of maximum sun-spot frequency the corona appeared to be fully developed and of great brilliancy. Its typical form was that of a bright quadrilateral filled with rays, which have been likened to those on the card of a mariner's compass.

At a period of minimum sun-spots (as in 1878) the corona, on the other hand, seemed to be far fainter and of smaller dimensions, except for faint wing-like projections which extend sometimes for prodigious distances on each side of the sun. A rough idea of the scale of



ENGRAVED BY K. C. COLLINS,

FIG. 3. THE CORONA OF MAY, 1882.

FROM DRAWINGS BY PROFESSOR TACCHINI.

the various drawings in this paper may be had by recollecting that the diameter of the sun is about 850,000 miles.

A striking event of the eclipse of 1882 was the revelation, during the darkness of totality, of a noble comet near the sun (see figure 3). This eclipse, which lasted only seventy seconds, is also memorable for the new and bright spectral lines which were added to the 1474 line, and which indicated that the corona was composed not only of coronium gas, but of other gases as well. The dark lines due to reflected sunshine were once more visible. The spectroscopic observations of 1883 and 1886 made by Professor Tacchini seem to show the existence not only of the rosy prominences long known, but also that certain other *white* prominences exist, which are due probably to relatively cool products. Moreover, a comparison of the red prominences observed during totality with the same objects seen before and after the eclipse indicates that the ordinary spectroscopic methods give only a part, and not the whole, of the phenomenon. The reason of this is not yet fully understood, and these observations should be repeated at the next eclipse. While we are far from understanding the phenomena of the sun's envelope as revealed by the spectroscope, the foundations for a proper interpretation are laid, and the appropriate methods are already invented. But the corona still remained the mystery of mysteries. Why did it exist at all? Why did it change in

shape and character? How could the same object appear so different at different times? Was it in fact the same object? It was even suggested that the corona had no objective existence at all, but was a pure diffraction phenomenon, like the alternate light and dark interference bands which one can see by holding the edge of a razor up against the bright daylight.

THE ECLIPSES OF 1889.

THE eclipse of New Year's day of 1889 was to be total in California, and the Lick Observatory, then newly established, made preparations to observe it. It was also well observed by other parties, whose reports are not published at the time of writing this account. It was decided to attempt both spectroscopic and photographic observations. The former were directed to the question just spoken of; namely, Is or is not the solar corona mainly a diffraction phenomenon? The observations of Mr. Keeler show that it really has an objective existence, and that the diffraction phenomenon previously observed must have been mainly due to atmospheric glare. Some of the photographs obtained, notably those of Mr. Woods, show the moon projected upon the corona *before the eclipse began*, and therefore before a diffraction effect was possible. The spectroscopic observations made by Mr. Keeler also establish the important fact that the length of a coronal line in the spectrum is no index of the



FIG. 4. THE CORONA OF JANUARY, 1889.

depth of the corresponding gas in the solar atmosphere. This relieves us of amazing theoretical difficulties. We may now consider the sun to be surrounded by a comparatively shallow atmosphere, and have no longer to tax our ingenuity to explain how it is that a comet passing close to the sun is not in the least retarded by a solar atmosphere. Another main object of the expedition was to obtain the best possible photographs of the corona, and for this purpose Mr. Barnard of the observatory utilized our very incomplete photographic apparatus, and supplemented it by turning one of our small visual telescopes into a camera. We were also extremely fortunate in securing the fullest coöperation of the Amateur Photographic Association of San Francisco, which organized a party of seventeen observers, working according to a program which had been prepared in consultation with the astronomers at Mount Hamilton. The vital point of the program was the selection of the proper times of exposure, and here we had the benefit of the advice of Mr. Burnham of the observatory, who showed by experiments in photographing light, fleecy clouds, while the sun was obscured by heavier and darker ones, that the proper exposure times must be very short. It all seems extremely simple now, but this principle had not been well understood at previous eclipses. At the eclipse of 1883 some of the negatives were exposed for more than five minutes! The main object is to register the extremely small contrast between the outlying faint corona and the sky, which is by no means totally dark. This can be done by giving relatively short exposures, and only in this way.

The coöperation of the amateur photographers enabled us to make a series of exposures of varying length, and to test the question in an experimental way. Thanks to their aid and skill, we secured a great number of negatives, and these, together with the exquisite plates made by Mr. Barnard, give an account of the eclipse of January, 1889, which is complete and highly satisfactory. Figure 4 is a copy of one

of Mr. Barnard's negatives. It is on a small scale, because his photographic apparatus was not powerful; but the work was so well done that the original shows a vast amount of detail—more, I think, than has been shown at any other eclipse.

Fig. 6 gives a diagram on an enlarged scale made from Mr. Barnard's photographs by studying them under the microscope. There are very many features shown in these photographs, but I will stop to mention only two of the more important. At previous eclipses the polar rays had been photographed, but it had never been noticed that these polar rays extended all round the solar disk (see fig. 6, rays 2, 4, 6 . . . 18, 21, 24, 26, 30, 32 . . . 37, 50, 64 . . . 71, 75 . . . 84, 86, 98, 100, etc.). They had always been evident at the poles, but at the sun's equator they had been lost in the brightness of the great "wings." It had therefore been too hastily supposed that the polar rays were in fact confined to the region of the poles. The photographs of the January eclipse proved clearly that such rays extended all around the sun. Again, the photographs showed that the corona, instead of growing narrower as we go further from the sun

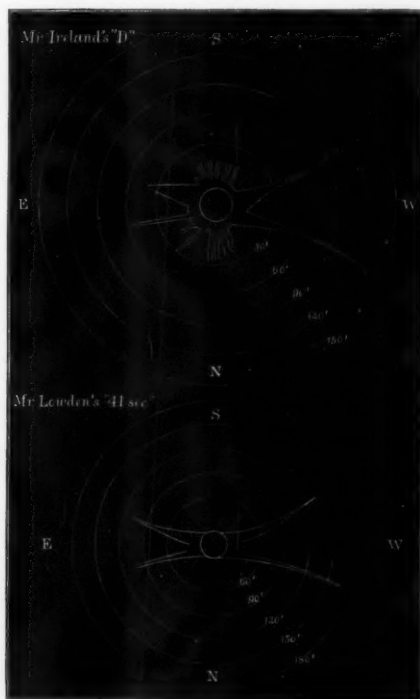


FIG. 5. EXTENSION OF THE CORONA OF JANUARY, 1889. THE OUTLINES ARE FROM NEGATIVES BY MESSRS. IRELAND AND LOWDEN.

(as, for example, in M. Trouvelot's picture, fig. 2), really terminated in branching forms. The beginning of this trumpet-shaped extension is shown in fig. 6, but is more plainly displayed in fig. 5, where I have traced only the outlines of the corona, as shown on the negatives of two amateur photographers, Messrs. Ireland and Lowden. These negatives are confirmed by others, especially by the admirable pictures of P. Charroppin, and also by a naked-eye sketch made by an artist. They show an extension to the corona which had never before been photographed. It had been seen in 1878 by Professors Langley and Newcomb, but its true shape had not been suspected by them.

I consider, then, that the main photographic

Messrs. Burnham and Schaeberle of the observatory, aided by a volunteer observer, Mr. Rockwell of Tarrytown, made the journey to Cayenne, and under somewhat unfavorable conditions secured excellent results. No engravings from their pictures are given here, as they do not differ greatly from fig. 4, and as they are to be printed elsewhere. It suffices to say that the records of the December eclipse were comparable with those obtained in January. Other expeditions were sent by the National Academy of Sciences of Washington and the Royal Astronomical Society of London to Africa, and by the latter body, and also by the Paris Academy of Sciences, to South America. The day was cloudy in Africa, and no results

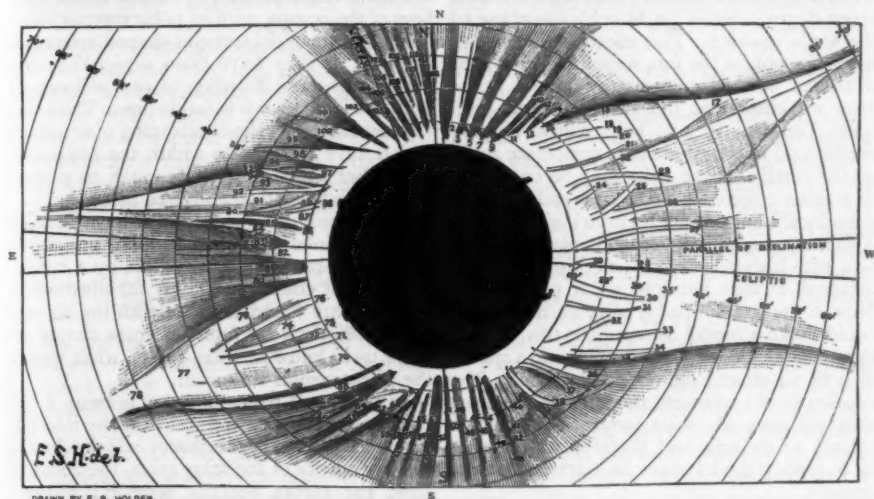


FIG. 6. INDEX DIAGRAM MADE FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY PHOTOGRAPHS OF JANUARY, 1889.

results of the January eclipse were two—that the polar rays extended all round the disk, and that the corona was extended in a trumpet-shaped form. These results were merely the records of fact, and however important the facts might be, we seemed to be no nearer to the solution of the questions: What is the corona? Why has it such a shape? Why does it vary in form, and according to what laws does it vary?

The excellent photographs of the January eclipse made it highly desirable that the eclipse of December, 1889, which was total in Guiana and on the west coast of Africa, should be observed on the same principles. The small income of the Lick Observatory did not allow us to send out a party, and the plan had been reluctantly abandoned, when Mr. Crocker, one of the regents of the University of California, generously offered to bear the whole cost of an expedition to South America. Accordingly

were obtained. The results secured by the English and the French parties in South America add nothing to our own. The two eclipses of 1889 were thoroughly well observed, and the records of the appearances and structure of the corona were plain; but the vexed questions still remained: What is the corona? What are the laws of its variation of shape?

These questions have now been answered by Professor Schaeberle of the Lick Observatory, in his "Mechanical Theory of the Solar Corona," just completed. It is possible by this theory to account for the general form and characteristics of all past coronas and to predict the general form of future ones. A solar eclipse will take place in 1893 on the coast of Brazil, and Professor Schaeberle is able to give a drawing of the general features of the corona as they will appear at that time. It may be said that the fundamental law is now established.

There are minor matters to be studied, but the explanation of the long-standing mystery of the corona is now in our hands. Like all great things, it is extremely simple, and in its principal points it is easily understood. I shall speak only of the main points in this place, leaving the particularities to be treated in more technical publications.

To understand Professor Schaeberle's explanation, let us recall a few facts of observation. We know that the sun turns on its axis once in about twenty-five days. Its equator remains always in one plane. The earth revolves about the sun in a plane which is inclined to the plane of the sun's equator by about seven degrees; that is, the earth is sometimes seven degrees above (in September), sometimes seven degrees below (in March), the plane of the sun's equator. The effect is that sometimes one pole of the sun, sometimes the other, is turned toward a spectator on the earth. Now we know that the sun is covered with spots, confined to two belts which roughly correspond in situation to the temperate zones on the earth. These belts may be compared to regions covered by geysers which are perpetually sending out matter from their interiors. This matter is shot out perpendicular to the surface with high velocity—something like three hundred to four hundred miles per second. Now, if the sun did not revolve on its axis, we could make a model to represent this state of things by sticking straight needles into a sphere of cork all around the temperate zones. The needles would represent the streams of matter shot out from the solar surface. But the sun rotates on its axis, and therefore the needles in a proper model must be curved and not straight.

Professor Schaeberle has calculated the true curvature, and it is quite possible from his figures to construct a model of the sun with its outgoing streams of matter. We have simply to take a globe of cork, and to insert many wires of the proper curvature at something like equal distances from one another all over the surface of the temperate zones, where we know that the solar activity is manifested. It is a very curious fact of observation that sun-spots are never

seen near the solar poles, and very seldom indeed in high latitudes. Such a model will represent the sun and the solar corona as they really are—but not as we see them. For a spectator on the earth is sometimes above, sometimes below, the plane of the sun's equator; or, to put it in another way, the sun sometimes turns its north pole, sometimes its south pole, to him. If, then, we place our model on a stand, and place the eye where the earth should be in its orbit at the time of an eclipse (according to the month of the year, etc.), we shall actually see the curved needles overlapping and interlacing by projection and by perspective exactly as the streams of matter overlap and interlace. If we go far enough away from the model to lose the view of the individual streamers, we shall see the outlines of the corona, with its polar rays, its interlacing streamers, its trumpet-shaped extension, precisely as they have been depicted in the photographs and drawings of past eclipses, or as they will be shown in future ones. The polar rays are caused by the overlapping of streamers which have their bases within the temperate zones, but which are long enough to project *beyond* the sun's disk above or below it.

The records of all past eclipses have actually been examined according to these principles, but in a more accurate way than by a model, which is, of course, used only for illustration, and they are found to agree with the theory. The predictions for future eclipses simply require us to know at what day of what month the phenomenon will occur.

In a general paper like the present I am obliged to omit any account of many interesting consequences of this theory, which relate to the periodicity of the solar spots, the zodiacal light, the aurora borealis, terrestrial magnetism, etc., and to confine myself to a simple relation of how the external appearances and the characteristic forms of the corona are explained in an extremely simple and beautiful manner. The corona is no longer a mystery. Its characteristic forms have been accurately recorded on the negatives taken in 1889, and the explanation of Professor Schaeberle accounts for the occurrence of these forms in the past, and enables one to predict them in the future.

Edward S. Holden.

"THE SHADOWS FOLD."

THE shadows fold; come back as of old,
Shine, Helen, girl with the head of gold.
As the moon from the sky overcast
Bursts into the open blue,
Out of the cloudy past
Push your bright body through.

The shadows fold; come back as of old,
Once more glow over me, head of gold.
Burn back to your place on high,
Flame there, for my heart to see:
O Helen, my youth's blue sky,
The heavens you made for me!

John Vance Cheney.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XII.



WHEN our Sunday evening talks chanced to be at Vincent's I was always well pleased. The addition of Mrs. Vincent seemed to bring out all the peculiar qualities of each of us, as a ripe peach before your best Burgundy enlarges your knowledge as to how one pleasant thing may mysteriously increase the power of another to give delight. If you were happy enough to be liked by this woman, you were made to feel when with her how gladsome a thing life may be. And this, too, in a sober way, for there was in her fashions a pretty tranquillity, and only rarely louder mirth. When she smiled, it was, as St. Clair quoted,

"As when an infant smiles,
Not at but with you."

For her smiles were never employed for unspoken cynical comment, nor to hint the thing she dare not say.

I remember hearing her husband remark that she was more apt to laugh when alone, and her answer that her smile was for all, but that her laughter was private property.

This puzzled Clayborne, who insisted that Saadi had said, "The wise smile, and the fool laughs."

Mrs. Vincent retorted, "Then I am wise only when in company, and a fool when alone, which is a proof of wisdom."

However, St. Clair, liking to tease Clayborne, said that he knew Saadi well, and that the quotation was an invention. Upon which Mrs. Vincent insisted that for a man to quote himself was the same as quoting some one else, because men were never the same from year to year. Clayborne, confused by her nonsense, as usual retreated into himself to examine the proposition seriously, while she and St. Clair exchanged unspoken signals of childlike delight.

She was sure, however she teased him, to send the scholar away in good humor, and I confess that for me she had the effect of a glass or two of champagne, and kept me wondering at my own cleverness.

She had, like many nice women, a taste for

the *mise en scène*; but this was instinctive, and probably unsuspected by herself. For the rest, she understood her husband, and was his best friend and lover. I do not think she liked women as well as men, but it pleases me that she never said so. Her housekeeping was mysteriously perfect. She had one accomplishment, a noble voice in speech and song; and one grief, the absence of children. I fancied myself her best friend, but I was never her physician, for she said, "I could not have my friend for my doctor"—a not very rare feeling among women.

When I came in she was seated alone, reading, and, the evening being warm, was clad in white, with delicacies of lace here and there. She wore, as usual, no ornament, but behind her, on the table, so that the strength of her head was set against them, were several bowls of roses; and at her feet, on a low stool, stood a large, flat Moorish vessel, also full of flowers, on which she was gazing with distinct pleasure, her book lying open on her lap.

"What! Alone?" I said.

"Yes; we have had a discussion on folly and wisdom. Mr. St. Clair said a happy fool was better off than an unhappy wise man. Mr. Clayborne insisted with solemnity that a really wise man could not be as unhappy as a fool, other circumstances being equal. Then I quoted, 'There's no comfort in wisdom, and no satisfaction in folly; for all that the former can do is, in some passage or other of matchless eloquence, to call the latter by her right name, after which she will dwell as contentedly your mistress as before.' I could not tell whence it came, and nothing would satisfy him but to take Fred down to the library to look for it, and the poet to help them. Sit down; they will not be long. You did not come to dinner, after all, and Miss L—— was so charming."

"Ah, my dear lady, how many of these charming women have you bidden me to see? I come, and talk, and look at them, and could classify them."

"You must not. This one was really all that I say."

"But you have said nothing. I wait."

"Well, she is not very pretty. She never says what you expect her to say, and seems always about to say or do something that might seem—well, a little pronounced. Yet she never does really do or say anything that the best bred

might not say or do. She has 'eyes that do not know their own solemnities'—eyes of heaven and a mouth of this earth."

"Fair food for saint or sinner," I said. "But, really, I could not dine with you, and I should like to see this woman. When shall it be?"

"People who decline my dinners never, never make up their loss on this earth."

"I will never dine here again," I cried, laughing. "What are you—what were you reading?"

"St. Clair's new book; he brought it to me yesterday. Have you seen it?"

"Yes; but only the outside. What is it?"

"A dramatic poem called 'A Life.' A man sees a woman in her youth. They are in love, are separated by the inevitable, meet once again in middle life for a day, and once more when both are old. The interest lies in what they say of life and its intervening experiences. I am puzzled by the large knowledge he displays of a world he has never seen save in mere glimpses."

"Indeed, but does not that often strike you in the work of genius? A friend of mine told me Lewes once said to him that George Eliot never, to his or her knowledge, had the experience of physicians which enabled her to put on paper Lydgate, the only perfect characterization of a physician in fiction. Indeed, she had said as much to a man well known on the turf as regards the low turfmen in the same book."

"And can you explain it?"

"My friend said in reply, that although Mr. Lewes, for example, might know little of serpent-worship, that were he able to recall all he had ever heard or read of it, he could write on it a book of great learning. He thought that we must presuppose in genius the capacity to reassemble by degrees a host of minutiae for use at need."

"We all possess more or less of this. We set an idea before us, and by and by we are amazed to find how many ghosts of things apparently forgotten are summoned by this steady call upon associative memory. It is as when you drop into a solution of numberless salts a crystal of one of them. The formed solid begins at once to gather for its increase all the atoms of its kind."

She was silent a moment.

"Well?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I was only thinking over your illustration to see if it helped me to understand any better. Perhaps it does. Illustrations in argument often serve only to puzzle me. You know P—?"

"Yes."

"His talk is a constant rosary of illustrations, or of illustrative comparisons, which merely be-

wilder. Before you have mastered one of them (and they are always clever), he is presenting you with another. But about genius in characterization, there must be also some power to do far more than memorize. There must be power to reject and modify assembled memories, so as at last to create that natural oneness of the being described which ends by making a living thing, not a mere photograph."

"Yes, there are plenty of bright books nowadays in which a man represents people he knows; but that is bad art. Usually it begins and ends with one book, which excites false hopes of a brilliant career in fiction. Abidingly true power to characterize in fiction is automatic."

"Oh, here they come. And did you find the quotation?"

"No; we think you invented it," said Vincent.

"Not I, indeed."

"And are we to have the two manuscripts to-night? I vote for the Russian story first. Did you bring it, Mr. Clayborne? The title excited my curiosity—"The Moral Tontine."

"I brought it, but I have no power to translate so as really to render the spirit of the thing. I—well, really, I would rather you let me off."

"Oh, but you promised. What was it about?"

"Yes," said St. Clair; "you are in the toils. We insist on hearing."

"It is quite too absurd," said Clayborne.

"Then we shall see you in a new character," cried St. Clair.

"You shall have no tea," laughed Mrs. Vincent; "not a drop."

"That decides it," cried Clayborne. "Intelligent law proportions the punishment to the crime. I shall spoil the story, but no matter, I can't lose my cup, my three cups, of tea."

When we were quietly seated and ready, he said: "This is

"THE MORAL TONTINE."

"THE mysterious sides of Russian life are little known to the West. Nowhere else do certain forms of mysticism secure so many serious converts. Some of these peculiar beliefs have been historically long-lived; others come and vanish. The singular story I am about to relate concerns one of these strange societies. It is taken, as I give it, from a rare book by Leresky, a Pole of great learning, who has investigated these curious associations, and whose book was suppressed, and is now difficult to obtain. He was enabled to see the proceedings of the circle or society which concerns my tale, and from them copied this illustration of the views held by the members.

"He abbreviated it in the telling, and it no

doubt loses something by his abrupt way of relating what might with more art have been made interesting."

"One moment," said Vincent. "Did the Polish historian believe in the story?"

"Yes; he was himself a mystic. He gives evidence as to its occurrence, but makes no effort to explain it."

"And do you yourself credit it?"

"I!" said Clayborne. "Let me first read it. We can discuss it afterward."

"And I," cried Mrs. Vincent, "can wait no longer."

In the province of Vasilyskoosky were the headquarters of the secret society of the Kasilynza. This group of people traced their origin far back into the night of Russian barbaric time. They believed that lingual expression has interfered with the more natural and closer means of mental intercommunication, by which soul may come into contact with soul. For the purpose of recovering the lost powers of man, these mystics were accustomed to take vows of silence, and to live together in pairs, abhorring speech, writing, and even signs. They believed also that for devoted natures it was possible to exchange for a time, or permanently, mental or moral qualities. This was brought about by an effort on the part of one man to eject from his mind a quality like courage, while the other man became passive and simply receptive. Thus a surplus of virtue or vice was gotten rid of, the object being the general good of man.

The center of this strange creed was the capital of the department, Notsob, and here they continued to meet, and to elude the police, who considered their views to be dangerous to the public good.

"Of course you will understand that all this I consider nonsense. It is much more in North's line than mine."

"Thank you," said I. "Go on."

"It may interest you, North, to know that the same process by which a man got rid of an excess of temper applied also to disease. The one man willed to lose his ill temper; another accepted it by mental effort. After some days, or at times abruptly, the former man's temper returned to him ameliorated by having dwelt in union with the nobler qualities of a man trained to self-restraint. And so also of disease; the same process being repeated over and over, as between the ill man and many well ones, his disorder was enfeebled by distribution until no one possessed enough of it to do harm."

Dr. Skoblowsky, the second regent of the society, discovered that it was possible to in-

fluence disease at a distance, so that a man in Warsaw might be receptive at a set hour for one in Irkutsk, and, also, what was stranger, that the difference in time made by the longitude of two places disappeared as a hindrance before the potency of the double exercise of two wills. "But all of this has little to do with the incidents of my story, which Dr. Skoblowsky describes in his chapter of proofs of the power of the double will.

It is related, in connection with some of the statements as to certain of the later discoveries made by members of the "Council of Minds," just before the police finally broke up the association in 1783, that at this time Dolinkovitch, the chief counselor, announced his belief that as the qualities of mind and morals involved distinctive entities, grouped for use in the republic known as man, these must be scattered by death. Some means, he conceived, might be discovered of utilizing and securing for the living man such of these faculties as, dislocated from the rest, and set at valueless freedom in spiritual ether, would otherwise cease for ages to be means of good.

It was found at last that by proper exertion of will power a man about to die could convey to one alive the dominant qualities which he himself possessed, but that those of which he had only a minor share could not thus be transferred. A prearranged acceptive willingness on the part of the recipient was alone needful for his share of the transaction.

Several curious illustrations are given of the workings of this method. Thus, the Russian poet Vasiloe Amgine, known as the Slavonic Poe, willed his imagination to his friend, the great German algebraist Von Heidenbrugger, and in consequence of the fact that two sets of qualities came thus to exist in the same being with equality of force, the mathematician wrote a superb ode on the square root of x raised to the ninth power, and was in consequence put in the asylum at Cracow.

Other as sad failures, however, did not deter three men of the lower circle of the society from agreeing that as each died his best faculties were to become the property of the survivors, it being supposed that as they were all people of varied endowments the survivor of this intellectual tontine would end by possessing such force as would raise him to eminence.

Count Ortroff, the youngest of the three, was a man of great personal beauty, and endowed with a rather light mental organization; apparently, one of those butterfly natures which are generally acceptable, but incapable of profound affection. He had too easily captured the heart of his cousin, a woman of force and remarkable charms, but quite too well aware of the slightness of character of her lover. The

engagement was broken off by a singular incident.

One morning in May Count Ortroff became suddenly aware of a change in himself. He awoke to a sense of vigor and activity of mind and body unknown before. Commonly gentle and confiding, he felt now a sense of desire to be aggressive, and scolded his valet because he had ventured to inquire of him whether he would ride or drive to the princess's country-seat.

All that day he felt himself a victim of contending forces. He was for the first time aware of being deeply in love, and astonished the princess as much by the unwonted manifestations of passion as by abrupt outbreaks of vehement criticism of various people. As a rule he was gentle, refined, and most suave of speech, and to this his easy nature inclined him. Also, he had known himself to be so wanting in courage that he regarded the possible consequences of a quarrel with terror, and had declined to enter the army. His life was spent in concealing this painful defect of character.

After seeing the princess he remained at home for two days, reflecting on the sudden changes which had made him an irascible man and a passionate lover, and had also, as it seemed, lifted him into a higher intellectual sphere. In his amazement he consulted the chief councilor of the society, Ivanovitch Dolinkovitch, who said at once, "But was not yours the No. 27, Moral Tontine?"

"Yes."

"Then you should have prepared yourself to assimilate usefully the moral and mental properties of General Graboskovitch and Captain Viloff. You could by continuous effort of will have been ready to decline to entertain in your soul their bad qualities, and to welcome their better ones. You have been loosely and thoughtlessly acceptive. It is now too late. I was always fearful that your soul was of low specific gravity. The general died four days ago. I suppose that the more receptive nature of Captain Viloff secured the dead man's courage; without it his aggressiveness would have long since gotten him into trouble. You must be careful."

"Alas!" said Ortroff, and went away in despair.

A few days later he received a letter from Viloff. "I hear," wrote the captain, "that No. 2 of our tontine is gone. I am distressed to feel that I come in for no addition to my mental force, and that I have obtained only an excess of courage and an absurd indifference to danger. All gentlemen have courage enough; you will not need that, but if by ill luck you have inherited the general's obstinate pugnacity, I am sorry for you."

"And I," said Ortroff. "I must indeed be careful."

A few days later, at a ball, a gentleman offered some trifling slight to the princess. Ortroff was present. An irresistible impulse seized him. He followed the man from the hall, and struck him. Instantly an agony of fear came upon him; a duel was of course unavoidable. He sat up all night, and on the field next day displayed such signs of cowardice that his seconds declined to act. He apologized to his scornful foe, and a few hours after drove to the house of Dr. Dolinkovitch, to whom he related his trouble. The doctor was both sympathetic and interested. At last he said: "You have only to follow my advice. Go to the chief hotel and take rooms. To-morrow get up late, and go into the street in your shirt and drawers. The police will arrest you. Ask if it is midnight, and say you want them to find me, that I know your watch is out of order. They will send for me, as I am the police surgeon. You will act wildly, and I will send you to an insane asylum. In two months you will come out well, and your failure will be regarded as having been due to mental disorder."

Ortroff hesitated, but a note from the princess breaking off the engagement determined him, and the next day he followed out the doctor's advice to the letter, and was sent to an asylum. His friends and family gladly accepted the excuse, and took care to circulate it widely.

After two or three months he returned to his estates profoundly depressed. A week later he became aware of a new change. The acquisition of the vigorous intelligence of the general had made even more painful the sense of his own defect in courage, and the whole affair of the duel had troubled greatly the members of the circle, who had been much attached to him by reason of his sweetness of character and gentle manners. These, in a degree, had suffered by the inheritance of General Graboskovitch's soldierly roughness and shortness of temper. But fear of his own defects, together with his newly acquired acuteness of mind, had somewhat enabled him, as time went on, to control and modify them.

But now, again, there was a change. Captain Viloff, dangerously stimulated by an overplus of audacity, had been again and again wounded, and at last in a desperate night attack on the frontier was mortally hurt. The news already found Ortroff a new man. Indeed, before he heard that he was the surviving heir of the qualities of the other two members of the tontine, he had begun to feel the influence of the quality of courage which the two dead members possessed. The results greatly interested the circle. Again the count

was seen in the neighboring town, and every one except the members of his secret society was astonished to hear that he had called out his old antagonist, had explained to his seconds that his fear was only the coming on of his mental trouble, and had badly wounded his opponent. As a result every one called upon him, and with perfect calmness he himself went to visit the princess.

She received him coldly. Her notable intelligence was dominated by immense tenderness, by all the self-sacrificial qualities found in many women, and by a feminine adoration of masculine beauty. These had twice involved her in love-affairs with weaker persons of the male sex, and now her chief difficulty in renewing her promise to marry Ortroff arose from the fact that he seemed to possess the stronger will, and no longer appealed silently to her sympathies by his gentleness and instability. She replied to his passionate wooing that she could not marry a coward.

"But I am not. I will submit to any test," he assured her. "There is my duel. I was, of course, insane." At this she smiled incredulously.

"I do not know now whether I love you or not. Give me six months to reflect, and— and—bring me the order of St. George won on the battle-field."

Then she kissed him, and fled from the room.

Six weeks later, he was mortally wounded in the desperate struggle of Olnovina, and a friend brought the princess the cross which the emperor left on his breast as he lay dying in the hospital at Yasiloff.

"What a cruel ending!" cried Mrs. Vincent.

"It was a good exercise in Russian," said Clayborne, as he cast the manuscript on the table. "North would have rendered it better. I hope it has amused you."

"Oh, amused! No," returned Mrs. Vincent; "it has interested me. I wonder if there can be any foundation for it."

"My wife has a coy interest in mysticism," laughed Vincent. "She enjoys a little flirtation with the vague."

"Then never could a flirtation with you have delighted her," said I.

"No, indeed," she cried; "he is atrociously definite. But what is there vague about all this strange story? It seems to the man who tells it to have happened."

"I think it in a measure explicable," I returned. "The doctrine of suggestion might—"

"There, don't explain it," she broke in. "I shall wait the demise of some of my friends with interest. Be it true or not, I understand the woman."

"I do not," said St. Clair. "How could a

highly intelligent woman care for a man as feminine as he?"

"And you of all people! You, who worship personal beauty!" said Vincent.

"I am answered," cried the poet.

"No, not fully," said Mrs. Vincent. "And still, as for myself, although I understand the woman instinctively, I cannot explain."

"That is not understanding," said Clayborne, in his blunt way.

"Possibly not; but I decline to betray the secret counsels of my own sex. And here is your tea. One lump or two?"

The little chat had amused me, as, glancing at Mrs. Vincent's face, I had seen it flush faintly. She had been twice engaged before she married my friend, and, until then, her favored lovers had been men beneath her both in mind and character. She once said to me, "When you come at last to pay the debts contracted by that idiot Pity, the little god is apt to put up the shutters and declare that he is not at home for business." I should have liked to hear more from her on this subject, because the love-affairs of the best women are often inexplicable to men, and perhaps also to the women concerned. I ventured on one occasion to ask her a leading question on this serious matter. She said, smiling, "Have you not observed that clever women are apt to have more than one serious love-affair?"

I said that I had made that not difficult observation.

"Ah, well," she said, "I will make it clear to you. The answer to any one such drama is in the next."

"That," I said, "is delightfully lucid—to a woman."

As I sipped my tea I turned over a book of etchings, while our hostess went on talking the prettiest mere society nonsense to St. Clair and Clayborne. Her husband, much amused, sat by. Now and then she darted at him a swift glance of fun, or sought his eyes with a look of questioning eagerness. Whatever ideals had once been hers, she had found a trusted anchorage in the man she married. Indeed, I think the admiration she excited was one of the happinesses of Vincent's existence, and in every relation the perfect tact with which these two managed their common life was a pleasant thing to see. Like many kind and able women, dullness was for her no barrier to friendship; but to none was Vincent so charming as to her uninteresting friends, to none so generous and so courteous. She repaid the debt in kind to us all, and, as to St. Clair, was a sort of confessor to whom he confided his occasional troubles with a quiet childlike certainty of help. I think that she did not much fancy Clayborne, but the art of absolute social

masquerade belongs to the woman alone, and I doubt if even Vincent suspected her of caring less for the scholar than for her husband's other friends. Hearing the talk take a more serious turn, I drew my chair nearer.

"Yes," said Vincent; "a nation in the making is as to its individuals more interesting than one which is set in slowly changing historic ruts. As a rule, the English people—I mean the undistinguished—are to me of all the dull-est. The chance American of any class, as one meets him in travel, is by far more amusing. I don't speak of his manners; he is apt enough to be common, just as the corresponding Englishman is to be vulgar; but class for class, our people interest me more."

"But how silent they are."

"Yes; yet open to talk if you ask for it. We had once the name with our cousins of being questioning creatures, but really I think that of late years we have exchanged rôles. Certainly the frank inquisitiveness of the English is past belief."

"If," said St. Clair, with his easy way of dislocating the talk, "I had to attend to the education of a nation, I should declare a war once in every fifty years at least."

"I don't care myself to manufacture any more history," returned Vincent; "but certainly the generation which emerged from our great strife, North and South, was the better for it."

"And what faces it wrought!" said St. Clair. "I stood and saw go by me in Washington that army which followed Sherman to the sea—grave, thoughtful, strong-featured, with eyes looking homeward."

"And behind them the dead of countless homes," said Mrs. Vincent, "and that desolated, mourning South. Let us talk of other things; I cannot even now think of it without pain."

"It was but the historic consequences of folly and crime," said Clayborne.

She made no answer except in her gentlest tone to ask me to ring for the servant to remove the tea-tray. I knew that one of her brothers, long settled in the South, had lost his life in the Confederate cause, and I could have soundly cuffed Clayborne, who never remembered anything not in books. Now he rose to go, as we decided that it was too late to hear the "Memoir"; but then, retiring to a corner, as though he had forgotten his intention, sat down to read the nearest book.

St. Clair, who was greatly attached to Mrs. Vincent, noticing the slight look of pain which still lingered on her face, said, "You have been glancing at my little book."

"Yes. Read me something." And then—and this was quite characteristic—"I should

like the lines on Lincoln." He took up the book and read:

Chained by stern duty to the rock of state,
His spirit armed in rugged mail of mirth,
Ever above yet ever near the earth,
Still felt his heart the vulture-beaks that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander wait
Till the sharp lightning brings the awful hour
When wounds and suffering give them double
power.

Most was he like that Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of head and limb.
Tender and simple was he too; so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto him
Who always for earth's little ones has smiled.

"Thank you," she said. "And one more before you go."

"This is not mine, but a friend's. He has a certain terror of publicity, but you will see at the close of the book I have put together a few of his verses. They have a fineness of quality I like. He does not write for the world, but as you write to a friend. He has pleasure in the clear coinage thought finds only when on paper."

"I think I know the man," she said. "And thank you again."

"Shall I read any more?" he said.

"Yes," she answered; "if you will be so good."

He took a book from the table, and read aloud the first half of "Saul." As he read I watched him and her. He seemed to know he was soothing her, that this was what she needed. He read the poem as a boy explores a fresh stream or wood, with thoughtful joy, and as though he had just discovered it all, and was sharing it with you. As he turned the last leaf, she said quickly, "Do not read the second part."

"No danger of that," he said. "I think that at a certain age the poets should be retired on prose pensions."

"And who shall set the date?" said I.

"Not I," she replied; "and yet—and yet—"

"Well, what?"

"Merely that I feel now as to this poet as one feels about a friend who, as life goes on, ceases to be what he was, and becomes something else which is no longer grateful to you. You knew and loved him when only a few others understood him. And now, when he has won the adulation of the literary populace, you can only look on, and wonder with a little sadness at the character of the development which time has brought about."

"It is true," said St. Clair. "Once I went to a society, and a gentleman in the dry-goods business unrolled for us a mummy. He ex-

plained the processes of embalming and the spices used, and then the object of it and its relation to the solar system and to the manufacture of oleomargarine. He told us, too, how the Egyptians embalmed geese, and, reverting to his mummy, made plain to us that, having exposed the body thereof, it was found that it was not always possible to decide its sex or nature. I think I must have been half asleep, because, just as he assured us that this state of bewilderment was the main value of the study of mummification, and that it was a wise invention of beneficent priests to train, through vexation, the intellect of the future, I woke up and knew that he was discussing 'Sordello' with occasional allusions to Mr. Sludge."

"I never before knew you half so cynical," said our hostess.

"Really, I have not put it too strongly. These societies for the infinitesimal dilution of criticism are exasperating. How the poet must laugh in his sleeve! My only comfort is that we did not invent the craze. There is a true story that an Englishwoman broke off her engagement with a sturdy guardsman because he did not know who Browning was. She took the man back again into favor when he was able to stand an examination on 'The Flight of the Duchess,' and 'The Red Cotton Night-cap Country.'"

"At least now, for a while, they will let my Shakspeare alone. They have fresher prey."

"That is curious," said the poet. "Did not you see, Clayborne, that lately in repairing Shakspeare's tomb there was found on the under side of the marble slab the lines,

"Who stirs the ashes of my verse
In his soul shall roost a curse?"

"What? what?" cried Clayborne. "Nonsense!" While the rest of us smiled, and the poet, who delighted to mystify the historian, burst into childlike laughter.

"In my young days," said I, "the business of dissecting dead poets had hardly begun. When but a boy I asked a mild old professor what Shakspeare meant by 'Marry, come up.' He reflected a little, and then said it meant merely advice to marry, and indicated the elevation of soul which would follow."

"But he was jesting at you."

"Not at all. He was quite vexed at the smile of an elder boy who stood by, and who cleared my head about it when we had left the classroom. I could tell you my critic's name, but I will not."

"Don't you want sometimes," said Mrs. Vincent, "to do to your books as the Russian censors do to newspapers, and blot ruthlessly some parts of them? If a human friend is silly, or

wanting in some way, it is not thrust on you forever; but the folly of our friend-book we cannot escape. One must take our friend-book as all friends must be taken, with reasonable charity as to defect and limitation."

"A noble old man whom I know well," I said, "has had printed for himself in a book all the bits of verse he loves best; the little poems, the old ballads, he fancies; whatever taste, circumstance, or remembrance has made dear to him."

"That really is a good idea," said Mrs. Vincent. "Could n't I do that, Fred?"

"Readily," he said, with a smile. "The book might be a trifle large. And shall it be only verse?"

"Oh, there must be two; I cannot mix them. And a book or two there are I can't have in chips. By the way, is n't this a charming thought?" And so saying she gave me from the table a little copy of Marcus Aurelius. It was uncut, and tied to the long ribbon marker was a paper-cutter having on its handle a coin stamped with the features of the great emperor and greater man. I knew in a moment who had given it by St. Clair's pleased look.

As I studied the grave face on the coin, Mrs. Vincent said: "I am waiting to cut the leaves. I did begin, but then fell to thinking of the emperor man guiding my fingers through his own immortal pages, and how some Roman boy, playing at pitch-penny with this coin, may have paused as the emperor passed, and turned to see if the medal were like him or not. I shall wait."

"Would he have been more great, or less," asked Vincent, "but for the woman, his wife, who had no sense of the moral stature of the man?"

"I do not surely know," she answered. "Women may immensely help men, but the strong of purpose even a bad woman does not mar. The best and the greatest have had bad luck with wives. The women who can worship the heroic, and yet use their own common sense usefully to criticize the hero—oh, they must be very rare indeed. And as to that book, I think I shall rest content with my present plan."

"And that?" I said.

"I keep near me on my table a few books, three or four—real books, I mean; books that are in the peerage of thought. They are as friends invited for a limited stay. Some day they go back to their home on the shelves, and others are invited to their places. But I meant to ask you how such a man could have had a son like Commodus."

"His father," I replied, "had virtue lifted to the height of genius, and genius is not heritable. By the by, a great Frenchman has said that is why genius is not akin to madness, since

madness is so apt to descend with the blood. And there, too, was the mother."

"And so," said Mrs. Vincent, rising, "the blame is to fall as usual on my sex. I shall leave you, I think, to your cigars. I have exhausted your wisdom. Good-night, and thank you again, Mr. St. Clair."

We rose, and she left us.

A few minutes later, Vincent said, "Have you guessed the man St. Clair's friend describes in that little poem? Do you know him?"

As he spoke I saw the sculptor look up with a gleam of amusement in his face. "Oh, it is a character; merely a character."

"I fancy I know the man," I returned. "I mean to respect his incognito. More might be said of him. He was, when first I saw him, a rather narrow person, but it was the narrowness not of parallel lines, but of a broadening angle sure to enlarge. In all ways his life has widened with the years—his tastes, his charity, his intellect, his power to please and be pleased, his range of sympathies. As a young man he was cynical, at least in talk, which is sometimes far enough away from the cynicism of action. We used to call him bitter, but some able men are in youth like persimmons, and ripen into sweetness under the frosts of circumstance."

"The men," said Vincent, "who reverse your comparison, and, facing all their lives a lessening angle, narrow to the point called death—we know them also."

Said St. Clair, "Let us hope that the crossing lines create for them too the widening angle of larger growth."

XIII.

THE account I had so long promised my friends of the character-doctor was delayed by a variety of matters. But one evening in the winter we met again at Vincent's. When I came in the room was ringing with the notes of his wife's voice. She had set for St. Clair a little love-song. Her voice had the rare charm of rendering the words with perfect distinctness, and the music was such as prettily to humor the sentiments of the verse. As she finished, he took it up and read it in his fervid way.

"Alas," he said, "we have lost the art of song. The gaiety and self-abandonment of its Elizabethan notes are dead for us. All the pretty silliness of it—its careless folly, and its gay music—rings with the life of that splendid day. Think of the lusty vigor of it, the noble madness of the lives. Imagine the struggle for national existence which made poets soldiers, and gave to life that uncertainty which makes man natural and outspoken. Here was a queen who, whatever her faults, had the art to get from noble men an ever nobler service; a woman who somehow influenced men toward

greatness as surely as her 'sister of debate' made worse all who loved her."

"Oh," laughed Vincent, "we should have Clayborne give you his cold judgment of Elizabeth."

"And almost all he would say is true," cried St. Clair, "and yet but half the story. It wants a poet for entire estimate of the values of character. Your sweet, gentle, merely lovely woman makes on man no permanent impression. There must be force somewhere to evolve force. A very feminine woman with some flavor of the resoluteness of the masculine character has the trick to keep men steadily influenced, and there must be, too, the high-minded sympathy with heroism—in fact, some touch of that quality in the woman herself."

"I meant," I said, "to have added a word to what St. Clair said. England was musical in those days. Without that the song has no natural birth. Music died, and the song with it, as Puritanism grew to be a power. It was lucky for Germany, I think, that Luther loved music."

"The thought is interesting," remarked Clayborne.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vincent. "But to go back to our last subject. One of these days I mean to write women's husbands. A calm statement of our side might be valuable. I should take as my title-page motto the wise words of a friend of mine, 'Men differ, but all husbands are alike.'"

"That would begin and end your book," I said.

"Oh, the husband is generically alike, but specifically various. You may smile, but wait until you read my chapter on the management of husbands. However, I do not mean to spoil my literary venture by talking about it."

"Give me a few points," laughed St. Clair. "At any time I may become a victim. I cannot imagine it, but everything is possible."

"Might I protest?" cried Vincent.

"No, indeed," we said in one breath.

"Oh, it will be quite impersonal, my dear," she said.

"Well, and suppose we question you?" said I. "Is marriage, as we see it, a failure?"

"What a question! Is business? Are books? There are three marriages. One is a monarchy; a king or queen presides over life. One is a true federative republic; there is equality under large sense of law and of mutual rights. The third is anarchy. Time is the true priest. Many couples who seem unfitly mated learn as years go by to find the happiness they miss at first. There are people who ask too much of life. Sometimes they fail as to their own ideals and get what is better: I shall have a chapter on the friendship of marriage, and one on its disappointments."

"And one," said Vincent, "on the marriage of friendship."

"Might I say of that," she returned, "that if not a marriage of *convenience* (for it is more than that), it is, at least, a marriage of convenience?"

"Good!" cried I.

"And now we are going to hear something more; it is interesting," said St. Clair.

"No; I elect to pause here. I give you only one piece of advice."

"Well?"

"Don't marry a fool. If you would only let me choose for you."

"Agreed," said St. Clair, "if I may have a veto."

"By all means. But—"

At this moment Vincent's servant came in with a note for me. "Pardon me," I said. "Your revelations must keep, at least for me. I have to go to the hospital. I may be gone a half-hour, or much longer. Good-by, Mrs. Vincent."

"I am sorry. I had set my mind on a pleasant evening."

"What is your errand at St. Ann's?" said Vincent, as I rose to go.

"A consultation with the surgeons."

"Might I go with you?" said St. Clair.

I looked at him, astonished. "Well, yes," I returned doubtfully. "But you may have to wait long if you remain until I can leave the wards. What on earth, my dear St. Clair, can you want now, at night? There is nothing to see."

"I will tell you as we go. If you say no, I shall be satisfied."

"Very well; come, and make haste," I said, as the others bade us good-night.

Presently, as we walked along, St. Clair said, "Your note told you that a man was probably dying. An operation might save him."

"Certainly."

"I want to see death. I want to see a man die. I never saw that strange thing. I have two reasons. One is related to my art, and is not an unworthy reason. But also, North, life is an immense happiness to me, and I feel some strange craving at times to see its misery, its darker side."

"Great heaven! It is all around you."

"Yes, no doubt; but I cannot grasp it. If I help a beggar, his satisfaction alone goes with me. I can be sad on paper, but nowhere else. It seems to me, as I reflect, unnatural, wrong. I think I realize grief and pain and trouble for others, but not as a thing possible for me. And this great awful fact of all life—death—I must see it."

I did not reply for a moment. Then I said, "Perhaps you are right. I am not sure. But you shall have your way."

"And death," he said, "you must have seen it until it is commonplace to you."

"I have seen," I said, "countless deaths in battle, executions, death-beds—men, women, children. It has never quite lost for me its awfulness. The materialism which makes it seem the mere stopping of a machine, into which I once reasoned myself, lessened and left me long ago. Once, by a death-bed in a hospital, I heard a surgeon say, as a man ceased to breathe, 'It has stopped; the engine has ceased to go.' His senior, an old man, replied, 'No; the engineer has left it.' I have ceased to reason about it. At every dead man's side I feel more and more that something, immaterial as the Being who willed the thing to live, has escaped me and my analysis. Life seems to me a thing as real, as positive, as death, and, trust me, St. Clair, as we live on and on, we get to have more and more trust in recognitions of truths indefensible by mere logic. To the man whom the latter despotically governs I have nothing to say in the way of blame."

"As I think of it," said St. Clair, "death, of which I have seen nothing, only excites my boundless curiosity; and as I observe that generally I am correct in my predictions about myself, and am by nature fearless, I suspect that I would feel more curiosity than dread if I knew that I were to die to-night. One fear I certainly should have. I should shudder to think that my curiosity might not be gratified. And you? Do you think it will be?"

"I do not know. We are on ground which I rarely tread in talk. Some men, and I am one, shrink from these discussions as they grow older. One says more or less than one means, and a word said is like a bullet sped. As to some things I like to be silent. One gets into the power of words."

"What are you saying?" I added. He was speaking under his breath. He at once repeated aloud what he had been murmuring.

Death seems so simple. Will it be
Only a new complexity?
Or shall the broken body free
Broad wings of clearer life for me?

The mood and its expressed thoughts were unusual in the joyous man beside me, and without more words we moved on to the gate of St. Ann's. I left St. Clair below-stairs, and went up alone to the consultation. Drs. L—and S—awaited my coming. The case was one of old injury to the head. The consultation was called so late in the case that the question of the value of an operation was doubtful. The character of the two men came out strongly, as it is apt to do in these grim councils. The one, L—, was clear, rapid,

seized on the main points with almost instinctive capacity, formulated the facts and reached his conclusions with confident decisiveness. The other, S——, an older man, listened, read and reread the notes, lifted into prominence for himself the minor symptoms, and ceaselessly combated the other doctor's conclusions, deciding finally against an operation as useless.

My own voice settled the question for operation on the ground of harmlessness to a man insensible to pain, and without it sure to die. The operation was done swiftly and well by L——. As it went on it became clear that it had failed because of being a week or more too late. Said S——, who had the case in charge: "I always knew it would fail; I am sorry I troubled you at all. I don't believe much in brain surgery."

The instruments were cleaned and removed, the dressings arranged, the man carried to his ward bed, and a screen drawn around it. Then a fair-haired nurse sat down by his side, and the man was left to his fate.

As L—— and I descended the stairs alone, he said to me, "If you or I had had that case a month ago, it would have been operated upon, and possibly saved. Certainly his chances would have been enormously better. That man S—— is like an indecisive little child playing at puss-in-the-corner. He tries this corner, and runs for that, and all are occupied by some logical difficulty. Is it a moral or an intellectual defect?"

I said: "It has probably cost a life, and must have cost many. It is not any mere lack of reasoning power. His essays are clear. You would think from them that he never had a doubt. There he has no responsibility. But let him face a case, and he begins to be troubled. He is a good man, and so tremendously anxious to be right, and to do right, that when human life and interests enter into his mental operations he becomes perplexed. At least that is the way I read him."

"How different from Y——, who does not care an atom for the patient, but is distracted by his fear of intellectual failure. Naturally he abhors the post-mortem criticism. I hate most of all the fellow who reaches an opinion somehow, is scared by his own decision, and begins to hedge."

I laughed,

"If ifs and ans
Were pots and pans,
How good a brain
Were any man's."

"Indecision is an awful fool. Good-night."

In the waiting-room I found St. Clair. "Are you still of the same mind?" said I. He nodded. "Then come." And we went up-stairs.

Stillness reigned in the dimly lighted ward, except for the soft tread of a night nurse, or the hoarse breathing of some sleeper lost to his own troubles, and regardless in slumber of the neighboring tragedy of death.

With St. Clair at my side I walked over to the bed, drew the screen aside, and went within its shelter. I could see that my friend was awed.

"He is worse," said the quiet little nurse in a low tone. "You can talk," I said to St. Clair, "only not so as to disturb these others. This man will never hear voice of earthly man."

"And he is dying!" He spoke in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, and rapidly."

"And has no pain?"

"No; none."

"And why don't you do something?"

"All has been done. We are face to face with the inevitable."

"He seems as if he was working," said St. Clair. "How flushed he is! How hard he breathes! And he sweats like one who toils, and has no other expression. It is like a watch with the mainspring broken, all a hurry of meaningless motion. And his hands, how they twitch! And this you call death. I told you that I had never seen it before, and yet it looks not unnatural. Have we some intuition of it? I must have seen it before."

The young nurse looked up at him with surprise.

"Ah!" he said, recoiling. The mockery of laughter which sometimes contorts the face of death, the *risus sardonius*, passed over the features.

"Come," I said; "you have had enough of this."

"No; I shall stay. May I stay?"

"Certainly. A seat, nurse. I will speak to the head nurse." And I left him.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



ON A ROSE PRESSED IN A BOOK.

I WIN the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose.—
O lavish joy! O tender pain!
The very June wind blows,
And thrills me with the old refrain
Whose music my heart knows:
I win the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose.

Ah, lost is all the summer's gain,
And lost my heart's repose;
And was it tears or was it rain
That wept the season's close?
The winter suns they coldly wane;
White fall the winter snows:
But Love and Summer come again
At touch of this dead rose.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

DID THE GREEKS PAINT THEIR SCULPTURES?



OF the many problems which are occupying the attention of archæologists, there is none of greater importance to the artists of the present day than that suggested in the above question; none the solution of which is

likely to have so great an effect upon the art of the future. Up to the beginning of the Renaissance, from an indefinitely remote period, it had been the general custom to paint wooden and stone sculptures, excepting those used as exterior architectural decorations, in brilliant and often realistic colors. With the awakening of interest in classical art came the desire to imitate the ancients in their methods as well as in their principles; and the statues known at that time being—at least when they came into the hands of artists and amateurs—devoid of color, it was inferred that the Greek and Roman sculptors left the marble in its native whiteness. Consequently the artists of the Renaissance began this practice in their own works, and thus colored sculpture died out. We still find a leaning toward it in the works of the Della Robbias, and in the terra-cotta portraits of Donatello and his contemporaries, but the sentiment regarding the immaculate stone, the unwillingness to “paint the lily,” had its origin in their time, and has lasted ever since.

Now, supposing we were to find that the men of the Renaissance were mistaken in believing that their classical predecessors left their sculptures white; supposing it can be proved to-day that the Greeks did color their statues and their reliefs, and that the custom of the middle ages was one handed down by unbroken tradition from classic times, will our sculptors correct the

error made by their predecessors; or does the sentiment regarding the essential separation of form from color in sculpture now rest upon such firm ground of its own that we shall ignore the authority of the Greeks in this particular, and continue on our own way? This is a question which a wiser prophet than I must answer.

In the ateliers of sculptors, both in this country and in Europe, I have noticed what seemed to me indications of a desire to get away from the conventional white. The attempts to “tone” the marble with a wash that will give it an “antique” effect, the endeavor to suggest colors by pale, translucent tints, have the appearance of a sort of compromise between what the sculptor feels that his work needs to attain completeness, and what he thinks he ought to do, or to avoid doing, to conform with the traditions in which he has been educated. However, this part of the discussion is beyond my province, and is only indirectly connected with the object of this paper, which is to show what has been, not what will be done. I wish to treat the question with which we began as one of fact, not of sentiment. If we can arrive at a definite or satisfactory knowledge of what the Greeks did, we may be content to leave the consequences to others.

THE interest of the Renaissance in classical sculpture was purely artistic. The scientific spirit which now prompts the archæologist to make careful record of every detail connected with the excavation of a statue, to note every bit of evidence bearing upon its previous history, did not then exist. The sculptures of the ancients were prized solely as objects of beauty, and if they were not in beautiful condition when found, the restorer did not hesitate to make them so. Not only were they carefully

cleaned, and often polished, but missing limbs and features were freely supplied, according to the taste and fancy of the artist to whom the work fell. Sometimes, as in the case of the Laokoön, with an absolute disregard of the indications of the original gestures left upon the figures, pieces were neatly inserted where the surface had been bruised or battered, and, thus rejuvenated, statues and reliefs were offered to wealthy collectors.

Such being the case, there is small cause for wonder that the slight flakes and scraps of color which would have been the only traces that could have survived the burial of centuries were swept out of sight, and even their existence unsuspected. Yet, in a letter to which I shall have occasion to refer later, Professor Lanciani has called my attention to one circumstance which seems to me highly significant upon this point. He says:

As regards the question of the Renaissance, I beg to notice one thing: The last element of ancient polychromy to disappear is the gilding, especially the gilding of edges, borders, and fringes. Gilding resists obliteration more [than colors] because of the *mordente*. Now, was it not the fashion of the Renaissance artists to gild not only their figures but also their architecture? Take, for instance, the lovely *ciboria* of Donatello, and even of Sansovino, the altar-pieces in *basso*- and *alto-relievo*. They are always gilded to a certain extent.

Whether this practice was due to a conscious imitation of the antique, or was, like their painted sculptures of which I have spoken, a residue from medieval customs, the belief that an essential quality of classical sculpture in marble was its whiteness was handed down from one generation to another, and almost without question, until the beginning of the present century. Winckelmann, to be sure,—who in his "History of Ancient Art," published in 1764, laid the foundations of the modern science of archæology,—mentioned the fact that he had observed gilding in the hair and drapery of several marble statues, and that there were "heads, indeed, which were entirely gilt."¹ He even went so far as to say, in speaking of the pseudo-archaic statue of Artemis (now in the Museum of Naples), which still retains numerous traces of color, that although he believed that figure to be Etruscan, yet "from a passage in Plato it might seem as if the same practice existed also among the Greeks";² but, strangely enough, he left the subject there, without fur-

ther hint or inquiry, important as it was. The reason is simple. The materials available for investigation in his time were of the kind already described, with very rare exceptions like those mentioned by him; and from these it would have been impossible to attain any positive results.

Yet the scientific seed was sown, and from the time of Winckelmann excavations were watched more carefully. Greece herself was beginning to open her treasures to the student. The materials which both she and Italy yielded were examined in a new spirit, and the question of color was among the earliest to receive attention. The first special publication on the subject was a superb folio by the French archæologist M. Quatremère de Quincy, issued in 1815, of which the title alone well-nigh covers the entire field.³ His investigations were chiefly in regard to the famous *colossi* in gold and ivory, the masterpieces of Pheidias, Polykleitos, and the other sculptors of their period; but he also touched upon works in marble, and announced his belief that these were colored in all parts. He was quickly followed by others, architects especially, who began to systematize and enlarge upon the traces of paint found on architectural remains, with a view to restoring the original effect of classic buildings in color as well as in form. Semper was a strong advocate of the use of color in both architecture and sculpture, and, under the influence of men like him, the theory ran riot for a few years, so that we find one writer insisting that the Greeks not only covered their statues completely with color, but even went so far as to paint lights and shadows on them.⁴

These men went further than was warranted by the material then at hand, and their theories received a set-back in an essay by Franz Kugler, the well-known writer on the history of painting, which I may be pardoned for stopping to mention, as it remained until within a few years the most authoritative publication on the subject.⁵ Kugler belonged to the class to whom the essence of sculpture is form, and form alone; and realizing that his predecessors had gone further in the matter than they were justified by the facts, he tried to save as much of the white in Greek marble sculpture as he could. Remains of statues and reliefs which retained traces of color had accumulated to a considerable extent during the previous twenty years, and in the essay of which I speak he gave a list of all such pieces as were known to him,

et Romains, avec la restitution des principaux monuments de cet art et la démonstration pratique ou le renouvellement de ces procédés mécaniques. Par M. Quatremère de Quincy, membre de l'Institut.

⁴ L. Völkel, "Archäologischer Nachlass," Vol. I, p. 82.

⁵ "Ueber die Polychromie der griechischen Architektur und Sculptur und ihre Grenzen." Stuttgart, 1835.

¹ Book VII, chap. 2, § xii. of Lodge's translation.

² Ibid., Book VII, chap. 4, § xv.

³ "LE JUPITER OLYMPIEN": ou l'art de la sculpture antique considéré sous un nouveau point de vue; ouvrage qui comprend un essai sur le goût de la sculpture polychrome, l'analyse explicative de la toreutique, et l'histoire de la statuaire en or et ivoire chez les Grecs

describing the remains upon them, with a view to deducing the whole truth from these. But his object was to admit the existence of color only where he found himself compelled to, and some of the arguments he used to justify his results are decidedly amusing. The iris of the eye, for example, he was obliged to admit was colored, and of this he says:

But the human eye, the focusing-point at which thoughts and feelings are concentrated and expressed, cannot be rendered by form; here Nature has drawn the limits of sculpture; and where she acts solely through color, there must the artist do likewise.

The results of his examination, as regards sculpture, were that the presence of color was established upon the hair, brows, lids, iris, and, in archaic works only, on the lips; also upon certain details of the draperies, such as borders, of which no indication is given in the sculpture itself. All other parts of the figure were white, though, as regards the flesh, he was obliged, in view of the statements of ancient writers, to grant a certain finish, or "toning," with wax, which did not, he thought, materially affect the color.

We need not pause now to criticize this theory, but if the reader will picture to himself the effect of a Greek statue with brown or reddish hair, gilded perhaps, eyebrows and lids to match, the iris of some dark color, and the lips, face, and skin of the natural pallor of marble, or the still more ghastly hue of wax, I think he will share my surprise that any such hideous combination could have been ascribed to the most keenly esthetic people that ever lived; and still more that such a doctrine should have held its own for some forty years, as this did. Such wretched compromises were the last throes of the school to which the term "classic" was synonymous with cold, severe, heartless—by which Greek art and Greek life alike were placed so high in the realm of the ideal as to be devoid of any sympathy with common humanity. Fortunately we have emerged from that epoch. The studies of men like Alma Tadema and Frank D. Millet, not to mention the investigations of archaeologists, have shown us that, in the matter of costume at least, the white-marble idea is an exploded one, that the Greeks were as thoroughly human as ourselves, and much fonder of color.

Since Kugler wrote, the discoveries bearing upon our question have multiplied amazingly, especially during the last fifteen years, and the amount of evidence brought to light is now really so large that we can hardly hope for more satisfactory data than we possess. This evidence has been examined by a number of archaeologists, especially in Germany, but the one who has made it his special province is

Professor Georg Treu of Dresden. Those who have visited within the last few years the fine collection of casts of which he is the director, and have seen there the very interesting results of his experiments in restoring the color of certain statues, must have felt that the subject is an important one, and likely to lead to a revolution of our conceptions of Greek sculpture. In 1884 Professor Treu published a pamphlet entitled "Sollen wir unsere Statuen bemalen?" (Ought we to paint our statues?) which made a profound impression on the artistic world; and the perusal of this led me to give the matter careful attention. Being in Europe at the time, I had excellent opportunities for investigation; and starting absolutely without bias or preconception, I made careful notes of every bit of evidence, *pro* and *con*, which I came upon during a trip through Greece and Italy, and also in the larger northern museums; as a result of which I became convinced of the following points:

(1) That from the beginning of their art of sculpture, through its whole course, it was the custom of the Greeks, and following them the Romans, to paint their marble statues and reliefs.

(2) That this application of color was not restricted to certain details, but covered the entire surface of the marble, both nude parts and draperies, with the possible exception of portions where the natural color of the marble served its purpose in the general scheme.

(3) That the colors used were not merely tints, but strong body-colors, the aim of the artist being to imitate nature in the matter of color just so far as the sculpture itself did in that of form; that is, with a conventional idealization or generalization by which the unpleasant features of realism were avoided.

The last statement perhaps requires a word of explanation. In saying that the Greeks colored the nude parts of their figures so as to imitate nature in this particular just so far as the sculpture did in the matter of form, I have in mind the fact familiar to all, that Greek sculpture in its greater epochs was never exactly real—that the sculptors always allowed themselves a certain reservation which resulted in a conventional idealization. The most obvious instance of this is the so-called Greek profile, the straight line running from the line of the hair to the tip of the nose. Precisely such a profile as this probably never existed, yet the broad, low forehead and the straight, short nose were characteristic of the Greek race then, as now, in the purer types of the people; and one of the most interesting proofs of the genius of the Greek sculptor was the skill with which he eliminated what we may call the accidental features of the face and figure, and produced

a generalized or composite type, which has been for all subsequent ages the standard of the ideal in art.

It is my belief that there was, in the same way, a conventional scheme of color applied to the nude; a color which was not precisely that of nature in any one individual, but which stood for it, avoiding minor and unessential details,—such as the difference of complexion between one man and another,—and thus escaping the charge of realism. Such a treatment did exist in their paintings, the best illustration of which is in the distinction between the male and female sex. The Egyptians made this distinction by painting the flesh of the former a deep dun-red, and the latter yellow. Whether the Greeks borrowed this scheme or originated it for themselves, we find them adopting a similar method from a very early period of their vase-painting; and in a tomb at Paestum, the wall-paintings from which, now in the museum at Naples, belong to a period not later than the middle of the fifth century B. C., we find this shown in a most striking manner. The flesh of the women is very fair, almost white, with a pink flush on the cheeks, while that of the men is a warm brown-red—a much greater distinction than would naturally exist between the two sexes of the same race. Every scrap preserved to us of the paintings of Greece, Rome, and Etruria shows this same distinction, with more or less refinement, according to the epoch from which it dates. Perhaps the finest example is to be found on the "Amazon Sarcophagus" in the Archaeological Museum at Florence, beautifully reproduced in color in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" for 1883, plates 36, 37, 38. This monument has an especial value in the history of Greek polychromy, because it represents an art at least three centuries earlier than that of the paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

HAVING stated my creed, it now remains for me to prove it. In endeavoring to do this I desire to say at the outset that I claim no originality for the reasons I shall give. The reader will find hardly a fact brought forward that has not been noted before, and if this contribution to the discussion possesses any merit, it is because the conclusions stated were arrived at by independent and unbiased examination both of the monuments themselves and of the arguments hitherto advanced in support of both sides.

Unfortunately there is no work of Greek sculpture now extant of which we can be certain that it has lost nothing of its original appearance. Within the last few years a large number of statues and reliefs have been brought to light with traces of color upon them, some

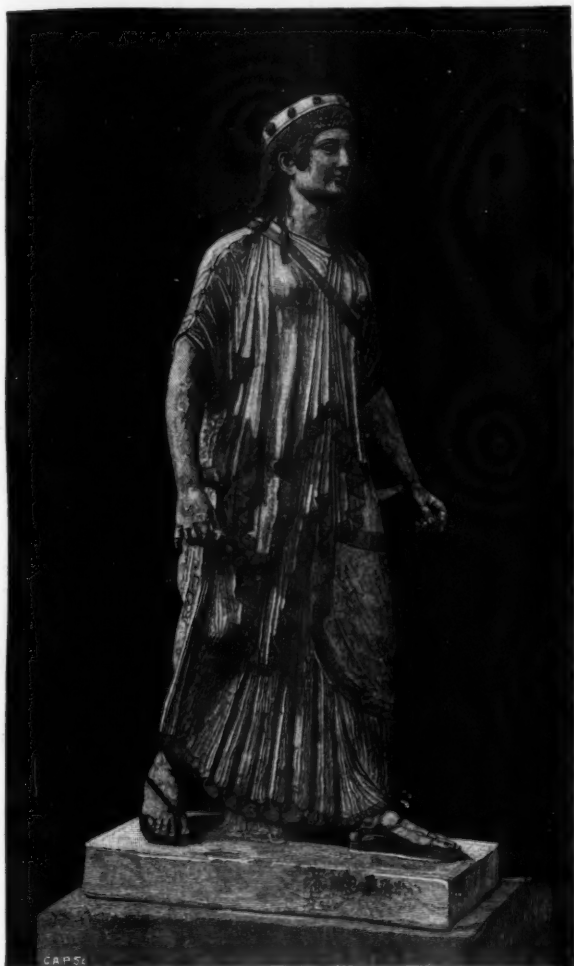
with more and some with less; but among all that we have there is not one at which we can point and say, "There, that is exactly what the Greeks did in regard to color, and it is all they did," because, with every trace that we possess at present, there are also indisputable indications that there was originally something more, and it is the absence of that something which causes the difficulty. This being the case, the natural impulse would be to follow the rule adopted in the investigation of other branches of Greek art, and to look to ancient authors to fill up the gaps in the evidence given by the monuments. Here again we meet with discouragement at the start, because, through the whole course of classical literature which is preserved to us, there is no description of a painted statue—no direct statement that statues were painted. Now, this silence may be interpreted in one of two ways: It means either that they were not painted at all, or that the practice was so universal as not to require specific mention, any more than we should find it necessary to state that the water of the Atlantic is wet, or the coal from Pennsylvania is black. Were the sculptures not painted at all, the matter would end there, but were they painted universally, we should expect to find at least a hint of the fact in an occasional chance allusion, perhaps by way of simile or comparison. Of remarks of this nature we have a number which, though by no means large, is happily sufficient to establish the fact. I shall not attempt to give the complete list of them, as it would be out of place here,¹ but will select three or four of the most striking.

Vitruvius (Book VII, chap. 9), speaking of the application of vermilion to exposed parts of buildings, says:

And if any one should be more particular, and should wish the vermilion finish to retain its color, he must, when the wall is finished and dry, rub over it, with a stiff brush, Punic wax melted and tempered with a little oil; and afterward, with live coals in an iron vessel, heat the wall so thoroughly as to dissolve the wax and make it smooth; then rub it down with a candle and clean cloths, just as nude marble figures are treated (*uli signa marmorea nuda curantur*).

This extract, I admit, does not in itself establish the application of color to the marble, and might be held to refer simply to a method of giving it a finish. But it is a process foreign to modern sculpture; it has evidently nothing to do with form, and apparently was applied only to the nude parts. If not necessarily con-

¹ Those who care to pursue this part of the question further are referred to a pamphlet by Christian Walz, "Ueber die Polychromie der antiken Sculptur," Tübingen, 1853, where all the important allusions are discussed from a philological point of view.



ARCHAISTIC STATUE OF ARTEMIS.
(FROM POMPEII, IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

nected with color, it must, even though we had no further evidence, be accepted as an indication of at least some kind of toning process. That it referred to something more than that I think we shall see presently.

Much more satisfactory is a passage in one of Plutarch's "Essays,"¹ in which he illustrates the relation of actors to the drama they perform by saying:

They are like the toilet-makers and chair-bearers of a luxurious woman; or rather, like the encausters and gilders and colorers of statues (*ἀγαλμάτων ἐγκαυσταὶ καὶ χροιστῆς καὶ βαφεῖς*).

Here is certainly an interesting list of trades

¹ "De Glor. Athen.," chap. 6.
Vol. XLIII.—III.

connected with the art of sculpture, the nature of which is beyond all doubt. Certainly no one of them would have been called upon to finish a statue that was to be left in the purity of the marble.

Again, Plato himself gives us a most valuable hint. In the "Republic" (Book IV, p. 420, C), Sokrates is insisting upon the relation which the parts of an object should bear to the whole, and uses this illustration:

If we were painting a statue [*ἀνδρείαντας γράφοντας*], and some one were to come and blame us for not putting the most beautiful colors on the most beautiful parts of the body,—for the eyes, he would say, ought to be purple, but they are black,—in that case we might fairly answer, Sir, do not imagine that we ought to beautify the eyes to such a degree that they are no longer eyes; but see whether, by giving this and the other features their due, we may make the whole beautiful. (Jowett's translation.)

But the most significant allusion which we have in any ancient writer is the oft-quoted passage in Pliny's "Natural History" (Book xxxv), in which he describes the Athenian painter Nikias, and, after showing how highly his works were valued, says (133):

This is the Nikias of whom Praxiteles, when asked which of his marble works he esteemed most highly, said, "Those to which Nikias has put his hand," so much did he prize the *circumlitio* of that artist.

This word *circumlitio* has no satisfactory definition, nor can it have until we know more about the technical processes of the subject we are discussing. Literally it means a "smearing over," which suffices to show that it had no reference to the sculptor's side of his art. It was a painter's work of some kind; and the fact that one of the foremost artists of his time in Athens—a man whom Brunn compares to Masaccio—should have been called upon to perform it, shows that it required more than the eye or skill of an ordinary artisan to attain the

best results. This statement of Pliny was a hard nut for Kugler to crack, but he attacked it bravely, and offered three possible solutions of the difficulty, of which the reader is free to take his choice: first, that there might have been two men of that name, whom Pliny confounded; second, that this might have been a process of wax-coating which Nikias practised while still a young man, and without fame as a painter; third, that the statement itself was a joke—*vielleicht war es nur ein Bon-mot*.

and to do this we must look elsewhere than to writers for assistance. We must turn now to the monuments themselves, and, gathering a bit here and a bit there, see if we can reconstruct the whole. It is not my intention to give a catalogue of the sculptures which retain traces of color upon them,—not even the hospitable pages of *THE CENTURY* would admit that,—but to select from each epoch just enough for our purpose.

Before doing this, however, let us remember



FROM PHOTOGRAPH MADE FROM CAST IN BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBLER.

SCENE FROM THE "AMAZON SARCOPHAGUS." (ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE.)

To be sure, the last suggestion has never been controverted, to my knowledge, but archæologists are agreed that there is no sufficient ground for splitting Nikias in two, and the theory of the wax-coating without color is the invention of those who, for sentimental reasons, are loath to give up the white. The simplest and most direct interpretation of the passage is that the *circumlitio* was some sort of a coloring process requiring the hand of an artist, and that it was because he was a skilled painter that Nikias's results merited the praise of Praxiteles.

Nevertheless, accepting our own interpretations of the passages quoted, we have not yet advanced the matter much beyond the point where Kugler left it. He might have admitted that Nikias painted the hair and details, drawing the color-line at those; but I am trying to maintain that the entire figure was painted,

the great length of time that has passed since these sculptures were made. We are discussing works which were created from 2000 to 2500 years ago, and, after that interval of time, are looking for satisfactory remains of that most perishable of all artistic mediums—paint. Moreover, time has been by no means the only destroyer of evidence. Some sculptures, for example, after standing for centuries in the open air, exposed to wind, rain, and the chemical effects of the atmosphere, have been overthrown by earthquakes, and then lain buried in the mud of overflowing rivers. Others have been buried in lime, than which there is no more destructive agent; and still others, which have been really protected by the soil in which they lay, have been unearthed with color still bright upon them and have lost it all in a few hours.¹ In view of these circum-

¹See extract from Professor Lanciani's letter on p. 880.

stances, and of many others which might be cited, the cause for surprise is not that such slight traces have been preserved, but that there are any at all. Naturally the mineral pigments have been the best to withstand the various influences, and therefore the traces of red, blue, and gold are out of proportion to those of other colors.

Among the oldest of the dated Greek sculptures we possess are the three well-known metopes from Selinus, Sicily. This town was colonized by Greeks about 628 B. C., and there is sufficient reason for believing that the temple among the ruins of which these metopes were found was built in the years immediately following. When unearthed, in 1822-23, the metopes showed numerous traces of color, some of which they still retain, as follows:

(a) "Perseus slaying Medusa."—On the background traces of red; the female figure at the left, brownish black on brows, lids, and pupils, red on the borders of the garment, yellow on the garment itself; Perseus, green on the garment, red on the belt and cap, blue on the belt; Medusa, yellow on the face, red on the eyes. The eyes of the Perseus and the wings of the Pegasos also showed remains of color when discovered, the shade of which was no longer determinable.

(b) "Herakles carrying the Kerkopes" (the thieving gnomes who robbed him while asleep).—On the background, traces of red; on the Herakles, red on the right thigh, on the right arm directly under the shoulder, on the



ENGRAVED BY F. LE BLANC.
HERAKLES CARRYING THE KERKOPES. (METOPE FROM
TEMPLE OF SELINUS, IN MUSEUM AT PALERMO.)

Print, from "Die Metopen von Selinunt," by Otto Benndorf, author of "Griechische und Sicilische Vasenbilder," Heft I, IV. Preis, 164 Marks.

sword, belt, and scabbard; the same color on the bands, shoulders, and upper arms of the Kerkopes.

(c) "The Four-horse Chariot."—Red was found upon the background, the pole, the axles, and the garment of the middle figure; upon the horses: indistinct traces of gray were found on the body of the second, and white on the third, and reddish brown on the harness.¹

These traces are merely slight patches or flakes of color scattered here and there but they show that, in the part of the Hellenic world to which they belonged, at the earliest period of Greek art, the ground of relief-work was colored; the flesh of males was painted red or reddish, while that of a female monster like the Gorgon was yellow,—a fact substantiated by terra-cottas from other places,—and that the various parts of the eye, and details in the drapery and other accessories, were indicated by colors.

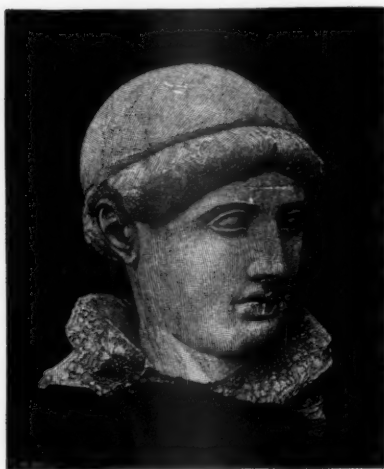
Let us turn now to Athens itself, and see if the same practice obtained there. Our knowledge of the polychromy of early Attic sculpture has been infinitely broadened recently by the discovery on the Akropolis of statues and reliefs antedating the period of the Persian invasion. These were described and illustrated in an article by Mr. Russell Sturgis in "Harper's Magazine" for September, 1890, to which the reader may be referred. There is, however, one among these valuable relics, not



ENGRAVED BY F. LE BLANC.
PERSEUS SLAYING MEDUSA. (METOPE FROM TEMPLE OF
SELINUS, IN MUSEUM AT PALERMO.)

Print, from "Die Metopen von Selinunt," by Otto Benndorf, author of "Griechische und Sicilische Vasenbilder," Heft I, IV. Preis, 164 Marks.

¹ Benndorf, "Die Metopen von Selinunt."



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.
HEAD OF PERITHOOS.
(FROM WEST PEDIMENT OF TEMPLE OF ZEUS, OLYMPIA.)

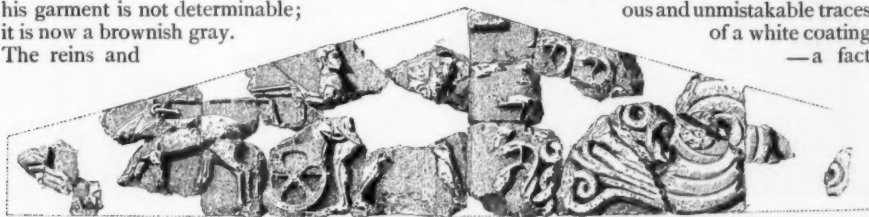
illustrated by Mr. Sturgis, which I must mention in detail because its bearing upon our subject is of especial importance. This is the decoration, in high relief, of the pediment of a small building, the total length of the relief being about twenty feet. The very primitive style of the sculpture shows that it belongs to the epoch of the metopes from Selinus, probably the early part of the sixth century B. C., though obviously the work of a different school. The subject is the combat of Herakles with the hydra. At the left Iolaos holds a two-horse chariot in waiting, his face turned to watch the struggle. In the center Herakles, the figure much mutilated, advances with raised club and outstretched arm against the many-headed monster, whose huge coils occupy the right half of the pediment. The material is "poros," or Peiraieus stone. In 1885 I noted colors upon this as follows: The outer of the two horses was black, the color having turned now to a dark green; the other a reddish brown. The charioteer has black hair and beard. His flesh is colored in all parts, the color being now a strong rose. The original color of his garment is not determinable; it is now a brownish gray. The reins and

other parts of the harness, and the body of the chariot, are reddish brown. The color of the wheel is gone. The legs and a bit of the arm of the Herakles show the same color as the charioteer. The hydra was of various colors, black, green, and red being now distinguishable. The background shows no trace of color.

It has been argued that the colors on this pediment are so well preserved as to enable us to assert that where no traces of color are left, as on the background, it was never applied; but this is an unwise assumption, since, among these very sculptures from the excavations on the Akropolis are several examples which should warn us against accepting such a theory. For instance, there is the marble head of a boy, of a more advanced style of art, the face of which is still a strong reddish tint, the lips a deeper shade of the same, while the hair shows no sign of color. Are we to suppose this to be the artist's intention? So, of the female figures illustrated by Mr. Sturgis—through all of which it is fair to presume that the same general system of coloring prevailed, since they are of the same school and period—we find some whose lips show absolutely no trace of color, while those of others are still, or were when I saw them, bright red.

The statues found on the Akropolis give all the proof needed of the completeness and variety of shade with which garments were colored; they show not merely that the inner garment was distinguished from the outer in this way, but that borders, patterns, decorations, of which the sculpture itself gives no hint, were liberally supplied by the artists mentioned by Plutarch in the passage quoted above. Of the painting of the skin itself I noted one very surprising example—an archaic head of Athena, of life-size, the material being white marble. When I saw it, in 1885, it was in a flat case in Room V of the Akropolis museum. The remains of the helmet were of the dark bluish green that indicates gilding, on which a honeysuckle pattern was traced with a sharp tool. In the hair were slight remains of red; the brows, lashes, outline of iris, and pupil were black; the iris itself brown. On the face were numerous and unmistakable traces

of a white coating
—a fact



HERAKLES AND THE HYDRA. (ARCHAIC PEDIMENT RELIEF IN ATHENS.)
Print, from "Ephemeris Archaeologike," issued by the Archaeological Society at Athens.

which I verified in several visits to the museum. This was extraordinary, because the marble itself was so white, though whether the coating still retained its original color, I could not determine. On the lips there were no remains of color.

Passing to the transitional epoch, we find evidences of color sufficient to show that the practice was continued, though there are no

in the British Museum were carried to England by Lord Elgin, they were subjected to a careful chemical investigation by a commission of which Sir Michael Faraday was the head. The commission was unable to detect the slightest trace of anything that indicated the presence of artificial color on the surface of the marble. Of positive evidence, therefore, we have none. At the same time, the frieze of the Parthenon



MARBLE HEAD OF ATHENA PARTHENOS. (IN BERLIN MUSEUM.)

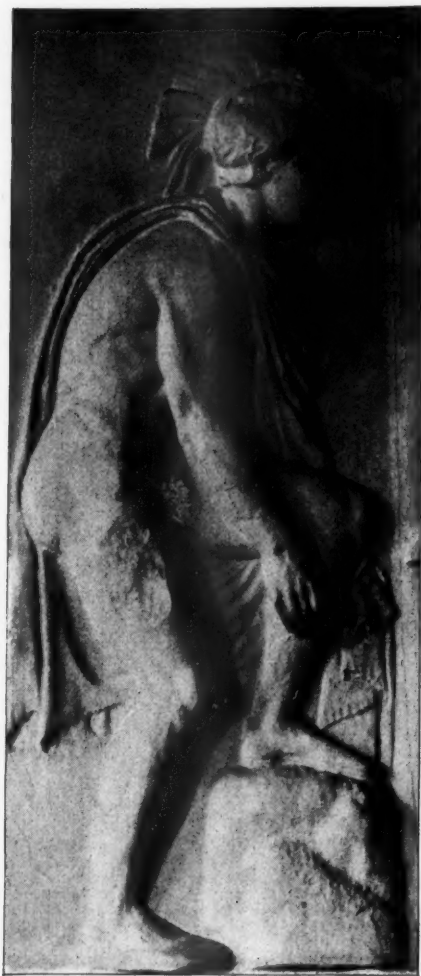
ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STACE.

Print, from "Antike Denkmäler" des Deutschen Archäolog. Instituts. I, Plate 3.

such striking examples as those we have examined. On the sculptures from the temple of Zeus at Olympia significant traces were found. There was red upon the mantle of the great Apollo of the western pediment. On the metope representing Herakles and the Cretan bull the head of Herakles still showed the brown-red when it was excavated, and the bull a similar color, the ground of the relief being blue. Many of the figures from this and other works of about the same time present the curious phenomenon of perfectly smooth hair, in which not a line is traced, it having been left thus intentionally by the sculptor, to be finished by the painter.

We come now to the most interesting monument of Greek sculpture. Was the frieze of the Parthenon painted? There is not a trace of color on it to-day. When the portions of it now

offers some of the most convincing illustrations of the Greek practice of coloring sculpture that we possess. First of all, its situation is an argument. I think that everybody who has had the opportunity to appreciate its exact position upon the building has felt that much of the labor spent upon its execution was in vain. It was about forty feet above the floor of the colonnade. The colonnade itself measures only fifteen feet in width; and seen at this angle, the crowded groups on the long walls would be nothing but a confusion of legs and heads were we to judge from its present colorless condition. But assuming that the horses were picked out in different colors, as was done in the archaic reliefs described above; that the garments of the riders, and the other accessories, were distinguished in the same way, the modeling would then give the design an effect



PHOTOGRAPH MADE FROM CAST IN BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.
YOUTH TYING HIS SANDAL.
(FROM WESTERN FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

which it never could have had if painted on a flat surface, and the color would supply to the relief the means of a ready distinction of details from whatever distance it was seen, whereas many are now indistinguishable, even at a few yards. I had the pleasure of seeing the experiment tried on a cast from a slab of the western frieze by the German sculptor Carl Cauer. He covered the slab entirely with colors, in a naturalistic scheme, and though the result was at first sight rather startling to modern taste, it was certainly very convincing on this point. The slab was exhibited at a considerable height, yet the details showed with astonishing clearness.

However, this is only begging the question.

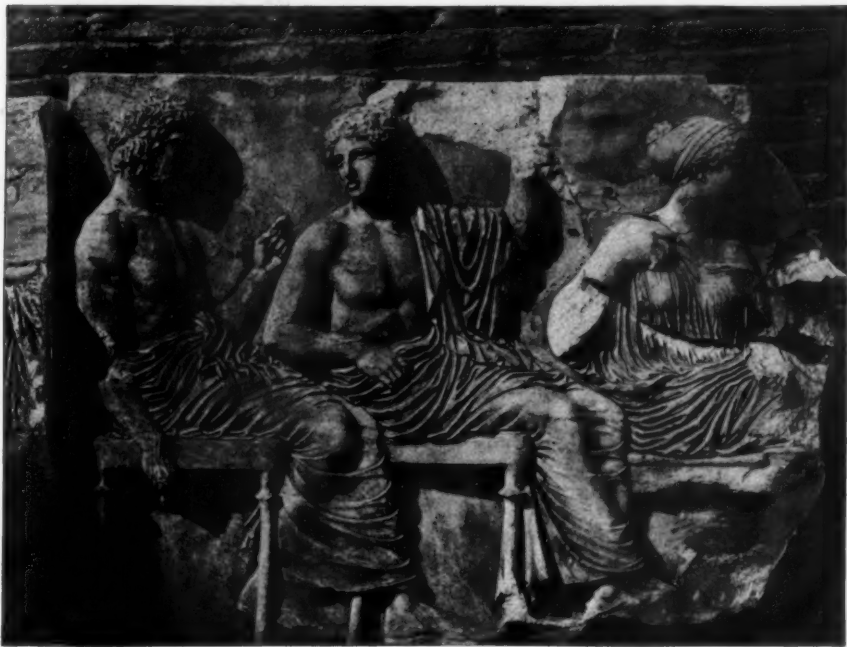
Of some kind of combination of color we have absolute proof in the metal accessories that were affixed to the marble. The bridles and reins of all the horses were of metal, probably gilded bronze, to judge from analogous cases, and the holes for attaching them are still plainly visible on the heads of the horses and on the hands of the riders. They are never indicated in the carving. Of metal also, and secured in the same way, were many of the objects carried by individuals, as well as other details. Here we have, then, a combination of at least two colors, which, if carried no further, must have had an effect not less tawdry than that of the crowned and bejeweled marble figures in Italian churches. Left to themselves upon a pure-white marble surface, these gilt details would neutralize all the refinement exhibited in the modeling. Combined with other colors, they would have occupied their proper place in relation to the whole. Moreover, while there are, as I have said, no remains of color on the frieze, there are many details in it which must have been represented by this medium, if at all. The sculpture itself gives no suggestion of them, and there are no holes to show that they were affixed. So numerous are the cases of this omission that one is embarrassed in the choice of a block which will best illustrate them. That on page 879 will answer well enough. Two of the three figures have their hands raised as if grasping some object like a staff; but where is the object itself? The marble is as smooth as when finished, and shows absolutely nothing. Again, of the sandals of these and all other figures in the frieze only the soles are indicated in the relief; the straps are omitted entirely. A striking case of this is the young soldier of the western frieze who has stopped to tie his sandal, with his foot raised upon a large stone. Although the action of the hands is unmistakable, they are quite empty. Neither in them nor about the ankle is there any sign of a strap. Among the cattle led to sacrifice are some struggling finely with their leaders. The men pull, the beasts pull, but they pull nothing. There are no indications of straps or cords either in the hands of the one or about the heads of the other. Examples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but space is precious.

It is the painting of the nude upon the frieze of the Parthenon which we cannot prove, and this we can establish only inferentially if we can show that it was done both before and after the time to which that building belongs. We have seen that it was done before, and fortunately we have just one monument of the first quality to show that the practice still existed in the fourth century B. C. This is the mausoleum at Halikarnassos, the work of four of the greatest Athenian sculptors of their time, Skopas him-

self being one of them. During excavations on this site, in 1857, Sir Charles Newton discovered a number of blocks of the frieze on which color was still brilliant; and of this he says:¹

It has been already noted that the whole frieze was colored. From the examination of a number of fragments on their first disinterment, I ascertained that the ground of the relief, like that of the architectural ornaments, was a blue, equal in intensity to ultramarine, *the flesh a dun-red*, and the drapery and armor picked out with vermilion and perhaps other colors. The bridges, as on the

Of the last period of Greek sculpture—that known as the Hellenistic—I shall cite only two examples, one the Great Altar of Pergamon, upon the sculptures of which, now in the Berlin museum, no remains of color have been found, so far as I am aware. This is by no means strange, and proves nothing as regards the original condition, in view of the manner in which many of the blocks had been utilized for building walls in the later barbaric ages, and also of the presence of lime-kilns in the neighborhood. But upon the draperies of the figures are



SLAB REPRESENTING POSEIDON, HELIOS, AND A FEMALE. (FROM EASTERN FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

frieze of the Parthenon, were of metal, for the attachment of which the heads of several of the horses are pierced.

Vivid as these colors were when the frieze was discovered, they had so nearly disappeared by the time the marbles reached England that Newton was obliged to secure the written statements of those who had seen them in order to prove their existence. The unequivocal testimony of a monument of such importance, executed under the influence of pure Attic art, needs no commentary.

¹ "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant," Vol. II, p. 131.

² Of course the most convincing examples of the coloring of Greek sculpture, in the Hellenistic or any other epoch, are the beautiful sarcophagi discovered a few years since at Sidon, and now in Constantinople.

shallow grooves or lines, chiseled in the marble, which, in my opinion, can be nothing else than indications of the edges of stripes and borders that were represented in color. The explanation of them as representing folds or wrinkles in the garments is absurd, because they are not in the places of, nor do they follow the lines natural to, folds or wrinkles. The other work is a Bacchic relief in the museum of Naples, pictured on page 881, on which the traces of color are so numerous and satisfactory as to deserve detailed description.²

Not having seen these or any colored reproduction of them, I am unable to describe them except from hearsay; but they will soon be published in a manner worthy of their importance by MM. Théodore Reinach and Bey-Hamdi.



GODDESS HURLING VASE. (FROM THE RELIEF OF THE GREAT ALTAR AT PERGAMON.)

First figure: The hair shows traces of red; on the flesh are a number of specks, especially in the folds, which are undoubtedly remains of paint; the same on the drapery, but in both cases the color itself is indeterminable; on the sides of the tympanum are reddish traces, and on the top are traces of a star-like pattern, surrounded by a wreath.

Second figure: Traces of a yellowish color in hair and tail; on the flesh and the panther-skin are numerous specks similar to those on the first figure.

Third figure: There is red in the hair; remains of paint in the ear and about the eye; the panther-skin shows very decided traces of yellow, and the spots were painted on it in a color which is now a greenish gray; the left foot still shows strongly the red-brown color. On the background are remains which show that it was not painted simply a flat color, but decorated, as there are traces of green or blue near the first figure, of yellow near the third figure, and of

a star pattern, three stars of which remain, to the left of the figures.

As to Roman art, I shall let him speak who is best qualified to do so, and quote the following from a letter of Professor Lanciani:

The points upon which you kindly ask my opinion are:

(1) The universality of the practice of coloring marble statues in Greece and Rome.

Speaking, of course, of Rome alone, I divide the 350 statues, or important fragments of statues, discovered under my direction into two classes. The first comprises the statues found in free ground and embedded in earth (45 per cent. of the total number); the second comprises the statues found in the thickness of Decadence walls, and consequently embedded in lime (55 per cent. of the total number). These last are out of the question, as the lime has eaten up the surface of the marble, and made investigation impossible. Of the statues found in good condition, in pure earth, and at a considerable depth, *one half* showed traces of colors at the very moment they

were brought to light. Of this half, two thirds lost their polychromy at once, one third still preserve it. Among the best specimens of polychrome sculpture dug up under my care, or within my recollection, I may mention the "Faustina" of the Monte della Giustizia (Capitol), the recumbent Venus at Ostia, the "Boys Playing 'Osselets'" of the Campo Verano (Palazzo dei Conservatori), a sarcophagus recently found out-

reddish; the two Tritons were gilt; the Venus Lamiana had never been painted; the two Muses—uncertain.

(2) Whether this system of coloring aimed at imitating nature.

Yes; I think it did. We have, in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, a large head of Mythras (or Atys) with the Phrygian cap painted in red, eyelashes carefully painted in black, lips in pink,



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BACCHUS PRECEDED BY A FAUN AND A BACCHANTE. (FROM HERCULANEUM, IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

side the Porta S. Lorenzo, etc., etc. The Mythraic and Methraic sculptures are *always painted*, and so is every bit of terra-cotta. I have never seen architectural marble fragments with traces of coloring,¹ except, of course, Trajan's Column, which is said to show them. Gilding is even more frequent than painting. The "Tritons" of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, the sarcophagus of Vicovaro (see Bull. Com.), the Medea sarcophagus in the Tandolo collection, are or were gilt. The traces of coloring are, in 80 per cent. of the cases, to be seen in draperies alone; the flesh is very seldom painted. Blue, red, purple, and gold are the prominent colors.

On Christmas Eve, 1874, the Archæological Commission found seven statues in an empty room (*Horti Lamiani*). They had never had any contact with earth. Of the seven statues and busts, the colossal head of Commodus had never been painted; the head of Diana had the hair

¹ In Athens, however, such fragments are very common.

and so on. In the sarcophagus found at Porta S. Lorenzo each piece of clothing of the various figures is carefully painted in imitation of the real stuff. The female *tunica* and *pepla* are in monochrome, save the border, or fringe, which is either gilt or polychrome.

(3) The extent to which flesh-tints were represented.

I do not think I recollect more than two or three instances of this flesh-coloring (save the Mythraic bas-reliefs and figures).

Professor Lanciani's opinion regarding the head of Commodus and the Venus found with it, as well as some observations of my own, lead me to think it probable that at a late period, possibly during the empire, exceptions were made to the universal custom of painting sculptures. The materials for a satisfactory investigation of this point, however, we do not at present possess. One of the most satisfactory examples



AUGUSTUS CAESAR. (IN MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN.)

of the polychromy of Roman sculpture is the famous statue of Augustus Caesar in the Vatican, which was discovered at Prima Porta in 1863. The following description of the colors upon it is translated from Otto Jahn's "Aus der Alterthumswissenschaft," published in 1868 (p. 260). It must be remembered, however, that the colors here described are those which always last the longest, and it is by no means to be supposed that they were the only ones originally applied:

The tunic of Augustus is *crimson*, the mantle *purple*, the fringe of the armor *yellow*; on the

nude portions of the body no traces of color are noticeable, except the indication of the pupils with a *yellowish* tint; and the hair no longer shows color. But the relief decorations of the cuirass are painted with especial care, although the flat surfaces are left without color. The god of heaven, rising from *blue* waves or clouds, holds a *purplish* garment in both hands; the chariot of the sun-god is *crimson*; before him soars a female with outspread *blue* wings; the goddess of the earth wears a wreath of wheat in her *blonde* hair. Apollo in a *crimson* mantle rides upon a griffon with *blue* wings; the *light-haired* Diana, in a *crimson* garment, is borne by a *red-dish brown* stag. In the middle stands a Roman

Commander in *blue and red* armor, *crimson* tunic, and *purple* mantle, with a *blue* helmet. A bearded warrior in *crimson* tunic and *blue* trousers holds up a Roman standard with insignia painted *blue*. The barbarian on the right, with *auburn* hair, in a *purple* mantle, holds a war-trumpet; the figure on the left is likewise *light-haired*, and clothed in a *blue* mantle.

So much for the testimony of sculpture itself. And now, if I have not taxed the reader's patience too far, I should like to add just one bit of evidence from another source, which strengthens the argument where the testimony of sculpture is weakest; namely, in regard to flesh-painting, especially in female figures.

While in Naples, a few years since, I made careful studies of the wall-paintings and mosaics from Herculaneum and Pompeii, to discover what bearing they might have upon the matter. It was my intention to continue the investigation at Pompeii itself, but illness prevented, so I was obliged to content myself with conclusions reached in the museum. Among the paintings there I found eighty-one representations of sculpture (including five about which I was doubtful). Of these, fourteen, from their yellowish or greenish tinge, apparently represented bronze. On seven I could not be certain that there was any color but white. On one the flesh was white, but the hair, eyes, and border at the neck of the garment were dark brown. The remaining fifty-nine were colored so completely and realistically that often it was only by the fact that they stood on pedestals or in niches that they could be distinguished from the living figures. Through all of them distinction between males and females in the color of the flesh was that which has been described above; the male figures being a warm, ruddy brown, the fe-

males pink and white. Beings of an effeminate nature, like the "Hermaphrodite" and "Young Dionysos," have the male color. The only exception to the rule which I noted was in the statue of an Amazon, whose flesh was of a shade between the two. In this she differs from the Amazons on the Amazon sarcophagus, who are decidedly fair. Even the "Karyatids," and those other architectural sculptures which are introduced so frequently in the bizarre type of Pompeian decoration, are colored as naturally as the living figures in the same pictures—hair, flesh, drapery, and accessories. Among the mosaics is one representing the statue of a boxer, of a good type. He stands upon a pedestal of bluish marble-color, behind which runs a red railing. The background is deep blue. Upon his hands he wears the *caestus*. The materials used for representing the figure are white (on the high lights), pink, red-brown, light brown, dark brown, and pale blue—the last three being used in the shadows. In other words, this statue is of the same colors as the living male figures in the other mosaics collected here. This ought to be even more convincing than the paintings, since mosaic-colors are the least likely of all to be affected by the various influences to which antiquities have been exposed. Yet, if the reader is still skeptical, I will refer him to one of

the pictures from Pompeii in which a woman is represented in the very act of painting a piece of sculpture! Her subject is a *herma*, a quadrilateral pillar surmounted by the upper part of a figure; and it represents an old, bearded Dionysos, who holds a drinking-cup in one hand and a *thyrsos* in the other. His hair is dark brown, beard gray, flesh a dark tone, and mantle yellow. With this evidence I am content to rest the case.



WOMAN PAINTING A HERMA. (WALL-PAINTING FROM POMPEII, IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

Print, from Baumeister's "Denkmäler des Klassischen Alterthums."

—Edward Robinson.



GIPSIES IN CHURCH.

THE FEAST OF THE MARYS.

(PLAY IN PROVENÇE.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



TEN years ago I made up my mind to go to Oberammergau. But when 1890 came nobody asked me. Instead, in the middle of May, I was in Arles, and on the 23d on my way to Saintes-Maries for the feast Mistral sings in "*Mirèio*."

The road to the town crosses for thirty miles the Camargue, no longer a fearful desert, but one of the richest parts of France, a land that in the autumn reeks of wine. On this May morning there passed down the broad white highway an endless succession of long carts, each filled with sad and silent peasants or bright and jolly Arlésiens, who were singing hymns as they went. Many of the people looked tired and sick and worn; in some wagons I saw blind men and cripples and helpless paralytics.

As I jogged slowly on I overtook wandering monks, gypsies, the Archbishop of Aix, and more and more cart-loads of pilgrims. Finally, as the cultivation ceased, and the wide salt-marshes began, the town, with the battle-mented walls of its church, came into sight, faintly outlined low down against the sea, and I looked at it as *Mirèio* did on her weary journey:

She sees it loom at last in distance dim,
She sees it grow on the horizon's rim,
The saints' white tower, across the billowy plain,
Like vessel homeward bound upon the main.

Tourists who go to Saintes-Maries always describe it as a wretched, miserable collection of little hovels. It is, on the contrary, a flourishing fishing village, with two very decent hotels, a *mairie*, and all the other belongings of a small French country town. The hotels usually charge about four francs a day. But on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of May the landlords get a hundred francs for a room from any one who has not brought his own tent or carriage, or has not a friend, and objects to sleeping in the open.

When I wandered into the church I found that it had been completely transformed since I had last seen it. Galleries were erected around the interior, the side altars were boarded up, and the best places on the choir steps were covered with the cushions and pillows of the faithful, who in this manner reserve their seats for the three days' feast. A lay brother was busy drawing water from the holy well, salt all the year, but fresh during the *fête*, while a number of pilgrims were either drinking it or bottling it up and carrying it away. Every now and then a marvelously picturesque gypsy would mount from the lowest chapel, for at Saintes-Maries

Altars and chapels three,
Built one upon the other, you may see,

and he would scratch some powder from the rock on which the Marys landed, and descend again to where

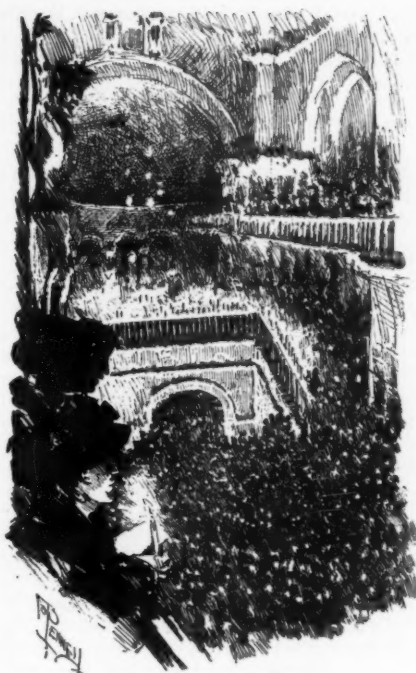
Beneath the ground
The dusky gipsies kneel, with awe profound,
Before Saint Sarah.

From their subterranean shrine came the strangest singing:

*Dans un bateau sans cordage,
Au naufrage
On vous exposa soudain;
Mais de Dieu la providence,
En Provence,
Vous fit trouver un chemin.*

Then, "Vivent les Saintes Maries!" they shouted, and their shouts echoed through the long, low, barrel-vaulted church, almost a tunnel, and were repeated by the crowds kneeling about the choir. As strange as their singing were the black-shrouded figures of the Romany chals, gathered together from no one knew where, and now, on their knees, grouped around the tomb of their saint. Many and evil, one felt, must have been the deeds which required all this devotion to be washed away.

Throughout the afternoon people kept pouring into the town. Every foot of space around the church was filled with booths, from the stand for the sale of votive offerings managed by a priest to an equally flourishing gambling establishment presided over by a charming young lady. The gipsy women who were not engaged in praying sat by the door holding shells for alms, just as many a wandering brother in the same place may have begged his way



THE CHURCH AT NIGHT.

hundreds of years before. At the main door a small blind girl was stationed, and for the next three days the air rang with her ceaseless cry: "*Messieurs-et-Mesdames-n'oubliez-pas-la-pauvre-petite-aveugle-et-les-Saintes-Maries-ne-vous-oublieront-pas.*" To the saints themselves she never turned for the miracle for which so many were hoping, and once in a while it seemed to occur to the sacristan that hers was not the best example to encourage the belief of the faithful, and he would come and take her away. But he could never stop the endless flow of her petition, and before it had quite died away in the distance she would make her escape and find her way back again. She might have been the devil's own advocate.

The curé of the town was hustling about, looking after the Archbishop, greeting all the arriving clergy, and selling tickets for the good places in the church during the next two days. But though nearly worked to death, he was still smiling and amiable.

By evening the town was completely encompassed by a great camp of gipsies and peasants and farmers. The sun sank into the marshes, great camp-fires were lighted, and then the mosquito was abroad in the land.

I looked into the church again after dark. It was crowded; on the raised choir, where the high altar usually stands and where the



THE CHURCH DOOR.

relics were to descend on the morrow, lay the sick, votive candles casting a dim light upon their sad, thin faces, which stared out, white and ghastly, from the surrounding shadows.

And, ah, what cries they lift! what vows they pay!

Those who could were chanting hymns in quavering voices, their friends taking up the chorus. Many lay still and silent. One boy seemed too feeble to do more than to move a trembling, emaciated hand in time to the singing, and yet, every now and then, he would open wide his heavy eyes, and into his death-like face would come a look of longing, and in a shrill voice that rose high above all the others he would shriek, "Vivent les Saintes Maries!" It was as though the grave opened and the dead spoke. All night these weary watchers would lie there, waiting and hoping, and all the next day until the descent of the holy relics, the touch of which must surely heal them.

While the faith in the saints was so strong around the shrine, the faith in Boulanger seemed equally great out in the open night; at least his march was sung as loud and as long as the hymns to the Marys—louder and longer, in fact, for it kept me awake for hours. And so is all life divided between pain and pleasure.

On the morning of the 24th, the great day, there were masses and sermons and practising of the choir within the church; there were bargaining and gambling and preaching without. In the blinding sunlight a steady stream of people kept winding down the single highroad into the town, while far off, at the mouth of the Little

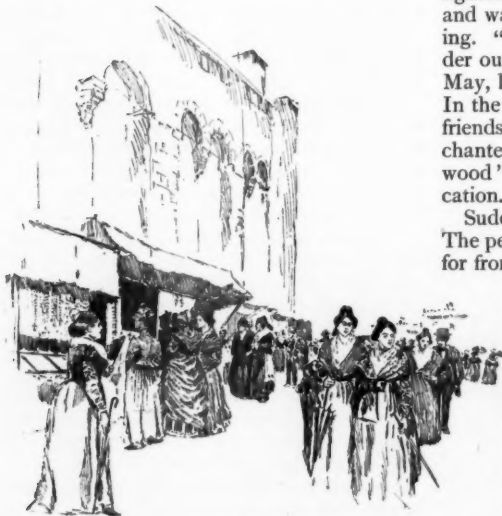


"VIVENT LES SAINTES MARIES!"

Rhone, steamers from Marseilles and Arles and Saint-Gilles unloaded their pilgrims, who, like *Mirèio*, came wandering across the salt-marshes.

By three o'clock the church was nearly full; by four it was jammed. Around each door outside was a great crowd; inside there was not an empty seat. The long ray of light which streamed in through the broken rose-window at the western end was momentarily shut out by the people who had climbed even away up there. Every one in nave and gallery held a lighted candle, which twinkled and flickered and waved with the great volume of the singing. "We are in heaven, and the stars are under our feet," Gounod said when, one 24th of May, he looked down upon the same scene. In the raised choir the sick still waited, their friends and a few priests still prayed and chanted. "The church was like a wind-swept wood" with the mighty voice of their supplication.

Suddenly there was a cry of "They come!" The people around the altar fell on their knees; for from the airy chapel, high above the choir, a great double ark hung suspended, and now began to move downward, though almost imperceptibly. As it came slowly nearer the sick and infirm were raised toward it in the arms of the strong. Women fairly wrestled together, each seeking to be the first to lay her hand upon the holy relics. When it was a few feet from its resting-place, a solemn procession of white-robed clergy passed from the sacristy to the choir, and one priest, springing upon the altar,



OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

seized and kissed the relics. At the same moment he was surrounded by the sick, who, as though the longed-for miracle had already been worked, pushed and struggled to touch and be healed. The priest held the relics, and the people, pressing closer and closer, fell upon them, touching them with their hands, their eyes, and even their crippled limbs, kissing them passionately, clasping them with frenzy. It seemed as though the priest's vestments must be torn to shreds, the relics broken and scattered in a thousand fragments, from the very fervor of the faithful. But finally the last kiss was given, the last petition uttered, the ark was set at rest upon the altar, the sick were placed all around it, and the chants rose louder and sweeter than ever — "Vivent les Saintes Maries!"

Was any one cured? No; not yet could the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame arise and go their way. But there was not a single sick man or woman whose hope was not strong for another year. There is no faith like this in Protestantism.

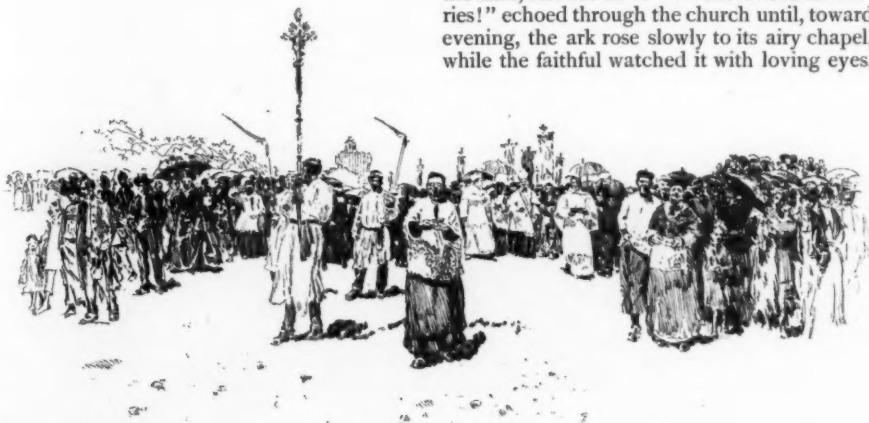
Again all night the sick lay there, and the church was filled with ceaseless singing. Hymn followed hymn, the pious gipsies in the lower chapel singing one verse, the people in the church above responding with the next. And again all night an army of pilgrims was camped around the town.

On the 25th, while the morning was still young, a long procession started from the church, headed by the different banners given by the towns of Provence. In solemn state the Archbishop of Aix, attended by clergy and acolytes, marched through the narrow streets, half in shadow, out into the open sunlight to the sea-shore. And next the sick and crippled came, some borne on mattresses, some hobbling



PREACHING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

on crutches, and others dragged along by their friends. Last of all a struggling crowd of gipsies carried aloft the rude figures of the two Marys in their little boat, and on every side devout pilgrims strove to kiss, or at least to touch, the holy bark. Across the sands to the sea they went, to the water's edge, and then right into the water, gipsies, people, and even priests. For a moment the boat was set afloat upon the waves, there where at the dawn of Christianity the wind had driven the saints from Jerusalem. And the gipsies again raised it aloft, and waded to land; the procession, with banners waving, candles flickering dimly in the sunshine, hymns loudly chanted, turned again across the sands, through the shadowy streets, and brought back their beloved Marys to the church. The sick were placed once more about the altar, and shouts of "Vivent les Saintes Maries!" echoed through the church until, toward evening, the ark rose slowly to its airy chapel, while the faithful watched it with loving eyes.



THE PROCESSION.



IN THE WATER.

But it had hardly reached its shrine when the church was empty. In ten minutes every one had mounted cart, or diligence, or omnibus, and was leaving for home. In two hours not a trace was to be seen of gipsy or Gentile. The pilgrims had fled as though from the plague, or had entered for a race to Arles.

So ended the feast of the Marys.

For the people of the town there was a grand ball, a grand arrival of the bulls, and a grand bull-fight. But they were much less grand and characteristic than in Arles.

This, one of the last unexploited religious festivals of the world, will have lost its character and simplicity before the article is printed. For my friend the engineer is at work on a railway.

Joseph Pennell.

THE STORY OF THE TWO MARYS.

If a lizard, wolf, or horrid snake
Ever should wound thee with its fang, betake
Thyself forthwith to the most holy saints,
Who cure all ills and hearken all complaints.



HE saints that Mistral sings of in his "Mirèio" are Mary Jacobe and Mary Salome, whose feast in May, in the little village which bears their name, is the greatest festival of Provence, and whose legend has been told again and again by Provençal poet and chronicler. They were two of

the large company of holy men and women from Palestine who were thrown by the Jews into a boat without sails or oars or food, and then set adrift upon the sea. But, so tell they the tale, an angel of the Lord was sent to them as pilot, and the two Marys and Sarah, their servant, holding their long robes like sails to the wind, came swiftly and safely to the shores of the land which it was their mission to convert to Christ. They disembarked upon the remote edge of the wide and desolate Camargue, built an altar, and Maximin, one of their number, offered up the sacrifice of the mass, and



THE RETURN FROM THE SEA.

where the water had been as salt as the sea it now suddenly rose at their feet sweet and pure from a miraculous spring, a sign of the divine approval.

Then they separated, each to go his or her own holy way, all save the two Marys, who with Sarah stayed, and, building a cell near the altar, lived there the rest of their days. Sometimes fishermen passed by that lonely coast, and to them the saintly women preached the true faith, and won them to Christ. Sometimes from Arles Trophimus came and administered the sacraments to his sisters in the Church. And the fame of the holiness of the three women went abroad, and when, after they died, they were buried where they had lived, people journeyed from far and near to visit and pray at the tomb, and many miracles were worked, so that their renown grew ever greater and greater. Before many years it had become a well-known place of pilgrimage,—one of the most ancient in France,—and a mighty church was built over their lowly altar, and many and strange were the wonders wrought. A little town grew up about the church, and nuns and monks erected their convents and monasteries near, and as Rocamadour was honored in the far west of Languedoc, so was the shrine of the Saintes Maries beloved in Provence.

Then evil days followed. Saracens and Danes laid waste the land, and if even Arles and Marseilles fell before their attacks, how could the remote village in the desert withstand them? And there were also pirates, who infested Camarguan shores. And between them all, by the tenth century, nothing was left of Saintes-Maries except the little altar guarded by a hermit. But it fell out that one day William I., Count of Provence, hunting in the Camargue, chanced upon the old forgotten shrine, and the hermit told him of its glory in the past; and the Count's heart was touched, and he promised to restore it to its greatness. And the church which he built was strong, and fortified with battlements and a tower,—you can still see it on the sands to-day,—and pirates were defied, and peace once more reigned in the sacred spot. Then again pilgrims thronged to it from every part of France. Houses and monasteries again rose beneath the shadow of the church. Miracles were worked, and its prosperity returned, as

William had promised. Four centuries later good King René found beneath the church the bones of the three blessed women,—by the sweet smell they gave forth they were known to be the remains of the two Marys and Sarah,—and inclosed them in a richly-adorned casket, which was placed in the little airy chapel above the choir. It was then decreed that once every year, in May, they should be lowered into the church, and shown to the faithful. The relics of Saint Sarah were set in the crypt, where they received special honor from the gipsies, to whose race she had belonged. As the centuries passed the fame of the shrine increased, and there was no better-loved place of pilgrimage throughout the land.

And then again began evil days. From the Reign of Terror the village by the sea could not escape. The church was sacked, its shrine desecrated, and had not the curé concealed the sacred relics, they too must have perished when their casket was burned. After the Revolution, when quiet was restored, a new casket was made, the bones were again carried to their chapel, and the annual pilgrimage began with all the old fervor.

Saintes-Maries is so out of the way, so difficult to reach, that in this railroad age it may be said to have lost its old popularity, that is, outside of the *Midi*. A twenty-five miles' drive across the broad plain of the Camargue, and the absolute certainty of having to sleep out of doors, seem no light matters to the pilgrim who can step from a railway-carriage into a big hotel at Lourdes. As a consequence Saintes-Maries, which has no other interest save that which the shrine gives it, receives but scanty mention in the guide-book, and to the average tourist is practically unknown. But throughout the south of France the devotion to the two Marys has never weakened. The people still flock to the May feast by hundreds and thousands. And because of the sincerity of the pilgrims, and the absence of curious lookers-on, the festival has retained a character of which few religious ceremonies nowadays can boast. However, a railroad is being built across the Camargue, and in a few years Saintes-Maries will have lost its character and become as fashionable as Lourdes.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



THE NAULAHKA.¹

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING AND WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

XIV.



CITY of tents had grown up in three days without the walls of Rhatore—a city greened with far-brought lawns of turf, and stuck about with hastily transplanted orange-trees, wooden lamp-posts painted in gaudy colors, and a cast-iron fountain of hideous design. Many guests were expected at Rhatore to grace the marriage of the Maharaj Kunwar—barons, princes, thakurs, lords of waste fortresses and of hopeless crags of the North and the South, fiefs from the fat, poppy-blazoned plains of Mewar, and brother rajahs of the King. They came accompanied by their escorts, horse and foot.

In a land where genealogies, to be respectable, must run back without a break for eight hundred years, it is a delicate matter not to offend; and all were desperately jealous of the place and precedence of their neighbors in the camp. Lest the task should be too easy, the household bards of the princes came with them, and squabbled with the court officials of Gokral Sectarun. Behind the tents stretched long lines of horse-pickets, where the fat pink-and-blue-spotted stallions neighed and squealed at one another, under their heavy velvet trappings, all day long; and the ragged militia of twenty tiny native states smoked and gambled among their saddles, or quarreled at the daily distribution of food furnished by the generosity of the Maharajah. From hundreds of miles about, vagrant and mendicant priests of every denomination had flocked into the city, and their salmon-colored raiment, black blankets, or ash-smear'd nudity gave Tarvin many minutes of untrammelled entertainment as he watched them roaming fearlessly from tent to tent, their red eyes rolling in their heads, alternately threatening or fawning for gifts. The rest-house, as Tarvin discovered, was crammed with fresh contingents of commercial travelers. His Highness was not likely to pay at such a season, but fresh orders would be plentiful. The city itself was brilliant with coats of pink-and-white lime-wash, and the main streets were obstructed with

the bamboo scaffoldings of fireworks. Every house-front was swept and newly luted with clean mud, and the doorways were hung with marigolds and strings of jasmine-buds. Through the crowds tramped the sweating sweetmeat-dealers, venders of hawks, dealers in cheap jewelry and glass bracelets and little English mirrors, while camels, loaded with wedding gifts of far-off kings, plowed through the crowd, or the mace-bearers of the state cleared a path with their silver staves for the passage of the Maharajah's carriages. Forty barouches were in use, and, as long as horse-flesh held out, or harness could be patched with string, it did not beseem the dignity of the state to provide less than four horses to each. As these horses were untrained, and as the little native boys, out of sheer lightness of heart, touched off squibs and crackers at high noon, the streets were animated.

The hill on which the palace stood seemed to smoke like a volcano, for the little dignitaries came without cessation, each expecting the salute of cannon due to his rank. Between the roars of the ordnance, strains of uncouth music would break from the red walls, and presently some officer of the court would ride out of one of the gates, followed by all his retinue, each man gorgeous as a cock-pheasant in spring, his mustache fresh oiled, and curled fiercely over his ears; or one of the royal elephants, swathed in red velvet and bullion from shoulder to ankle, would roll out under the weight of his silver howdah, and trumpet till the streets were cleared for his passage. Seventy elephants were fed daily by the King—no mean charge, since each beast consumed as much green fodder daily as he could carry on his back, as well as thirty or forty pounds of flour. Now and again one of the monsters, maddened by the noise and confusion, and by the presence of strange rivals, would be overtaken with paroxysms of blind fury. Then he would be hastily stripped of his trappings, bound with ropes and iron chains, hustled out of the city between two of his fellows, and tied down half a mile away by the banks of the Amet, to scream and rage till the horses in the neighboring camps broke their pickets and stampeded wildly among the tents. Pertab

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Singh, commandant of his Highness's body-guard, was in his glory. Every hour of the day gave him excuse for churning with his troop on mysterious but important errands between the palace and the tents of the princes. The formal interchange of visits alone occupied two days. Each prince with his escort would solemnly drive to the palace, and half an hour later the silver state barouche and the Maharajah himself, jeweled from head to heel, would return the visit, while the guns gave word of the event to the city of houses and to the city of tents.

When night fell on the camp there was no silence till near the dawn, for strolling players, singers of songs, and tellers of stories, dancing-girls, brawny Oudh wrestlers, and camp-followers beyond counting, wandered from tent to tent making merry. When these had departed, the temples in the city sent forth the hoarse cries of conchs, and Kate, listening, seemed to hear in every blast the wail of the little Maharaj Kunwar, who was being prepared for his marriage by interminable prayers and purifications. She saw as little of the boy as Tarvin did of the King. In those days every request for an audience was met with, "He is with his priests." Tarvin cursed all the priests of Rhatore, and condemned to every variety of perdition the hangdog fakirs that prowled about his path.

"I wish to goodness they'd come to a point with this fool business," he said to himself. "I have n't got a century to spend in Rhatore."

After nearly a week of uninterrupted clamor, blazing sunshine, and moving crowds clad in garments the colors of which made Tarvin's eyes ache, there arrived, by the same road that had borne Kate to the city, two carriages containing five Englishmen and three Englishwomen, who, later, walked about the city with lackluster eyes, bored by the official duty which compelled them to witness in the hot weather a crime which it was not only beyond them to hinder, but to which they were obliged to lend their official patronage.

The agent to the Governor-General—that is to say, the official representative of the Viceroy in Rajputana—had some time before represented to the Maharajah that he might range himself in the way of progress and enlightenment by ordering that his son should not be given in marriage for another ten years. The Maharajah, pleading the immemorial custom of his land and the influence of the priests, gilded his refusal by a generous donation to a women's hospital in Calcutta which was not in want of funds.

For his own part, Tarvin could not comprehend how any government could lend its countenance to this wicked farce, calling itself a

marriage, which was presently to be played out with the assistance of two children. He was presently introduced to the agent of the Governor-General, who was anxious to learn more about the damming of the Amet. To be asked about the damming of the Amet, when he was making no more progress than at present with the Naulahka, seemed to Tarvin, however, the last touch of insult, and he was not communicative, asking the agent, instead, a number of urgent questions about the approaching infamy at the palace. The agent declaring the marriage to be a political necessity, the destination suggested by Tarvin for political necessities of this sort caused the official to stiffen, and to look this wild American up and down with startled curiosity. They parted on poor terms.

With the rest of the party Tarvin was more at ease. The agent's wife, a tall brunette, belonging to one of those families which from the earliest days of the East India Company have administered the fortunes of India, solemnly inspected Kate's work at the hospital; and being only a woman, and not an official, was attracted, and showed that she was attracted, by the sad-eyed little woman who did not talk about her work. Therefore Tarvin devoted himself to the amusement and entertainment of the agent's wife, and she pronounced him an extraordinary person. "But, then, all Americans are extraordinary, you know, though they're so clever."

Not forgetting in the midst of this tumultuous pageant that he was a citizen of Topaz, Tarvin told her about that blessed city of the plain, away off there under the Sauguache Range, where half his heart lay. He called it "the magic city," implying that the dwellers of the western continent had agreed to call it so by general consent. She was not bored; she enjoyed it. Talk of land and improvement companies, boards of trade, town lots, and the Three C.'s was fresh to her, and it became easy to lead up to what Tarvin actually had in mind. What about the Naulahka? Had she ever seen it? He asked these questions boldly.

No; she knew nothing of the Naulahka. Her thoughts were bounded by the thought of going home in the spring. Home for her meant a little house near Surbiton, close to the Crystal Palace, where her three-year-old boy was waiting for her; and the interests of the other English men and women seemed equally remote from Rajputana—not to mention the Naulahka. It was only inferentially that Tarvin could gather that they had spent the greater part of their working lives within the limits of the country. They talked as gipsies might talk by the roadside a little before the horses are put into the caravan. The ways were hot, they implied, and very dusty; and they hoped one

day to be able to rest. The wedding was only one more weary incident on the line of march, and they devoutly wished it over. One of them even envied Tarvin for coming to the state with his fresh eye and his lively belief in the possibility of getting something out of the land beside a harvest of regrets.

The last day of the marriage ceremonies began and ended with more cannon, more fireworks, more clattering of hoofs, more trumpeting of elephants, and with the clamor of bands trying to play "God Save the Queen." The Maharaj Kunwar was to appear in the evening (in an Indian state wedding the bride is neither mentioned nor seen) at a banquet, where the agent of the Governor-General would propose his health and that of his father. The Maharaj was to make a speech in his best English. A court scribe had already composed a long oration to be used by his father. Tarvin was beginning seriously to doubt whether he should ever see the child alive again, and, before the banquet, rode out into the seething city to reconnoiter. It was twilight, and the torches were flaring between the houses. Wild outlanders from the desert, who had never seen a white man before, caught his horse by the bridle, examined him curiously, and with a grunt let him pass. The many-colored turbans showed under the flickering light like the jewels of a broken necklace, and all the white housetops were crowded with the veiled figures of women. In half an hour the Maharaj Kunwar would make his way from the royal temple to the banqueting-tent at the head of a procession of caparisoned elephants.

Tarvin forced his way inch by inch through the dense crowd that waited at the foot of the temple steps. He merely wished to satisfy himself that the child was well; he wanted to see him come from the temple. As he looked about him he saw that he was the only white man in the crowd, and pitied his jaded acquaintances, who could find no pleasure in the wild scene under his eyes.

The temple doors were closed, and the torchlight flashed back from the ivory and silver with which they were inlaid. Somewhere out of sight stood the elephants, for Tarvin could hear their deep breathing and an occasional squeal above the hum of the crowd. Half a troop of cavalry, very worn and dusty with the day's labors, were trying to clear an open space before the temple, but they might as well have tried to divide a rainbow. From the roofs of the houses the women were throwing flowers, sweetmeats, and colored rice into the crowd, while small bards, not yet attached to the house of any prince, chanted aloud in praise of the Maharajah, the Maharaj Kunwar, the Viceroy, the agent of the Governor-General, Colonel

Nolan, and any one else who might possibly reward praise with pence. One of these men, recognizing Tarvin, struck up a chant in his honor. He had come, said the song, from a far country to dam an ungovernable river, and fill the country-side with gold; his step was like the step of a dromedary in the spring; his eye terrible as that of an elephant; and the graces of his person such that the hearts of all the women of Rhatore turned to water when he rode upon the public way. Lastly, he would reward the singer of this poor song with untold generosity, and his name and fame should endure in the land so long as the flag of Gokral Seetarun had five colors, or as long as the Naulahka adorned the throat of kings.

Then, with an ear-splitting shriek of conchs, the temple doors opened inward, and the voices of the crowd were hushed into a whisper of awe. Tarvin's hands tightened on the reins of his horse, and he leaned forward to stare. The opened doors of the temples framed a square of utter darkness, and to the screeching of the conchs was added a throbbing of innumerable drums. A breath of incense, strong enough to make him cough, drifted across the crowd, which were absolutely silent now.

The next moment the Maharaj Kunwar, alone and unattended, came out of the darkness, and stood in the torchlight with his hands on the hilt of his sword. The face beneath the turban, draped with loops of diamonds under an emerald aigret, was absolutely colorless. There were purple circles about his eyes, and his mouth was half open; but the pity Tarvin felt for the child's weariness was silenced by a sudden thrill and leap of his heart, for on the gold cloth of the Maharaj Kunwar's breast lay the Naulahka.

There was no need, this time, to ask any questions. It was not he who saw it; its great deep eyes seemed to fall on him. It blazed with the dull red of the ruby, the angry green of the emerald, the cold blue of the sapphire, and the white, hot glory of the diamond. But dulling all these glories was the superb radiance of one gem that lay above the great carved emerald on the central clasp. It was the black diamond—black as the pitch of the infernal lake, and lighted from below with the fires of hell.

The thing lay on the boy's shoulders, a yoke of flame. It outshone the silent Indian stars above, turned the tossing torches to smears of dull yellow, and sucked the glitter from the cloth of gold on which it lay.

There was no time to think, to estimate, to appraise, scarcely a moment even to realize, for the conchs suddenly wailed again, the Maharaj stepped back into the darkness, and the doors of the temple were shut.

XV.

TARVIN made his way to the banquet with his face aflame and his tongue dry between his teeth. He had seen it. It existed. It was not a myth. And he would have it; he would take it back with him. Mrs. Mutrie should hang it about the sculptured neck that looked so well when she laughed; and the Three C.'s should come to Topaz. He would be the savior of his town; the boys at home would take the horses out of his carriage and drag him up Pennsylvania Avenue with their own hands; and town lots would sell next year in Topaz by the running inch.

It was worth all the waiting, worth the damming of a hundred rivers, worth a century of pachisi-playing, and a thousand miles of bullock-cart. As he drained a glass to the health of the young Maharaj Kunwar at the banquet that evening, he renewed his pledge to himself to fight it out on this line if it took all summer. His pride of success had lain low of late, and taken many hurts; but now that he had seen his prize he esteemed it already within his grasp, as he had argued at Topaz that Kate must be his because he loved her.

Next morning he woke with a confused notion that he stood on the threshold of great deeds; and then, in his bath, he wondered whence he had plucked the certainty and exultation of the night before. He had, indeed, seen the Naulahka, but the temple doors had closed on the vision. He found himself asking whether either temple or necklace had been real, and in the midst of his wonder and excitement was half-way to the city before he knew that he had left the rest-house. When he came to himself, however, he knew well whither he was going and what he was going for. If he had seen the Naulahka, he meant to keep it in sight. It had disappeared into the temple. To the temple, therefore, he would go.

Fragments of burnt-out torches lay on the temple steps among trampled flowers and spilt oil, and the marigold garlands hung limp and wilted on the fat shoulders of the black stone bulls that guarded the inner court. Tarvin took off his white pith helmet (it was very hot, though it was only two hours after dawn), pushed back the scanty hair from his high forehead, and surveyed the remnants of yesterday's feast. The city was still asleep after its holiday. The doors of the building were wide open, and he ascended the steps and walked in, with none to hinder.

The formless, four-faced god Iswara, standing in the center of the temple, was smeared and discolored with stains of melted butter, and the black smoke of exhausted incense. Tarvin looked at the figure curiously, half expecting

to find the Naulahka hung about one of its four necks. Behind him, in the deeper gloom of the temple, stood other divinities, many-handed and many-headed, tossing their arms aloft, protruding their tongues, and grinning at one another. The remains of many sacrifices lay about them, and in the half light Tarvin could see that the knees of one were dark with dried blood. Overhead the dark roof ran up into a Hindu dome, and there was a soft rustle and scratching of nesting bats.

Tarvin, with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, gazed at the image, looking about him and whistling softly. He had been a month in India, but he had not yet penetrated to the interior of a temple. Standing there, he recognized with fresh force how entirely the life, habits, and traditions of this strange people alienated them from all that seemed good and right to him; and he was vaguely angered to know that it was the servants of these horrors who possessed a necklace which had power to change the destiny of a Christian and civilized town like Topaz.

He knew that he would be expelled without ceremony for profanation, if discovered, and made haste to finish his investigations, with a half-formed belief that the slovenliness of the race might have caused them to leave the Naulahka about somewhere, as a woman might leave her jewels on her dressing-table after a late return from a ball the night before. He peered about and under the gods, one by one, while the bats squeaked above him. Then he returned to the central image of Iswara, and in his former attitude regarded the idol.

It occurred to him that, though he was on level ground, most of his weight was resting on his toes, and he stepped back to recover his balance. The slab of sandstone he had just quitted rolled over slowly as a porpoise rolls in the still sea, revealing for an instant a black chasm below. Then it shouldered up into its place again without a sound, and Tarvin wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. If he had found the Naulahka at that instant he would have smashed it in pure rage. He went out into the sunlight once more, devoting the country where such things were possible to its own gods; he could think of nothing worse.

A priest, sprung from an unguessable retreat, came out of the temple immediately afterward, and smiled upon him.

Tarvin, willing to renew his hold on the wholesome world in which there were homes and women, betook himself to the missionary's cottage, where he invited himself to breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Estes had kept themselves strictly aloof from the marriage ceremony, but they could enjoy Tarvin's account of it, delivered from the Topaz point of view. Kate was un-

feignedly glad to see him. She was full of the discreditable desertion of Dhunpat Rai and the hospital staff from their posts. They had all gone to watch the wedding festivities, and for three days had not appeared at the hospital. The entire work of the place had devolved on herself and the wild woman of the desert who was watching her husband's cure. Kate was very tired, and her heart was troubled with misgivings for the welfare of the little Prince, which she communicated to Tarvin when he drew her out upon the veranda after breakfast.

"I'm sure he wants absolute rest now," she said, almost tearfully. "He came to me at the end of the dinner last night—I was then in the women's wing of the palace—and cried for half an hour. Poor little baby! It's cruel."

"Oh, well, he'll be resting to-day. Don't worry."

"No; to-day they take his bride back to her own people again, and he has to drive out with the procession, or something—in this sun, too. It's very wicked. Does n't it ever make your head ache, Nick? I sometimes think of you sitting out on that dam of yours, and wonder how you can bear it."

"I can bear a good deal for you, little girl," returned Tarvin, looking down into her eyes.

"Why, how is that for me, Nick?"

"You'll see if you live long enough," he assured her; but he was not anxious to discuss his dam, and returned to the safer subject of the Maharaj Kunwar.

Next day and the day after he rode aimlessly about in the neighborhood of the temple, not caring to trust himself within its walls again, but determined to keep his eye upon the first and last spot where he had seen the Naulahka. There was no chance at present of getting speech with the only living person, save the King, whom he definitely knew had touched the treasure. It was maddening to await the reappearance of the Maharaj Kunwar in his barouche, but he summoned what patience he could. He hoped much from him; but meanwhile he often looked in at the hospital to see how Kate fared. The traitor Dhunpat Rai and his helpers had returned; but the hospital was crowded with cases from the furthest portions of the state—fractures caused by the King's reckless barouches, and one or two cases, new in Kate's experience, of men drugged, under the guise of friendship, for the sake of the money they carried with them, and left helpless in the public ways.

Tarvin, as he cast his shrewd eye about the perfectly kept men's ward, humbly owned to himself that, after all, she was doing better work in Rhatore than he. She at least did not run a

hospital to cover up deeper and darker designs, and she had the inestimable advantage over him of having her goal in sight. It was not snatched from her after one maddening glimpse; it was not the charge of a mysterious priesthood, or of an impalpable state; it was not hidden in treacherous temples, nor hung round the necks of vanishing infants.

One morning, before the hour at which he usually set out for the dam, Kate sent a note over to him at the rest-house asking him to call at the hospital as soon as possible. For one rapturous moment he dreamed of impossible things. But, smiling bitterly at his readiness to hope, he lighted a cigar, and obeyed the order.

Kate met him on the steps, and led him into the dispensary.

She laid an eager hand on his arm. "Do you know anything about the symptoms of hemp-poisoning?" she asked him.

He caught her by both hands quickly, and stared wildly into her face. "Why? Why? Has any one been daring—?"

She laughed nervously. "No, no. It is n't me. It's him."

"Who?"

"The Maharaj—the child. I'm certain of it now." She went on to tell him how, that morning, the barouche, the escort, and a pompous native had hurried up to the missionary's door bearing the almost lifeless form of the Maharaj Kunwar; how she had at first attributed the attack, whatever it might be, to exhaustion consequent upon the wedding festivities; how the little one had roused from his stupor, blue-lipped and hollow-eyed, and had fallen from one convulsion into another, until she had begun to despair; and how, at the last, he had dropped into a deep sleep of exhaustion, when she had left him in the care of Mrs. Estes. She added that Mrs. Estes had believed that the young prince was suffering from a return of his usual malady; she had seen him in paroxysms of this kind twice before Kate came.

"Now look at this," said Kate, taking down the chart of her hospital cases, on which were recorded the symptoms and progress of two cases of hemp-poisoning that had come to her within the past week.

"These men," she said, "had been given sweetmeats by a gang of traveling gipsies, and all their money was taken from them before they woke up. Read for yourself."

Tarvin read, biting his lips. At the end he looked up at her sharply.

"Yes," he said, with an emphatic nod of his head—"yes. Sitabhai?"

"Who else would dare?" answered Kate, passionately.

"I know. I know. But how to stop her going on! how to bring it home to her!"

"Tell the Maharajah," responded Kate, decidedly.

Tarvin took her hand. "Good! I'll try it. But there's no shadow of proof, you know."

"No matter. Remember the boy. Try. I must go back to him now."

The two returned to the house of the missionary together, saying very little on the way. Tarvin's indignation that Kate should be mixed up in this miserable business almost turned to anger at Kate herself, as he rode beside her; but his wrath was extinguished at sight of the Maharaj Kunwar. The child lay on a bed in an inner room at the missionary's, almost too weak to turn his head. As Kate and Tarvin entered, Mrs. Estes rose from giving him his medicine, said a word to Kate by way of report, and returned to her own work. The child was clothed only in a soft muslin coat; but his sword and jeweled belt lay across his feet.

"Salaam, Tarvin Sahib," he murmured. "I am very sorry that I was ill."

Tarvin bent over him tenderly. "Don't try to talk, little one."

"Nay; I am well now," was the answer. "Soon we will go riding together."

"Were you very sick, little man?"

"I cannot tell. It is all dark to me. I was in the palace laughing with some of the dance-girls. Then I fell. And after that I remember no more till I came here."

He gulped down the cooling draught that Kate gave him, and resettled himself on the pillows, while one wax-yellow hand played with the hilt of his sword. Kate was kneeling by his side, one arm under the pillow supporting his head; and it seemed to Tarvin that he had never before done justice to the beauty latent in her good, plain, strong features. The trim little figure took softer outlines, the firm mouth quivered, the eyes were filled with a light that Tarvin had never seen before.

"Come to the other side—so," said the child, beckoning Tarvin in the native fashion, by folding all his tiny fingers into his palms rapidly and repeatedly. Tarvin knelt obediently on the other side of the couch. "Now I am a king, and this is my court."

Kate laughed musically in her delight at seeing the boy recovering strength. Tarvin slid his arm under the pillow, found Kate's hand there, and held it.

The portière at the door of the room dropped softly. Mrs. Estes had stolen in for a moment, and imagined that she saw enough to cause her to steal out again. She had been thinking a great deal since the days when Tarvin first introduced himself.

The child's eyes began to grow dull and heavy, and Kate would have withdrawn her arm to give him another draught.

"Nay; stay so," he said imperiously; and relapsing into the vernacular, muttered thickly: "Those who serve the king shall not lack their reward. They shall have villages free of tax—three, five villages; Sujjain, Amet, and Gungra. Let it be entered as a free gift when they marry. They shall marry, and be about me always—Miss Kate and Tarvin Sahib."

Tarvin did not understand why Kate's hand was withdrawn swiftly. He did not know the vernacular as she did.

"He is getting delirious again," said Kate, under her breath. "Poor, poor little one!"

Tarvin ground his teeth, and cursed Sitabhai between them. Kate was wiping the damp forehead, and trying to still the head as it was thrown restlessly from side to side. Tarvin held the child's hands, which closed fiercely on his own, as the boy was racked and convulsed by the last effects of the hemp.

For some minutes he fought and writhed, calling upon the names of many gods, striving to reach his sword, and ordering imaginary regiments to hang those white dogs to the beams of the palace gate, and to smoke them to death.

Then the crisis passed, and he began to talk to himself and to call for his mother.

The vision of a little grave dug in the open plain sloping to the river, where they had laid out the Topaz cemetery, rose before Tarvin's memory. They were lowering Heckler's first baby into it, in its pine coffin; and Kate, standing by the grave-side, was writing the child's name on the finger's length of smoothed pine which was to be its only headstone.

"Nay, nay, nay!" wailed the Maharaj Kunwar. "I am speaking the truth; and oh, I was so tired at that pagal dance in the temple, and I only crossed the courtyard. . . . It was a new girl from Lucknow; she sang the song of 'The Green Pulse of Mundore.' . . . Yes; but only some almond curd. I was hungry, too. A little white almond curd, mother. Why should I not eat when I feel inclined? Am I a sweeper's son, or a prince? Pick me up! pick me up! It is very hot inside my head. . . . Louder. I do not understand. Will they take me over to Kate? She will make all well. What was the message?" The child began to wring his hands despairingly. "The message! the message! I have forgotten the message. No one in the state speaks English as I speak English. But I have forgotten the message."

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?"

Yes, mother; till she cries. I am to say the whole of it till she cries. I will not forget. I did not forget the first message. By the great god Har! I have forgotten this message." And he began to cry.

Kate, who had watched so long by bedsides of pain, was calm and strong; she soothed the child, speaking to him in a low, quieting voice, administering a sedative draught, doing the right thing, as Tarvin saw, surely and steadily, undisturbed. It was he who was shaken by the agony that he could not alleviate.

The Maharaj Kunwar drew a long, sobbing breath, and contracted his eyebrows.

"*Mahadeo ki jai!*" he shouted. "It has come back. 'A gipsy has done this. A gipsy has done this.' And I was to say it until she cried."

Kate half rose, with an awful look at Tarvin. He returned it, and, nodding, strode from the room, dashing the tears from his eyes.

XVI.

"WANT to see the Maharajah."

"He cannot be seen."

"I shall wait until he comes."

"He will not be seen all day."

"Then I shall wait all day."

Tarvin settled himself comfortably in his saddle, and drew up in the center of the courtyard, where he was wont to confer with the Maharajah.

The pigeons were asleep in the sunlight, and the little fountain was talking to itself, as a pigeon coos before settling to its nest. The white marble flagging glared like hot iron, and waves of heat flooded him from the green-shaded walls. The guardian of the gate tucked himself up in his sheet again and slept. And with him slept, as it seemed, the whole world in a welter of silence as intense as the heat. Tarvin's horse champed his bit, and the echoes of the ringing iron tinkled from side to side of the courtyard. The man himself whipped a silk handkerchief round his neck as some slight protection against the peeling sunbeams, and, scorning the shade of the archway, waited in the open that the Maharajah might see there was an urgency in his visit.

In a few minutes there crept out of the stillness a sound like the far-off rustle of wind across a wheat-field on a still autumn day. It came from behind the green shutters, and with its coming Tarvin mechanically straightened himself in the saddle. It grew, died down again, and at last remained fixed in a continuous murmur for which the ear strained uneasily—such a murmur as heralds the advance of a loud racing tide in a nightmare, when the dreamer cannot flee nor declare his terror in any voice

but a whisper. After the rustle came the smell of jasmine and musk that Tarvin knew well.

The palace wing had wakened from its afternoon siesta, and was looking at him with a hundred eyes. He felt the glances that he could not see, and they filled him with wrath as he sat immovable, while the horse swished at the flies. Somebody behind the shutters yawned a polite little yawn. Tarvin chose to regard it as an insult, and resolved to stay where he was till he or the horse dropped. The shadow of the afternoon sun crept across the courtyard inch by inch, and wrapped him at last in stifling shade.

There was a muffled hum—quite distinct from the rustle—of voices within the palace. A little ivory-inlaid door opened, and the Maharajah rolled into the courtyard. He was in the ugliest muslin undress, and his little saffron-colored Rajput turban was set awry on his head, so that the emerald plume tilted drunkenly. His eyes were red with opium, and he walked as a bear walks when he is overtaken by the dawn in the poppy-field, where he has gorged his fill through the night-watches.

Tarvin's face darkened at the sight, and the Maharajah, catching the look, bade his attendants stand back out of earshot.

"Have you been waiting long, Tarvin Sahib?" he asked huskily, with an air of great good will. "You know I see no man at this afternoon hour, and—and they did not bring me the news."

"I can wait," said Tarvin, composedly.

The King seated himself in the broken Windsor chair, which was splitting in the heat, and eyed Tarvin suspiciously.

"Have they given you enough convicts from the jails? Why are you not on the dam, then, instead of breaking my rest? By God! is a king to have no peace because of you and such as you?"

Tarvin let this outburst go by without comment.

"I have come to you about the Maharaj Kunwar," he said quietly.

"What of him?" said the Maharajah, quickly. "I—I—have not seen him for some days."

"Why?" asked Tarvin, bluntly.

"Affairs of state and urgent political necessity," murmured the King, evading Tarvin's wrathful eyes. "Why should I be troubled by these things, when I know that no harm has come to the boy?"

"No harm!"

"How could harm arrive?" The voice dropped into an almost conciliatory whine. "You yourself, Tarvin Sahib, promised to be his true friend. That was on the day you rode so well, and stood so well against my body-

guard. Never have I seen such riding, and therefore why should I be troubled? Let us drink."

He beckoned to his attendants. One of them came forward with a long silver tumbler concealed beneath his flowing garments, and poured into it an allowance of liqueur brandy that made Tarvin, used to potent drinks, open his eyes. The second man produced a bottle of champagne, opened it with a skill born of long practice, and filled up the tumbler with the creaming wine.

The Maharajah drank deep, and wiped the foam from his beard, saying apologetically: "Such things are not for political agents to see; but you, Sahib, are true friend of the state. Therefore I let you see. Shall they mix you one like this?"

"Thanks. I did n't come here to drink. I came to tell you that the Maharaj has been very ill."

"I was told there was a little fever," said the King, leaning back in his chair. "But he is with Miss Sheriff, and she will make all well. Just a little fever, Tarvin Sahib. Drink with me."

"A little hell! Can you understand what I am saying? The little chap has been half poisoned."

"Then it was the English medicines," said the Maharajah, with a bland smile. "Once they made me very sick, and I went back to the native hakims. You are always making funny talks, Tarvin Sahib."

With a mighty effort Tarvin choked down his rage, and tapped his foot with his riding-whip, speaking very clearly and distinctly: "I have n't come here to make funny talk to-day. The little chap is with Miss Sheriff now. He was driven over there; and somebody in the palace has been trying to poison him with hemp."

"Bhang!" said the Maharajah, stupidly.

"I don't know what you call the mess, but he has been poisoned. But for Miss Sheriff he would have died—your first son would have died. He has been poisoned,—do you hear, Maharajah Sahib?—and by some one in the palace."

"He has eaten something bad, and it has made him sick," said the King, surlily. "Little boys eat anything. By God! no man would dare to lay a finger on my son."

"What would you do to prevent it?"

The Maharajah half rose to his feet, and his red eyes filled with fury. "I would tie him to the fore foot of my biggest elephant, and kill him through an afternoon!" Then he relapsed, foaming, into the vernacular, and poured out a list of the hideous tortures that were within his will but not in his power to inflict. "I would

do all these things to any man who touched him," he concluded.

Tarvin smiled incredulously.

"I know what you think," stormed the King, maddened by the liquor and the opium. "You think that because there is an English government I can make trials only by law, and all that nonsense. Stuff! What do I care for the law that is in books? Will the walls of my palace tell anything that I do?"

"They won't. If they did, they might let you know that it is a woman inside the palace who is at the bottom of this."

The Maharajah's face turned gray under its brown. Then he burst forth anew, almost huskily: "Am I a king or a potter that I must have the affairs of my zenana dragged into the sunlight by any white dog that chooses to howl at me? Go out, or the guard will drive you out like a jackal."

"That 's all right," said Tarvin, calmly. "But what has it to do with the Prince, Maharajah Sahib? Come over to Mr. Estes's, and I'll show you. You've had some experience of drugs, I suppose. You can decide for yourself. The boy has been poisoned."

"It was an accursed day for my state when I first allowed the missionaries to come, and a worse day when I did not drive you out."

"Not in the least. I'm here to look after the Maharaj Kunwar, and I'm going to do it. You prefer leaving him to be killed by your women."

"Tarvin Sahib, do you know what you say?"

"Should n't be saying it if I did n't. I have all the proof in my hands."

"But when there is a poisoning there are no proofs of any kind, least of all when a woman poisons! One does justice on suspicion, and by the English law it is a most illiberal policy to kill on suspicion. Tarvin Sahib, the English have taken away from me everything that a Rajput desires, and I and the others are rolling in idleness like horses that never go to exercise. But at least I am master *there!*"

He waved a hand toward the green shutters, and spoke in a lower key, dropping back into his chair, and closing his eyes.

Tarvin looked at him despairingly.

"No one man would dare—no man would dare," murmured the Maharajah, more faintly. "And as for the other thing that you spoke of, it is not in your power. By God! I am a Rajput and a king. I do not talk of the life behind the curtain."

Then Tarvin took his courage in both hands and spoke.

"I don't want you to talk," he said; "I merely want to warn you against Sitabhai. She 's poisoning the Prince."

The Maharajah shuddered. That a Euro-

pean should mention the name of his queen was in itself sufficient insult, and one beyond all his experience. But that a European should cry aloud in the open courtyard a charge such as Tarvin had just made surpassed imagination. The Maharajah had just come from Sitabhai, who had lulled him to rest with songs and endearments sacred to him alone; and here was this lean outlander assailing her with vile charges. But for the drugs he would, in the extremity of his rage, have fallen upon Tarvin, who was saying, "I can prove it quite enough to satisfy Colonel Nolan."

The Maharajah stared at Tarvin with shiny eyes, and Tarvin thought for a moment that he was going to fall in a fit; but it was the drink and the opium reasserting their power upon him. He mumbled angrily. The head fell forward, the words ceased, and he sat in his chair breathing heavily, as senseless as a log.

Tarvin gathered up his reins, and watched the sodden monarch for a long time in silence, as the rustle behind the shutters rose and fell. Then he turned to go, and rode out through the arch, thinking.

Something sprang out of the darkness where the guard slept, and where the King's fighting apes were tethered; and the horse reared as a gray ape, its chain broken at the waistband, flung itself on the pommel of the saddle, chattering. Tarvin felt and smelt the beast. It thrust one paw into the horse's mane, and with the other encircled his own throat. Instinctively he reached back, and before the teeth under the grimy blue gums had time to close he had fired twice, pressing the muzzle of the pistol into the hide. The creature rolled off to the ground, moaning like a human being, and the smoke of the two shots drifted back through the hollow of the arch and dissolved in the open courtyard.

XVII.

IN summer the nights of the desert are hotter than the days, for when the sun goes down earth, masonry, and marble give forth their stored heat, and the low clouds, promising rain and never bringing it, allow nothing to escape.

Tarvin was lying at rest in the veranda of the rest-house, smoking a cheroot and wondering how far he had bettered the case of the Maharaj Kunwar by appealing to the Maharajah. His reflections were not disturbed; the last of the commercial travelers had gone back to Calcutta and Bombay, grumbling up to the final moment of their stay, and the rest-house was all his own. Surveying his kingdom, he meditated, between the puffs of his cheroot, on the desperate and apparently hopeless condition of things. They had got to the precise

point where he liked them. When a situation looked as this one did, only Nicholas Tarvin could put it through and come out on top. Kate was obdurate; the Naulahka was damnable coy; the Maharajah was ready to turn him out of the state. Sitabhai had heard him denounce her. His life was likely to come to a sudden and mysterious end, without so much as the satisfaction of knowing that Heckler and the boys would avenge him; and if it went on, it looked as though it would have to go on without Kate, and without the gift of new life to Topaz—in other words, without being worth the trouble of living.

The moonlight, shining on the city beyond the sands, threw fantastic shadows on temple spires and the watch-towers along the walls. A dog in search of food snuffed dolefully about Tarvin's chair, and withdrew to howl at him at a distance. It was a singularly melancholy howl. Tarvin smoked till the moon went down in the thick darkness of an Indian night. She had scarcely set when he was aware of something blacker than the night between him and the horizon.

"Is it you, Tarvin Sahib?" the voice inquired in broken English.

Tarvin sprang to his feet before replying. He was beginning to be a little suspicious of fresh apparitions. His hand went to his hip-pocket. Any horror, he argued, might jump out at him from the darkness in a country managed on the plan of a Kiralfy trick spectacle.

"Nay; do not be afraid," said the voice. "It is I—Juggut Singh."

Tarvin pulled thoughtfully at his cigar. "The state is full of Singhs," he said. "Which?"

"I, Juggut Singh, of the household of the Maharajah."

"H'm. Does the King want to see me?"

The figure advanced a pace nearer.

"No, Sahib; the Queen."

"Which?" repeated Tarvin.

The figure was in the veranda at his side, almost whispering in his ear. "There is only one who would dare to leave the palace. It is the Gipsy."

Tarvin snapped his fingers blissfully and soundlessly in the dark, and made a little click of triumph with his tongue. "Pleasant calling-hours the lady keeps," he said.

"This is no place for speaking, Sahib. I was to say, 'Come, unless you are afraid of the dark.'"

"Oh, were you? Well, now, look here, Juggut; let's talk this thing out. I'd like to see your friend Sitabhai. Where are you keeping her? Where do you want me to go?"

"I was to say, 'Come with me.' Are you afraid?" The man spoke this time at his own prompting.

"Oh, I'm *afraid* fast enough," said Tarvin, blowing a cloud of smoke from him. "It is n't that."

"There are horses—very swift horses. It is the Queen's order. Come with me."

Tarvin smoked on, unhurrying; and when he finally picked himself out of the chair it was muscle by muscle. He drew his revolver from his pocket, turned the chambers slowly one after another to the vague light, under Juggut Singh's watchful eye, and returned it to his pocket again, giving his companion a wink as he did so.

"Well, come on, Juggut," he said, and they passed behind the rest-house to a spot where two horses, their heads enveloped in cloaks to prevent them from neighing, were waiting at their pickets. The man mounted one, and Tarvin took the other silently, satisfying himself before getting into the saddle that the girths were not loose this time. They left the city road at a walking pace by a cart-track leading to the hills.

"Now," said Juggut Singh, after they had gone a quarter of a mile in this fashion, and were alone under the stars, "we can ride."

He bowed forward, struck his stirrups home, and began lashing his animal furiously. Nothing short of the fear of death would have made the pampered eunuch of the palace ride at this pace. Tarvin watched him roll in the saddle, chuckled a little, and followed.

"You would n't make much of a cow-puncher, Juggut, would you?"

"Ride," gasped Juggut Singh, "for the cleft between the two hills—ride!"

The dry sand flew behind their horses' hoofs, and the hot winds whistled about their ears as they headed up the easy slope toward the hills, three miles from the palace. In the old days, before the introduction of telegraphs, the opium speculators of the desert were wont to telegraph the rise and fall in the price of the drug from little beacon-towers on the hills. It was toward one of these disused stations that Juggut Singh was straining. The horses fell into a walk as the slope grew steeper, and the outline of the squat-domed tower began to show clear against the sky. A few moments later Tarvin heard the hoofs of their horses ring on solid marble, and saw that he was riding near the edge of a great reservoir, full of water to the lip.

Eastward, a few twinkling lights in the open plain showed the position of Rhatore, and took him back to the night when he had said good-by to Topaz from the rear platform of a Pullman. Night-fowl called to one another from the weeds at the far end of the tank, and a great fish leaped at the reflection of a star.

"The watch-tower is at the further end of

the dam," said Juggut Singh. "The Gipsy is there."

"Will they never have done with that name?" uttered an incomparably sweet voice out of the darkness. "It is well that I am of a gentle temper, or the fish would know more of thee, Juggut Singh."

Tarvin checked his horse with a jerk, for almost under his bridle stood a figure enveloped from head to foot in a mist of pale-yellow gauze. It had started up from behind the red tomb of a once famous Rajput cavalier who was supposed by the country-side to gallop nightly round the dam he had built. This was one of the reasons why the Dungar Talao was not visited after nightfall.

"Come down, Tarvin Sahib," said the voice mockingly in English. "I, at least, am not a gray ape. Juggut Singh, go wait with the horses below the watch-tower."

"Yes, Juggut; and don't go to sleep," enjoined Tarvin—"we might want you." He alighted, and stood before the veiled form of Sitabhai.

"Shekand," she said, after a little pause, putting out a hand that was smaller even than Kate's. "Ah, Sahib, I knew that you would come. I knew that you were not afraid."

She held his hand as she spoke, and pressed it tenderly. Tarvin buried the tiny hand deep in his engulfing paw, and, pressing it in a grip that made her give an involuntary cry, shook it with a hearty motion.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," he said, as she murmured under her breath, "By Indur, he has a hold!"

"And I am pleased to see you, too," she answered aloud. Tarvin noted the music of the voice. He wondered what the face behind the veil might look like.

She sat down composedly on the slab of the tomb, motioning him to a seat beside her.

"All white men like straight talk," she said, speaking slowly, and with uncertain mastery of English pronunciation. "Tell me, Tarvin Sahib, how much you know."

She withdrew her veil as she spoke, and turned her face toward him. Tarvin saw that she was beautiful. The perception thrust itself insensibly between him and his other perceptions about her.

"You don't want me to give myself away, do you, Queen?"

"I do not understand. But I know you do not talk like the other white men," she said sweetly.

"Well, then, you don't expect me to tell you the truth?"

"No," she replied. "Else you would tell me why you are here. Why do you give me so much trouble?"

"Do I trouble you?"

Sitabhai laughed, throwing back her head, and clapping her hands behind her neck. Tarvin watched her curiously in the starlight. All his senses were alert; he was keenly on his guard, and he cast a wary eye about and behind him from time to time. But he could see nothing but the dull glimmer of the water that lapped at the foot of the marble steps, and hear nothing save the cry of the night-owls.

"O Tarvin Sahib," she said. "You know! After the first time I was sorry."

"Which time was that?" inquired Tarvin, vaguely.

"Of course it was when the saddle turned. And then when the timber fell from the archway I thought at least that I had maimed your horse. Was he hurt?"

"No," said Tarvin, stupefied by her engaging frankness.

"Surely you knew," she said almost reproachfully.

He shook his head. "No, Sitabhai, my dear," he said slowly and impressively; "I was n't on to you, and it's my eternal shame. But I'm beginning to sabe. You worked the little business at the dam, too, I suppose, and the bridge and the bullock-carts. And I thought it was their infernal clumsiness! Well, I'll be—" He whistled melodiously, and the sound was answered by the hoarse croak of a crane across the reeds.

The Queen leaped to her feet, thrusting her hand into her bosom. "A signal!" Then, sinking back upon the slab of the tomb, "But you have brought no one with you. I know you are not afraid to go alone."

"Oh, I'm not trying to do *you* up, young lady," he answered. "I'm too busy admiring your picturesque and systematic deviltry. So you're at the bottom of all my troubles? That quicksand trick was a pretty one. Do you often work it?"

"Oh, on the dam!" exclaimed the Queen, waving her hands lightly. "I only gave them orders to do what they could. But they are very clumsy people—only coolie people. They told me what they had done, and I was angry."

"Kill any one?"

"No; why should I?"

"Well, if it comes to that, why should you be so hot on killing me?" inquired Tarvin, dryly.

"I do not like any white men to stay here, and I knew that you had come to stay." Tarvin smiled at the unconscious Americanism. "Besides," she went on, "the Maharajah was fond of you, and I had never killed a white man. Then, too, I like you."

"Oh!" responded Tarvin, expressively.

"By Malang Shah, and you never knew!"

She was swearing by the god of her own clan—the god of the gypsies.

"Well, don't rub it in," said Tarvin.

"And you killed my big pet ape," she went on. "He used to salaam to me in the mornings like Luchman Rao, the prime minister. Tarvin Sahib, I have known many Englishmen. I have danced on the slack-rope before the mess-tents of the officers on the line of march, and taken my little begging-gourd up to the big bearded colonel when I was no higher than his knee." She lowered her hand to within a foot of the ground. "And when I grew older," she continued, "I thought that I knew the hearts of all men. But, by Malang Shah, Tarvin Sahib, I never saw a man like unto you! Nay," she went on almost beseechingly, "do not say that you did not know. There is a love-song in my tongue, 'I have not slept between moon and moon because of you'; and indeed for me that song is quite true. Sometimes I think that I did not quite wish to see you die. But it would be better that you were dead. I, and I alone, command this state. And now, after that which you have told the King—"

"Yes? You heard, then?"

She nodded. "After that I cannot see that there is any other way—unless you go away."

"I'm not going," said Tarvin.

"That is good," said the Queen, with a little laugh. "And so I shall not miss seeing you in the courtyard day by day. I thought the sun would have killed you when you waited for the Maharajah. Be grateful to me, Tarvin Sahib, for I made the Maharajah come out. And you did me an ill turn."

"My dear young lady," said Tarvin, earnestly, "if you'd pull in your wicked little fangs, no one wants to hurt you. But I can't let you beat me about the Maharaj Kunwar. I'm here to see that the young man stays with us. Keep off the grass, and I'll drop it."

"Again I do not understand," said the Queen, bewildered. "But what is the life of a little child to you who are a stranger here?"

"What is it to me? Why, it's fair play; it's the life of a little child. What more do you want? Is nothing sacred to you?"

"I also have a son," returned the Queen, "and he is not weak. Nay, Tarvin Sahib, the child always was sickly from his birth. How can he govern men? *My* son will be a Rajput; and in the time to come— But that is no concern of the white men. Let this little one go back to the gods."

"Not if I know it," responded Tarvin, decisively.

"Otherwise," swept on the Queen, "he will live infirm and miserable for ninety years. I know the bastard Kulu stock that he comes from. Yes; I have sung at the gate of his moth-

er's palace when she and I were children—I in the dust, and she in her marriage-litter. To-day she is in the dust. Tarvin Sahib,"—her voice melted appealingly,—“I shall never bear another son; but I may at least mold the state from behind the curtain, as many queens have done. I am not a palace-bred woman. Those”—she pointed scornfully toward the lights of Rhatore—“have never seen the wheat wave, or heard the wind blow, or sat in a saddle, or talked face to face with men in the streets. They call me the gipsy, and they cower under their robes like fat slugs when I choose to lift my hand to the Maharajah's beard. Their bards sing of their ancestry for twelve hundred years. They are noble, forsooth! By Indur and Allah,—yea, and the God of your missionaries too,—their children and the British government shall remember me for twice twelve hundred years. *Ahi*, Tarvin Sahib, you do not know how wise my little son is. I do not let him go to the missionary's. All that he shall need afterward—and indeed it is no little thing to govern this state—he shall learn from me; for I have seen the world, and I know. And until you came all was going so softly, so softly, to its end! The little one would have died—yes; and there would have been no more trouble. And never man nor woman in the palace would have breathed to the King one word of what you cried aloud before the sun in the courtyard. Now, suspicion will never cease in the King's mind, and I do not know—I do not know—” She bent forward earnestly. “Tarvin Sahib, if I have spoken one word of truth this night, tell me how much is known to you.”

Tarvin preserved absolute silence. She stole one hand pleadingly on his knee. “And none would have suspected. When the ladies of the Viceroy came last year, I gave out of my own treasures twenty-five thousand rupees to the nursing-hospital, and the lady sahib kissed me on both cheeks, and I talked English, and showed them how I spent my time knitting—I who knit and unknit the hearts of men.”

This time Tarvin did not whistle; he merely smiled and murmured sympathetically. The large and masterly range of her wickedness, and the coolness with which she addressed herself to it, gave her a sort of distinction. More than this, he respected her for the personal achievement which of all feats most nearly appeals to the breast of the men of the West—she had done him up. It was true her plans had failed; but she had played them all on him without his knowledge. He almost revered her for it.

“Now you begin to understand,” said Sitabhai; “there is something more to think of.

Do you mean to go to Colonel Nolan, Sahib, with all your story about me?”

“Unless you keep your hands off the Maharaj Kunwar—yes,” said Tarvin, not allowing his feelings to interfere with business.

“That is very foolish,” said the Queen; “because Colonel Nolan will give much trouble to the King, and the King will turn the palace into confusion, and every one of my handmaids, except a few, will give witness against me; and I perhaps shall come to be much suspected. Then you would think, Tarvin Sahib, that you had prevented me. But you cannot stay here forever. You cannot stay here until I die. And so soon as you are gone—” She snapped her fingers.

“You won't get the chance,” said Tarvin, unshakenly. “I'll fix that. What do you take me for?”

The Queen bit the back of her forefinger irresolutely. There was no saying what this man, who strode unharmed through her machinations, might or might not be able to do. Had she been dealing with one of her own race, she would have played threat against threat. But the perfectly composed and loose-knit figure by her side, watching every movement, chin in hand, ready, alert, confident, was an unknown quantity that baffled and distressed her.

There was a sound of a discreet cough, and Juggut Singh waddled toward them, bowing abjectly, to whisper something to the Queen. She laughed scornfully, and motioned him back to his post.

“He says the night is passing,” she explained, “and it is death for him and for me to be without the palace.”

“Don't let me keep you,” said Tarvin, rising. “I think we understand each other.” He looked into her eyes. “Hands off!”

“Then I may not do what I please?” she said, “and you will go to Colonel Nolan tomorrow?”

“That depends,” said Tarvin, shutting his lips. He thrust his hand into his pockets as he stood looking down at her.

“Seat yourself again a moment, Tarvin Sahib,” said Sitabhai, patting the slab of the tomb invitingly with her little palm. Tarvin obeyed. “Now, if I let no more timber fall, and keep the gray apes tied fast—”

“And dry up the quicksands in the Amet River,” pursued Tarvin, grimly. “I see. My dear little spitfire, you are at liberty to do what you like. Don't let me interfere with your amusements.”

“I was wrong. I should have known that nothing would make you afraid,” said she, eying him thoughtfully out of the corner of her eye; “and, excepting you, Tarvin Sahib, there is no man that I fear. If you were a king as

I a queen, we would hold Hindustan between our two hands."

She clasped his locked fist as she spoke, and Tarvin, remembering that sudden motion to her bosom when he had whistled, laid his own hand quickly above hers, and held them fast.

"Is there nothing, Tarvin Sahib, that would make you leave me in peace? What is it you care for? You did not come here to keep the Maharaj Kunwar alive."

"How do you know I did n't?"

"You are very wise," she said, with a little laugh, "but it is not good to pretend to be too wise. Shall I tell you why you came?"

"Well, why did I? Speak up."

"You came here, as you came to the temple of Iswara, to find that which you will never find, unless"—she leaned toward him—"I help you. Was it very cold in the Cow's Mouth, Tarvin Sahib?"

Tarvin drew back, frowning, but not betraying himself further.

"I was afraid that the snakes would have killed you there."

"Were you?"

"Yes," she said softly. "And I was afraid, too, that you might not have stepped swiftly enough for the turning stone in the temple."

Tarvin glanced at her. "No?"

"Yes. Ah! I knew what was in your mind, even before you spoke to the King—when the body-guard charged."

"See here, young woman, do you run a private inquiry agency?"

She laughed. "There is a song in the palace now about your bravery. But the boldest thing was to speak to the King about the Naulahka. He told me all you said. But he—even he did not dream that any *feringhi* could dare to covet it. And I was so good—I did not tell him. But I knew men like you are not made for little things. Tarvin Sahib," she said, leaning close, releasing her hand and laying it softly on his shoulder, "you and I are kin indeed! For it is more easy to govern this state—aye, and from this state to recapture all Hindustan from these white dogs, the English—than to do what you have dreamed of. And yet a stout heart makes all things easy. Was it for yourself, Tarvin Sahib, that you wanted the Naulahka, or for another—even as I desire Gokral Seetarun for my son? We are not little people. It is for another, is it not?"

"Look here," said Tarvin, reverently, as he took her hand from his shoulder and held it firmly in his clutch again, "are there many of you in India?"

"But one. I am like yourself—alone." Her chin drooped against his shoulder, and she looked up at him out of her eyes as dark as the lake. The scarlet mouth and the quivering nos-

trils were so close to his own that the fragrant breath swept his cheek.

"Are you making states, Tarvin Sahib, like me? No; surely it is a woman. Your government is decreed for you, and you do what it orders. I turned the canal which the Government said should run through my orange-garden, even as I will bend the King to my will, even as I will kill the boy, even as I will myself rule in Gokral Seetarun through my child. But you, Tarvin Sahib—you wish only a woman! Is it not so? And she is too little to bear the weight of the Luck of the State. She grows paler day by day." She felt the man quiver, but he said nothing.

From the tangle of scrub and brushwood at the far end of the lake broke forth a hoarse barking cough that filled the hills with desolation as water brims a cup. Tarvin leaped to his feet. For the first time he heard the angry complaint of the tiger going home to his lair after a fruitless night of ranging.

"It is nothing," said the Queen, without stirring. "It is only the tiger of the Dungan Talao. I have heard them howling many times when I was a gipsy, and even if he came you would shoot him, would you not, as you shot the ape?"

She nestled close to him, and, as he sank beside her on the stone again, his arm slipped unconsciously about her waist.

The shadow of the beast drifted across an open space by the lake-shore as noiselessly as thistle-down draws through the air of summer, and Tarvin's arm tightened in its resting-place—tightened on a bossed girdle that struck cold on his palm through many folds of muslin.

"So little and so frail—how could she wear it?" resumed the Queen.

She turned a little in his embrace, and Tarvin's arm brushed against one, and another, and then another, strand of the girdle, studded like the first with irregular bosses, till under his elbow he felt a great square stone.

He started, and tightened his hold about her waist, with paling lips.

"But we two," the Queen went on, in a low voice, regarding him dreamily, "could make the kingdom fight like the water-buffaloes in spring. Would you be my prime minister, Tarvin Sahib, and advise me through the curtain?"

"I don't know whether I could trust you," said Tarvin, briefly.

"I do not know whether I could trust myself," responded the Queen; "for after a time it might be that I should be servant who have always been queen. I have come near to casting my heart under the hoofs of your horse—not once, but many times." She put her arms around his neck and joined them there, gazing into his eyes, and drawing his head down to

hers. "Is it a little thing," she cooed, "if I ask you to be my king? In the old days, before the English came, Englishmen of no birth stole the hearts of begums, and led their armies. They were kings in all but the name. We do not know when the old days may return, and we might lead our armies together."

"All right. Keep the place open for me. I might come back and apply for it one of these days when I've worked a scheme or two at home."

"Then you are going away—you will leave us soon?"

"I'll leave you when I've got what I want, my dear," he answered, pressing her closer.

She bit her lip. "I might have known," she said softly. "I, too, have never turned aside from anything I desired. Well, and what is it?"

The mouth drooped a little at the corners, as the head fell on his shoulder. Glancing down, he saw the ruby-jeweled jade handle of a little knife at her breast.

He disengaged himself from her arms with a quick movement, and rose to his feet. She was very lovely as she stretched her arms appealingly out to him in the half light; but he was there for other things.

Tarvin looked at her between the eyes, and her glance fell.

"I'll take what you have around your waist, please."

"I might have known that the white man thinks only of money!" she cried scornfully.

She unclasped a silver belt from her waist and threw it from her, clinking, upon the marble.

Tarvin did not give it a glance.

"You know me better than that," he said quietly. "Come, hold up your hands. Your game is played."

"I do not understand," she said. "Shall I give you some rupees?" she asked scornfully. "Be quick, Juggut Singh is bringing the horses."

"Oh, I'll be quick enough. Give me the Naulahka."

"The Naulahka?"

"The same. I'm tired of tipsy bridges, and ungirt horses, and uneasy arches, and dizzy quicksands. I want the necklace."

"And I may have the boy?"

"No; neither boy nor necklace."

"And will you go to Colonel Nolan in the morning?"

"The morning is here now. You'd better be quick."

"Will you go to Colonel Nolan?" she repeated, rising, and facing him.

"Yes; if you don't give me the necklace."

"And if I do?"

"No. Is it a trade?" It was his question to Mrs. Mutrie.

The Queen looked desperately at the day-star that was beginning to pale in the East. Even her power over the King could not save her from death if the day discovered her beyond the palace walls.

The man spoke as one who held her life in the hollow of his hand; and she knew he was right. If he had proof he would not scruple to bring it before the Maharajah; and if the Maharajah believed—Sitabhai could feel the sword at her throat. She would be no founder of a dynasty, but a nameless disappearance in the palace. Mercifully, the King had not been in a state to understand the charges Tarvin had brought against her in the courtyard. But she lay open now to anything this reckless and determined stranger might choose to do against her. At the least he could bring upon her the formless suspicion of an Indian court, worse than death to her plans, and the removal of Maharaj Kunwar beyond her power, through the interposition of Colonel Nolan; and at the worst—But she did not pursue this train of thought.

She cursed the miserable weakness of liking for him which had prevented her from killing him just now as he lay in her arms. She had meant to kill him from the first moment of their interview; she had let herself toy too long with the fascination of being dominated by a will stronger than her own, but there was still time.

"And if I do not give you the Naulahka?" she asked.

"I guess you know best about that."

As her eye wandered out on the plain she saw that the stars no longer had fire in them; the black water of the reservoir paled and grew gray, and the wild fowl were waking in the reeds. The dawn was upon her, as merciless as the man. Juggut Singh was leading up the horses, motioning to her in an agony of impatience and terror. The sky was against her; and there was no help on earth.

She put her hands behind her. Tarvin heard the snap of a clasp, and the Naulahka lay about her feet in ripples of flame.

Without looking at him or the necklace, she moved toward the horses. Tarvin stooped swiftly and possessed himself of the treasure. Juggut Singh had released his horse. Tarvin strode forward and caught at the bridle, cramming the necklace into his breast-pocket.

He bent to make sure of his girth. The Queen, standing behind her horse, waited an instant to mount.

"Good-by, Tarvin Sahib; and remember the gipsy," she said, flinging her arm out over the horse's withers. "Heh!"

A flicker of light passed his eye. The jade handle of the Queen's knife quivered in the saddle-flap half an inch above his right shoulder. His horse plunged forward at the Queen's stallion, with a snort of pain.

"Kill him, Juggut Singh!" gasped the Queen, pointing to Tarvin, as the eunuch scrambled into his saddle. "Kill him!"

Tarvin caught her tender wrist in his fast grip. "Easy there, girl! Easy!" She returned his gaze, baffled. "Let me put you up," he said.

He put his arms about her and swung her into the saddle.

"Now give us a kiss," he said, as she looked down at him.

She stooped. "No, you don't! Give me your hands." He prisoned both wrists, and kissed her full upon the mouth. Then he smote the horse resoundingly upon the flank, and the animal blundered down the path and leaped out into the plain.

He watched the Queen and Juggut Singh disappear in a cloud of dust and flying stones, and turned with a deep sigh of relief to the lake. Drawing the Naulahka from its resting-place, and laying it fondly out upon his hands, he fed his eyes upon it.

The stones kindled with the glow of the dawn, and mocked the shifting colors of the hill. The shining ropes of gems put to shame the red glare that shot up from behind the reeds, as they had dulled the glare of the torches on the night of the little Prince's wedding. The ten-

der green of the reeds themselves, the intense blue of the lake, the beryl of the flashing kingfishers, and the blinding ripples spreading under the first rays of the sun, as a bevy of coots flapped the water from their wings—the necklace abashed them all. Only the black diamond took no joy from the joy of the morning, but lay among its glorious fellows as somber and red-hearted as the troublous night out of which Tarvin had snatched it.

Tarvin ran the stones through his hands one by one, and there were forty-five of them—each stone perfect and flawless of its kind; nipped, lest any of its beauty should be hidden, by a tiny gold clasp, each stone swinging all but free from the strand of soft gold on which it was strung, and each stone worth a king's ransom or a queen's good name.

It was a good moment for Tarvin. His life gathered into it. Topaz was safe!

The wild duck were stringing to and fro across the lake, and the cranes called to one another, stalking through reeds almost as tall as their scarlet heads. From some temple hidden among the hills a lone priest chanted sonorously as he made the morning sacrifice to his god, and from the city in the plain came the boom of the first ward-drums, telling that the gates were open and the day was born.

Tarvin lifted his head from the necklace. The jade-handled knife was lying at his feet. He picked up the delicate weapon and threw it into the lake.

"And now for Kate," he said.

(To be continued.)

AT BREAK OF DAY.

I THOUGHT that past the gates of doom,
Where Orpheus played a strain divine
Of love importunate as mine,
Unto the dwellings of the dead I came through paths of gloom.

Around me, looming dark through cloud,
Vast walls arose whence mournful fell
The shadow and the hush of hell;
And silence, brooding, palpable, inwrapped me like a shroud.

Naught blossomed there; in that chill place
Where longing dwells divorced from hope,
Naught to a joyless horoscope
Lent prophecies of future grace, but—I beheld thy face!

And I awoke,—songs trembling near,—
Awoke and saw day's chariot pass
Bright gleaming o'er the meadow-grass,
And knew this glad earth, without thee, than realms of death more drear!

Florence Earle Coates.



DRAWN BY O. M. BACHER.

SHELLS OF THE PEARL-OYSTER.

FISHING FOR PEARLS IN AUSTRALIA:

EXPERIENCES OF A DIVER.

THAT the pearl was well known and valued as an article of personal adornment in ancient times is amply proved by the frequent references to it in the Bible. Indeed, a Chinese dictionary dating back one thousand years before Christ gives the word and its meaning.

In the days of pagan Rome Pliny writes of pearls as "the most excellent of precious stones." Caligula wore sandals wrought with them, and adorned his wife with strings of the same; and who has not heard of Cleopatra's wondrous pearls, one of which, at a banquet given in Antony's honor, she dissolved in vinegar and drank to her lover's health? Pearls were evidently fashionable in those days, and that the unassuming, modest little gem is still in demand is shown by the thousands engaged in the pearl-fishing industry in tropical waters.

Although pearls are formed in many mollusks, the true pearls of fashion are yielded only by the so-called pearl-oyster, or mother-of-pearl shell, and are found either in the mollusk itself or attached to, or embedded within, the shell. It is believed that most pearls are formed by the intrusion of some foreign substance between the mantle of the mollusk and its shell, which, becoming an irritation, causes the deposit of nacreous¹ matter in concentric layers until the substance is completely encysted. In all probability it is a minute parasite, as pearl-fishers well know that the shells honeycombed by boring parasites are more likely to yield pearls.

¹ Nacre is a beautiful iridescent substance found lining the interior of the mother-of-pearl shells.

The principal market for pearls is Paris. It is supplied by the East and the West Indies, the gulfs of California and Mexico, and Australia, of late years a great number having come from the latter country.

Around the northern and western coasts of Australia the mother-of-pearl shell has been found in great quantities, and it was on these coasts, which are still unexplored, and inhabited only by natives, that the writer gained what knowledge he possesses of pearl-diving as it is followed to-day.

Formerly it was carried on in two ways, by native divers and by dress-divers. A few years ago the aborigines were easily induced to sign a contract binding them to their employer for the diving season, and in remuneration for their labor received the usual pay—food, tobacco, clothing from the neck to the knees, and a blanket. They lived aboard a schooner on the fishing-grounds during the five summer months, diving from small boats without the aid of sinker or other appendage, and in water from twenty to sixty feet deep. Each boat was in charge of a white man, who sculled the boat along and kept his "boys" up to the mark. Excepting an hour for dinner, they remained away from the schooner from sunrise to sunset. A good native diver, if shells were moderately plentiful, would get from sixty to one hundred pairs per day.

A curious feature among the native divers is that toward the end of the season their long, curly, jet-black hair becomes a straw color,

presumably through the action of the salt water and the sun, and forms a ludicrous contrast to their intensely black faces and bodies. Since bleaching the hair has become a "fad" among civilized nations, perhaps the above recipe may prove useful to some of my readers.

Native divers are not in much request at this time, owing to the shell being pretty well worked out in shallow waters, and it has been found by long practical experience that naked

an hour or two if he chooses, can dive much deeper than the natives, and is able to work all the year round. The style of boat universally used for this work is the lugger, which is a good sea-boat and easy to handle. It ranges in size from ten to twenty tons, is filled with air-pumps, and carries a crew of six men and a diver.

The crews are almost entirely Malays, who are brought down from Singapore by the reg-



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

NATIVE DIVERS.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

native divers can not work with any degree of success beyond a depth of ten fathoms. For this reason it will be readily understood that, as the greater part of the shells now found have to be searched for at a depth of water exceeding ten fathoms, they can be obtained only by means of the well-known diving-dress.

During three years spent on the coast of Western Australia I never knew an instance where an aborigine had been broken in to work in a diving-dress, their objection to it arising from some superstition. The greatest depth at which pearl-shells were found in payable quantities when I left, in 1888, was eighteen fathoms, and the main portion of the diving is now done by white men and a few Mongolians.

Dress-diving is by far the most approved method, as the diver can remain under water

ular steamer *Australind*, owned by C. Bethel of London, which runs up and down the coast and supplies the pearlers with provisions, etc., and by which the shells are shipped for the London market. I should mention here that pearl-fishing means not only fishing for pearls, but also for the shells in which they are found, the latter being really the "bread and butter" of the diver, and worth from £100 to £150 per ton. In a ton of shells there is always a quantity of seed-pearls, probably a hundred or more; but good pearls are not to be reckoned on as certainties, as one man may open ten tons and not find a stone worth \$10, while another man may take a small fortune out of a day's gathering. The average weight of a pair of shells is two pounds.

One of the most essential adjuncts to a dress-diver's outfit is a good "tender." It is he who manages the boat, holds the life-line, and looks



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

EXAMINING THE CATCH.

after the general safety of the diver when below. A tender must keep his weather-eye open for squalls and collisions, must attend to signals, and must not get his man mixed up with a diver from another boat. He should so hold the line that he just feels the movements of the worker below, never so tight as to retard free action, and never so slack as to drag on the bottom and probably get foul round a coral-cup's base, and so condemn the diver to a watery grave. Indeed, he should be a wide-awake fellow, quick to act in an emergency and constantly alert.

The mode of working is as follows: A "patch" of shell having been discovered, the boats beat up to the windward edge, and then drift down over it with a fouled anchor; that is, with the anchor upside down, so that it does not catch, but allows the boat to drag slowly over the ground, the speed of drifting being regulated by paying out more or less chain. When the diver finds that he is off the patch he comes up, the boat tacks to windward again, and drifts over it as before. A patch being often one or two square miles in area, it is next to impossible to go over the same ground twice, though the entire fleet of 150 boats often work on the same patch.

In the year 1885, fortune and a little bark named the *Day Dawn* stranded me in the

almost unknown port of Cossack, Northwest Australia, at that time the headquarters of the pearling-fleet. Cossack was by no means an imposing place. A barren sand-hill, which was an island at high water, with three hotels, a post-office, one general store, and a few shanties along the beach, comprised the city.

It was here that I first became interested in pearling, and a visit to the grounds so infatuated me that I determined to go into the business. After a good deal of haggling I bought a smart little boat named the *Norma* from a diver who had made a pile and was in a great hurry to spend it. After putting the diving-apparatus, provisions, and crew aboard, I cast around for a good diver, and was esteemed fortunate in securing the services of one Joe, a genuine cockney, noted for his luck in getting shell and for the atmosphere of oaths with which he surrounded himself. The adjectives used by Joe were certainly the most emphatic and original that I ever heard. I engaged him on his own terms, which were, \$100 per month, and \$100 per ton of shell collected.

With everything aboard, and a fair wind, it

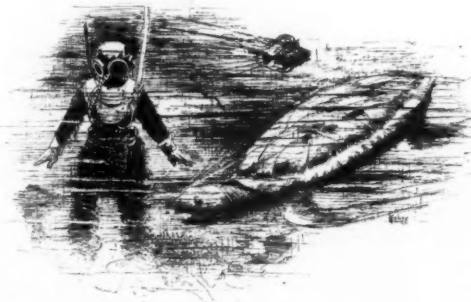


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

DIVER AND SHARK.

was with a light heart and visions of pearls that I hoisted the sails of my little craft, and steered for the "grounds," some two hundred miles up the coast, where, three days later, we dropped our anchor and became one among many white sails which, in the stillness of the evening air, were reflected in old Father Neptune's mirror.

Next morning we began work, and for a few days all went as well as could be expected. We were on a good patch, and Joe was sending up the shells in a pretty lively fashion; I was tending his life-line, and to supply him with the requisite air the pump was worked by the Malay boys in turns. But suddenly we had to suspend operations, as the boat started to leak so badly that there was nothing for it but to run for the nearest creek and to make repairs. I found that the *Norma* required calking fore and aft, and a couple of bolts put through her keelson; and to get this done I had to borrow a carpenter from one of the schooners, taking a week to finish the



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

DIVER AND TURTLE.



work. In the mean time Joe, his occupation gone for the nonce, had found one that evidently suited him better—that of drinking. Hollands gin (famously known as “square face,” on account of the large square bottles in which it is put up) is the favorite beverage among the members of the pearl-fishing fraternity, and as Joe was stowing away a bottle a day he was constantly in a “pickled” condition.

Once again we were ready to start, all except Joe, who, knowing I could do nothing without him, wanted a few more days to finish his spree. I coaxed and entreated, but to no purpose; expenses were going on, and nothing coming in, and, after two days of impatience and chafing under my own helplessness, I made up my mind to try to dive myself, and the next tide I left the creek with that intent. The following day I made my first descent, and it is impressed very vividly on my memory.

Long before old Sol had made his appearance above the horizon that morning I crept up on deck to take a survey of my surroundings. The first streaks of dawn were lighting up the eastern sky, and in the distance I could see the dim outline of the “ninety-mile” beach, ninety miles without a hill or tree, creek or habitation—nothing but white, glistening sand. Beneath, the “mighty liquid metronome” lay calm and peaceful, unruffled as yet by the morning breeze, and all around were anchored the pearl-fishers. At sunrise I called the boys, told them of my plans, and chose one named Ketchee for my tender. After partaking of our morning coffee I proceeded, with Ketchee’s help, to don the ponderous diving-dress. The rubber suit, all in one piece, and which one gets into through the neck, was the first article to put on; then the leaden-soled boots and the corselet, to which the helmet is screwed, and

the chest- and back-weights—in all weighing some fifty or sixty pounds. I stepped on the ladder hanging over the boat’s side, and had the life-line, air-pipe, and helmet attached; then the order to pump was given, and, last of all, the face-glass was screwed up. Oh, that there had been a wrench with which to screw up my courage as well! It had sunk to the bottom of those leaden-soled boots, and though Ketchee tapped the helmet, intimating that all was ready, I felt loath to let go. Thoughts of sharks, octopi, and other monsters of the deep flew through my brain, and I felt sure that the pipe would burst, or the boys stop pumping, or some unforeseen accident would occur.

As I hesitated, thinking of some excuse to have that face-glass taken off again, I glanced up at Ketchee, still undecided what to do, and saw him grinning all over his yellow face at my discomfort. That decided me; I could n’t stand being laughed at



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

ENGRAVED BY GEO. P. BARTLE.

A DIVER AT A DEPTH OF 100 FEET.
by a Malay; so without more ado I grasped the guiding-line firmly, and dropped. Splash! The water closed over me with a

buzzing sound, and the air whistled in at the top of the helmet with a weird noise, and I saw the bottom of the boat just above me. My ears began to ache, and the pain increased as I slid down and down, until I fairly yelled with the agony caused by the unusual pressure of air on the ear-drums. Still swiftly down I went—would the bottom never touch my kicking feet? At last I reached it with a thud, and instantly all pain ceased, and I scrambled to my feet, full of curiosity.

My first thought was, how foolish I had been to dread leaving the monotonous sea and sky above, when, only ten fathoms below, lay an ever-changing scene of beauty—a paradise, although a watery one. The ground I stood upon was rock of coral structure, grown over with coral-cups from minute size to four and five feet in diameter. Sponges as high as one's head, sponge-cups, graceful coral-lines, and sea-flowers of new and beautiful forms, and tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, waved gently to and fro; while, like butterflies, flitting and chasing one another in and out among them all, were hundreds of tiny fishes, so gay with colors that the historical coat of Joseph would have paled beside them.

Truly it was an enchanting scene, so bright, so beautiful, and so novel withal, that I walked about with curious delight, forgetful of all the means which enabled me to intrude upon the fishes' dominion until I was brought to my senses by a sharp jerk on the life-line. This being an interrogation from Ketchee as to whether I was all right, I answered it in a similar way, and, as I did so, a familiar object caught my eye in the shape of an empty beer-bottle. It stood upright on a little ledge of rock, and I could read its flaming yellow label of world-wide reputation. "Ye Gods!" I cried, "what vulgarity! An advertisement even here! Is there no place on the earth or under the waters where one can escape the odious advertiser?" And then for the first time I began to realize my position: my head was aching, and I was breathing in quick, short gasps; I was oppressed, and an uncanny, eery feeling crept over me as I tried to pierce the dim azure of the distance beyond, where the shadowy sea-fans moved so languidly, and my imagination conjured up huge forms in the distance.

I was getting nervous, and had therefore been down long enough; so I gave the signal to pull up, and in a few moments was greedily drinking in the pure, fresh air of heaven through the open face-glass. My nose and ears were bleeding profusely, and I spat a good deal of blood also, but as I had been told that this would happen the first time, I was not alarmed. The pressure had opened a communication between

the mouth and the ears, and I could now perform the extraordinary feat of blowing a mouthful of smoke through my ears, which all divers can do. After this I experienced no pain whatever when descending, and soon became a fairly good diver.

It was on my third descent that I found the first shell. It contained three pearls, which I had set in a ring as a memento, and wore until quite lately, when I discovered that it showed to better advantage on a whiter and more delicate hand than mine, and in the cause of art transferred it thither.

My largest day's work was three hundred and ten pairs of shells; this is rather over a quarter of a ton. The greatest number on record collected in one day is one thousand and five. These were picked up by "Japanese Charley," a little Jap about five feet high, who was al-



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

FINDING THE BOTTLE.

ways tended by his wife, and whose boat was the prettiest model and the smartest sailer in the fleet. The most valuable pearl discovered on this coast is that known as the "Southern Cross"—a cluster of six pearls in the shape of a crucifix which was exhibited at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, London, in 1886, and was valued at \$50,000. This pearl was found at low water by an old beach-comber, and was sold by him for £10.

The diver, as the reader may imagine, gets many scares when below. A fifteen-foot shark, magnified by the water, and making a bee-line for one, is sufficient to make the stoutest heart quake, in spite of the assertion that sharks have never been known to attack a man in dress. Neither is the sight of a large turtle comforting when one does not know exactly what it is, and the coiling of a sea-snake around one's legs, although it has only one's hands to bite at, is, to



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

AFTER A SQUALL.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

say the least, unpleasant. A little fish called the stone-fish is one of the enemies of the diver. It seems to make its habitation right under the pearl-shell, as it is only when picking them up that any one has been known to be bitten. I remember well the first time I was bitten by this spiteful member of the finny tribe. I dropped my bag of shells, and hastened to the surface; but in this short space of time my hand and arm had so swollen that it was with difficulty I could get the dress off, being unable to work for three days, and suffering intense pain the while. Afterward I learned that staying down a couple of hours after a bite will stop any further discomfort, the pressure of water causing much bleeding at the bitten part, and thus expelling the poison.

One of the strange effects that diving has upon those who practise it is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom; and as this irritability passes away as soon as the surface is reached again, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is caused by the unusual pressure of air inside the dress, affecting probably the lungs, and through them the brain. My experience has been that while below one may fly into the most violent passion at the merest trifle; for instance, the life-line held too tight or too slack, too much air or too little, or some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of the tender or the boys above, will often cause the temper to rise. I have sometimes become so angry in a similar way that I have given the signal to pull up, with the express intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew; but as the surface was neared, and the weight of air decreased, my feelings have gradually undergone a change for the better, until by the time I reached the ladder, and had the face-glass unscrewed, I had forgotten for what I came up. It is evident from the number whom I have known to make a first descent, and who afterward positively refused to try again, that all men are not born to be divers. At one time I had for my tender a brawny young

Scotchman named Rob, a six-footer, about twenty-three years of age, and as fine a specimen of the genus *Homo* as I ever came across. As was to be expected, Rob had a sweetheart in the "auld cuntry," and the one aim and end of his life was to make a fortune wherewith to return and marry the girl of his choice. He had tried the Kimberley gold-fields, and the Silverton silver-fields, without success, and was now anxious to try his luck at diving. I told Rob that I would put him down the first slack day we had to see how he liked it, and when that day arrived, with a few parting injunctions from me as the face-glass was put on, down he went, I acting as his tender. I felt him land on the bottom and begin walking from the boat; he answered the signals all right, and I anticipated no trouble, but before he had been down three minutes he was foul of the anchor-chain, and I had to pull the anchor and Rob up together. By this time he had become thoroughly frightened, and was screaming inside the dress to be pulled up; he had also lost his presence of mind, and had screwed the used-air escape-valve at the side of the helmet the wrong way, thus keeping in the constant supply of air from the pump above, and the dress was in danger of bursting. As soon as we got him alongside I unscrewed the valve, and he was soon on deck, laughing over his mistakes.

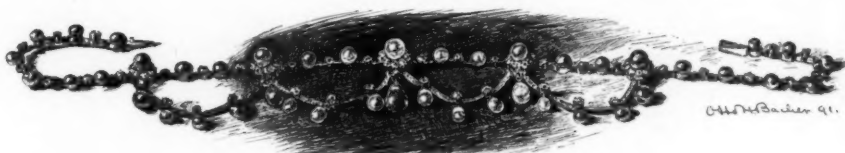
About a week after this he made a second attempt, and this time nearly lost his life. As before, he became alarmed, thought that there was too much air in the dress, and tried to let it out by the escape-valve, but screwed it up the wrong way again, shutting in the air; and then, finding the air still increasing in pressure, his presence of mind again deserted him, and he began to take off the face-glass. Fortunately for Rob, his girl, and my apparatus, he lost consciousness before he quite got it off, and we hauled him to the ladder, kicking and yelling like a madman. He remained delirious for several hours, and when at length he came to his senses, and recovered from his

fright, we concluded that diving was not his forte, and that his fortune would have to be made in some other way.

Though pearl-diving, if the fates are propitious, is a lucrative occupation, its dangers are manifold. In the community in which one has to live may be found some of the "toughest" men on earth. A mixture of all nationalities far worse than one meets on a gold-field, and an exciting calling, without restraint or law, are not likely to form a peaceful community. A diver is always at the tender mercies of his Malay crew, and the slightest accident to his

apparatus, such as the breaking of the pump or the air-pipe, ripping the dress, getting entangled on the bottom, or even losing his presence of mind, may end fatally. Then, again, it is most injurious to the health, some dying from the effects after a few months, while deafness and incipient paralysis are common features. But worse than all these are the terrible cyclones that visit the coast, carrying everything before them, and leaving only a track of death and the flotsam and jetsam of wrecked hopes to mark their passage.

Hubert Phelps Whitmarsh.



NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS AND AMERICAN PEARLS.

KHAM SIN.

O H, the wind from the desert blew in!—
Khamisin,
The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery South,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching
mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And it shriveled the fruit on the orange-tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,

Reeled and swam in the brazen light,
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread ;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind ;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind
Khamasin,
The wind from the desert blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's
shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept;
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledglings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast;
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,—

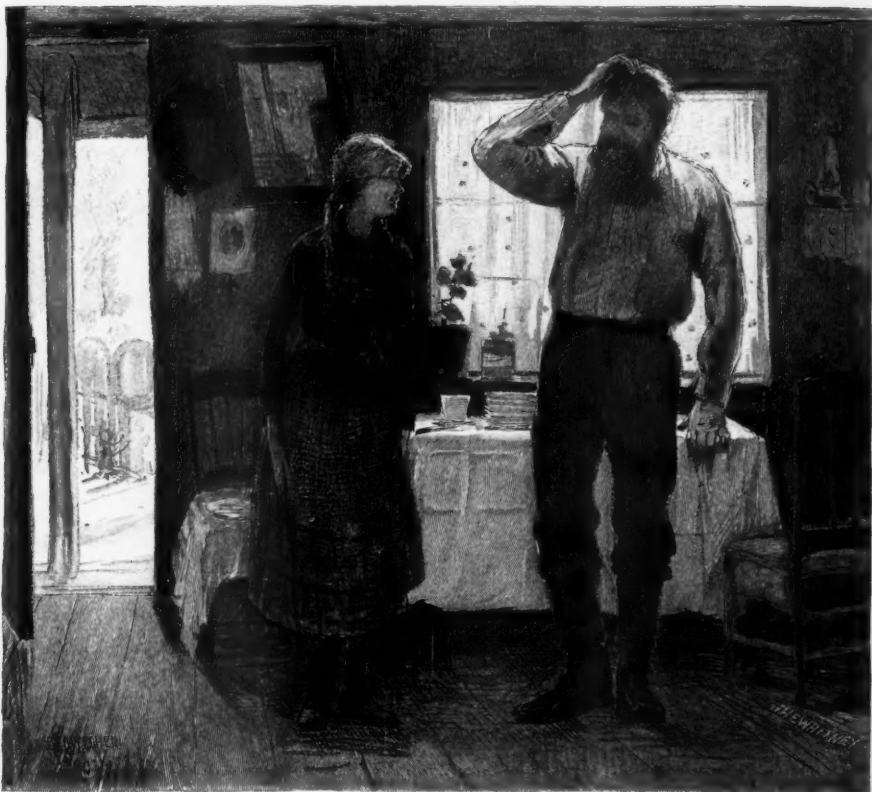
The plague ! The plague ! The plague !
Oh, the wind Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert blew in !

Clinton Scollard.

OL' PAP'S FLAXEN.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," etc.



DRAWN BY GEORGE W. COHEN.

"WELL, AIN'T IT FURTY SHORT, PAP?"

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

II.

ONE morning, eight years later, Flaxen left the home of Gearheart and Wood with old Doll and the buggy, bound for Belleplain after groceries for harvest. She drove with a dash, her hat on the back of her head. She was seemingly intent on getting all there was possible out of a chew of kerosene gum, which she had resolved to throw away upon entering town, intending to get a new supply.

She had thriven on western air and gum, and though hardly more than fourteen years of age, her bust and limbs revealed the grace of

approaching womanhood, however childish her short dress and braided hair might still show her to be. Her face was broad and decidedly of Scandinavian type, fair in spite of wind and sun, and broad at the cheek-bones. Her eyes were as blue and clear as winter ice.

As she rode along she sang as well as she could without neglecting the gum, sitting at one end of the seat like a man, the reins held carelessly in her left hand, notwithstanding the swift gait of the horse, who always knew when Flaxen was driving. She met a friend on the road, and said, "Hello!" pulling up her horse with one strong hand.

"Can't stop," she explained; "got to go over to the city to get some groceries for harvest. Goin' to the sociable to-morrow?"

"You bet," replied the friend. "You?"

"I d'know; mebbe, if the boys'll go. Ta-ta; see ye later." And away she spun.

Belleplain had not thriven, or, to be more exact, it had had a rise and fall; and as the rise had been considerable, so the fall was something worth chronicling. It was now a collection of wooden buildings, mostly empty, graying under the storms and suns of the pitiless winters and summers, and now, just in mid-summer, surrounded by splendid troops and phalanxes of gorgeous sunflowers, whose brown crowns, gold-dusted, looked ever toward the sun as it swung through the wide arch of cloudless sky. The signs of the empty buildings still remained, and one might still read the melancholy decline from splendors of the past in "emporiums," "palace drug-stores," and "mansion-houses."

As Flaxen would have said, "Belleplain's boom had bu'sted." Her glory had gone with the C. B. and Q., which formed the junction at Boomtown and left the luckless citizens of Belleplain "high and dry" on the prairie, with nothing but a "spur" to travel on. However, a few stores yet remained in the midst of desolation.

After making her other purchases, Flaxen entered the "red-front drug-store" to secure the special brand of gum which seemed most delectable and to buy a couple of cigars for the "boys."

The clerk, who was lately from the East, and wore his mustache curled upward like the whiskers of a cat, was "gassing" with another young man, who sat in a chair with his heels on the counter.

"Well, my dear, what can I do for you to-day?" he said, winking at the loafer, as if to say, "Now watch me."

"I want some gum."

"What kind, darling?" he asked, encouraged by the fellow in the chair.

"I ain't your darling. Kerosene, shoo-fly, an' ten cents' worth."

"Say, Jack," drawled the other fellow, "git on to the ankles! Say, sissy, you picked your dress too soon. She's goin' to be a daisy, first you know. Ain't ye, honey?" he said, leaning over and pinching her arm.

"Let me alone, you great mean thing! I'll tell ol' pap on you, see if I don't," cried Flaxen, her eyes filling with angry tears. And as they proceeded to other and bolder remarks she rushed out, feeling vaguely the degradation of being so spoken to and so touched. It seemed all the more atrocious the more she thought upon it.

When she reached home there were still
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signs of tears on her face, and when Anson came out to help her alight and, noticing it, asked, "What 's the matter?" she burst out afresh, crying, and talking incoherently.

"Why, what 's the matter, Flaxie? Can't you tell ol' pap? Are ye sick?"

She shook her head, and rushed past him into the house and into her bedroom, like a little cyclone of wrath. Ans' slowly followed her, much perplexed. She was lying face downward on the bed, sobbing.

"What 's the matter, little one? Can't you tell ol' pap? Have the girls be'n makin' fun o' ye again?"

She shook her head.

"Have the boys be'n botherin' ye?" No reply. "Who was it?" Still silence. He was getting stern now. "Tell me right now."

"Jack Reeves—an'—an' another feller."

"Wha' d' they do?" Silence. "Tell me."

"They—pinched me, an'—an'—talked mean to me," she replied, breaking down again at the memory of the insult. Anson divined not a little of how she had been treated.

"Wal, there! You dry yer eyes, Flaxie, an' go an' git supper; they won't do it again—not this harvest," he added grimly, as he marched to the door to enter the buggy.

Bert, coming along from the barn and seeing Anson about to drive away, asked where he was going.

"Oh, I've got a little business to transact with Reeves and some other smart Aleck down town."

"What's up? What have they be'n doin'?" asked Gearheart, reading trouble in the eye of his friend.

"Well, they have be'n a little too fresh with Flaxen to-day, an' need a lesson."

"They're equal to it. Say, Anson, let me go," laying his hand on the dasher, ready to leap in.

"No; you're too brash. You would n't know when to quit. No; you stay right here. Don't say anythin' to Flaxen about it; if she wants to know where I'm gone, tell her I found I was out o' nails."

As Anson drove along swiftly he was in a savage mood and thinking deeply. Two or three times of late some of his friends had touched rather freely upon the fact that Flaxen was becoming a woman. "Girls ripen early out in this climate," one old chap had said, "and your little Norsk there is likely to leave you one of these days." He felt now that something deliberately and inexpressibly offensive had been said and done to his little girl. He did n't want to know just what it was, but just who did it; that was all. It was time to make a protest. Hitching his horse to a ring in the sidewalk upon arrival, he walked into the drug-

store, which was also the post-office. Young Reeves was inside the post-office corner giving out the mail, and Anson sauntered about the store waiting his chance.

He was a dangerous-looking man just now. Ordinarily his vast frame, huge, grizzled beard, and stern, steady eyes would quell a panther; but now as he leaned against the counter a shrewd observer would have said, "Look out for him; he's dangerous." His gray shirt, loose at the throat, showed a neck that resembled the spreading base of an oak-tree, and his crossed limbs and half-recumbent pose formed a curious opposition to the look in his eyes.

Nobody noticed him specially. Most comers and goers, being occupied with their mail, merely nodded and passed on.

Finally some one called for a cigar, and Reeves, having finished in the post-office department, came jauntily along behind the counter directly to where Anson stood. As he looked casually into the giant's eyes he started back, but too late; one vast hand had clutched him by the collar, and he was jerked over the counter as though he were a rag-baby, and cuffed from hand to hand, like a mouse in the paws of a cat. Though Ans' used his open palm, the punishment was fearful. Blood burst from his victim's nose and mouth; he yelled with fright and pain.

The rest rushed to help.

"Stand back! This is a private affair," said Ans' in unmistakable tones, throwing up a warning hand. They paused; all knew his strength.

"It was n't me," screamed Reeves, as the punishment increased; "it was Doc Coe."

Coe, his hands full of papers and letters, horrified at what had overtaken Reeves, stood looking on. But now he tried to escape. Flinging the battered, half-senseless Reeves back over the counter, where he lay in a heap, Anson caught Coe by the coat, just as he was rushing past him, and duplicated the punishment, ending by kicking him into the street, where he lay stunned and helpless. Ans' said then, in a voice that the rest heard, "The next time you insult a girl, you'd better inquire into the qual'ties o' her guardeen."

This little matter attended to, he unhitched his horse from the sidewalk, and, refusing to answer all questions, rode off home, outwardly as calm as though he had just been shaking hands.

Supper was about ready when he drove up, and through the open door he could see the white-covered table and could hear the cheerful clatter of dishes. Flaxen was whistling. Eight years of hard work had not done much for these sturdy souls; but they had managed to secure with incredible toil a comfortable little house

surrounded with outbuildings. Calves and chickens gave life to the barnyard, and fields of wheat rippled and ran with swash of heavy-bearded heads and dapple of shadow and sheen.

Flaxen was now the housewife and daughter of these hard-working pioneers, and a cheery and capable one she had become. No one had ever turned up with a better claim to her, and so she had grown up with Ans' and Bert, going to school when she could spare the time, but mainly being adviser and associate at the farm.

Ans' and Bert had worked hard winter and summer trying to get ahead, but had not succeeded as they had hoped. Crops had failed for three or four years, and money was scarce with them; but they had managed to build this small frame-house and to get a little stock about them, and this year, with a good crop, would "swing clear," and be able to do something for Flaxen—perhaps send her to Belleplain to school, togged out like a little queen.

When Anson returned to the house after putting out the horse, he found Bert reading the paper in the little sitting-room and Flaxen putting the tea on the stove.

"Wha' d' ye do to him, pap?" laughed she, all her anger gone. Bert came out to listen.

"Oh, nothin' p'tic'lar," answered Ans', flinging his hat at a chicken that made as though to come in, and rolling up his sleeves preparatory to sozzling his face at the sink. "I jest cuffed 'em a little, an' let 'em go."

"Is that all?" said Flaxen, disappointedly, a comical look on her round face.

"Now, don't you worry," put in Bert. "Anson's cuffin' a man is rather a severe experience. I saw him cuff a man once; it ain't anythin' to be desired a second time."

They all drew about the table. Flaxen looked very womanly as she sat cutting the bread and pouring the tea. She had always been old in her ways about the house, for she had very early assumed the housewife's duties and cares. Her fresh-colored face beamed with delight as she watched the hungry men devouring the fried pork, potatoes, and cheese.

"When ye goin' to begin cuttin', boys?" Collectively they were boys to her, but when addressing them separately they were "Bert" and "pap."

"To-morrow nex' day, I guess," answered Anson, looking out of the open door. "Don't it look fine?—all yellin' an' green. I tell ye they ain't anythin' lays over a ripe field o' wheat in my eyes. You jest take it when the sun strikes it right, an' the wind is playin' on it,—when it kind o' swashes about like a lake,—an' the clouds go over it, droppin' shadders down on it, an' a hawk kind o' goes skimmin' over it, divin' into it once in a while —"

He did not finish; it was not necessary.

"Yes, sir!" adjudged Gearheart, after a pause, leaning his elbows on the table and looking out of the door on the far-stretching, sun-glorified plain.

"The harvest kind o' justifies the winter we have out here. That is, when we have a harvest such as this. Fact is, we fellers live six months o' the year lookin' ahead to harvest, and t' other six months lookin' back to it. Well, this won't buy the woman a dress, Ans'. We must get that header set up to-night if we can."

They pushed their chairs back noisily, and rose to go out. Flaxen said:

"Say, which o' you boys is goin' to help me churn to-night?"

Anson groaned, while she laughed.

"I don't know, Flax; ask us an easier one."

"We'll attend to that after it gets too dark to work on the machine," added Bert.

"Well, see 't ye do. I can't do it; I've got bread to mix an' a chicken to dress. Say, if you don't begin cuttin' till day after to-morrow, we can go down to the sociable to-morrow night. Last one o' the season."

"I wish it was the last one before the kingdom come," growled Bert as he "stomped" out the door. "They're a bad lot. The idea o' takin' down four dollars' worth o' grub an' then payin' four dollars fer the privilege of eatin' half of it! I'll take my chicken here, when I'm hungry."

"Bert ain't partial to sociables, is he, pap?" laughed Flaxen.

"I should hate to have the minister dependin' on Bert fer a livin'."

"Sa-ay, pap!"

"Wal, babe?"

"I expect I'll haf to have a new dress one o' these days."

"Think so?"

"You bet."

"Why, what's the matter with the one ye got on? Ain't no holes in it that I can see," looking at it carefully and turning her around as if she were on a pivot.

"Well, ain't it purty short, pap?" she said suggestively.

"I swear, I don't know but it is," conceded Anson, scratching his head; "I had n't paid much 'tention to it before. It certainly is a lee-tle too short. Lemme see, ain't no way o' lettin' it down, is they?"

"Nary. She's clean down to the last notch now," replied Flaxen, convincingly.

"Could n't pull through till we thrash?" he continued, still in a tentative manner.

"Could, but don't like to," she answered, laughing again, and showing her white teeth pleasantly.

"I s'pose it 'll cost suthin'," he insinuated in a dubious tone.

"Mattie Stuart paid seven dollars fer hern, pap, an' I—"

"Seven how manys?"

"Dollars, pap, makin' an' everythin'. An' then I ought to have a new hat to go with the dress, an' a new pair o' shoes. All the girls are wearin' white, but I reckon I can git along with a good colored one that 'll do fer winter."

"Wal, all right. I 'll fix it—some way," Ans' said, turning away only to look back and smile to see her dancing up and down and crying:

"Oh, goody, goody!"

"I 'll do it if I haf to borrow money at two per cent. a month," said he to Bert, as he explained the case. "Hear her sing! Why, dern it! I'd spend all I've got to keep that child twitterin' like that. Would n't you, eh?"

Bert was silent, thinking deeply on a variety of matters roused by Anson's words. The crickets were singing from out the weeds near by; a lost little wild chicken was whistling in plaintive sweetness down the barley-field; the flaming light from the half-sunk sun swept along the green and yellow grain, glorifying as with a bath of gold everything it touched.

"I wish that grain had n't ripened so fast, Ans'. It's blightin'."

"Think so?"

"No; I know it. I went out to look at it before supper, an' every one of those spots that look so pretty are just simply burnin' up! But, say, ain't it a little singular that Flaxen should blossom out in a desire fer a new dress all at once? Ain't it rather sudden?"

"Wal, no; I don't think it is. Come to look it all over, up one side an' down the other, she's been growin' about an inch a month this summer, an' her best dress is gittin' turrible short the best way you can fix it. She's gittin' to be 'most a woman, Bert."

"Yes; I know she is," said Bert, significantly.

"An' something's got to be done right off."

"Wha' d' ye mean by that, ol' man?"

"I mean jest this. It's time we did something religious fer that girl. She ain't had much chance since she's been here with us. She ain't had no chance at all. Now I move that we send her away to school this winter. Give her a good outfit an' send her away. This ain't no sort o' way fer a girl to grow up in."

"Wal, I've be'n thinkin' o' that myself; but where 'll we send her?"

"Oh, back to the States somewhere; Wisconsin or Minnesota—somewhere."

"Why not to Boomtown?"

"Well, I 'll tell ye, Ans'. I've been hearin' a good 'eal off an' on about the way we was bringin' her up here 'alone with two rough

old codgers,' and I jest want to give her a better chance than the Territory affords. I want her to git free of us and all like us fer a while; let her see somethin' o' the world. Besides, that business over in Belleplain to-day kind o' settled me. The plain facts are, Ans', the people are a little too free with her because she is growin' up here—"

"I know some fellers that won't be again."

"Well, they are beginnin' to wink an' nudge each other an' to say—"

"Go on! What do they say?"

"They say she's goin' to be a woman soon; that this fatherly business is bound to play out."

"I'd like to see anybody wink when I'm around. I'd smash 'em!" said Anson through his set teeth. "Why, she's our little babe—my little un; I'm her ol' pap. Why—" he ended in despair.

"There ain't no use o' howlin', Ans'. You can't smash a whole neighborhood."

"But what are we goin' to do?"

"Well, I'll tell ye what we must n't do. We must n't tog her out jest yet."

"Why not?" asked Anson, not seeing these subtle distinctions of time and place.

"Because, you tog her out this week or next, without any apparent reason, in a new hat an' dress an' gloves, an' go down to one o' these sociables with her, an' you'd have to clean out the whole crowd. They'd all be winkin' an' nudgin' an' grinnin', see?"

"Wal, go on," said the crushed giant.

"What'll we do?"

"Jest let things go on as they are fer the present till we git ready to send her to school."

"But I promised the togs."

"All right. I've stated the case," Gearheart returned, with the air of a man who washed his hands of the whole affair.

"Jest hear her! whistlin' away like a lark. I don't see how I'm goin' to go in there an' spoil all her fun; I can't do it, that's all."

"Well, now, you leave it all to me. I'll state the case to her in a way that'll catch her, see if it don't. She ain't no common girl."

It was growing dark as they went in, and the girl's face could not be seen.

"Well, Bert, are ye ready to help churn?"

"Yes, I guess so, if Ans' 'll milk."

"Oh, he'll milk; he jest loves to milk ol' Brindle when the flies are thick."

"Oh, you bet," said Ans', to make her laugh.

"Ahem, Flaxen," coughed Gearheart in beginning, "we've been discussin' your case, an' we've come to the conclusion that you ought to have the togs specified in the indictment" (this to take away the gravity of what was to follow); "but we're kind o' up a tree about jest what we'd better do. The case is

this. We've got to buy a horse to fill out our team, an' that's a-goin' to take about all we can rake an' scrape. We may have to git our groceries on tick. Now, if you could only pull through till after—"

"It's purty tough, Flaxie, an' pap's awful sorry; but if you could jest pull through—"

It was a great blow to poor little Flaxen, and she broke down and cried unrestrainedly.

"I—I—don't see why I can't have things like the rest o' the girls." It was her first reproach, and it cut to the heart. Anson swore under his breath, and was stepping forward to say something when Gearheart restrained him.

"But, ye see, Flaxie, we ain't askin' ye to give up the dress, only to wait on us fer a month or so, till we thrash."

"That's it, babe," said Anson, going over to where she sat, with her arms lying on the table and her face hidden upon them. "We could spend dollars then where we could n't cents now."

"And they won't be any more thingumyjigs at the church, anyhow, and the wheat's blightin' on the knolls, besides."

But the first keen disappointment over, she was her brave self once more.

"Well, all right, boys," she said, her trembling voice curiously at variance with her words; "I'll get along somehow, but I tell you I'll have something scrumptious to pay for this—see if I don't." She was smiling again faintly. "It'll cost more'n one ten dollars fer my togs, as you call 'em. Now, pap, you go an' milk that cow! An', Bert, you glue yerself to that churn-dasher, an' don't you stop to breathe er swear till it's done."

"That's the girl to have! that's our own Flaxen! She knows how hard things come on a farm."

"I bet I do," she said, wiping away the last trace of her tears, and smiling at her palpable hit. And then began the thump of the dasher, and out in the dusk Anson was whistling as he milked.

She went down to the sociable the next night in her old dress, and bravely looked happy for pap's sake. Bert did not go. Anson was a rather handsome old fellow. Huge, bearded like a Russian, though the color of his beard was a wolf brindle, resembling a bunch of dry buffalo-grass, Bert was accustomed to say that he looked the father of the girl, for she had the same robust development, carried herself as erect, and looked everybody in the eye with the same laughing directness.

There were some sly remarks among a ribald few, but on the whole everything passed off as usual. They were both general favorites, and as a matter of fact few people remarked that Flaxen's dress was not good enough. She

certainly forgot all about it, so complete was her absorption in the gaiety of the evening.

"Wal, now fer four weeks' hard times, Flaxen," said Anson, as they were jogging homeward about eleven o'clock.

"I can stand my share of it, pap," she stoutly replied. "I'm no chicken."

ALL through those four or five weeks, at every opportunity, the partners planned the future of their waif. In the harvest-field, when they had a moment together, one would say to the other:

"We 'll let her stay two years, if she likes it, eh?"

"Certainly; she need n't come back till she wants to. We may be rich enough to sell out then, and move back ourselves. I'm gittin' tired o' this prairie myself. If we could sell, we 'd put her through a whole course o' sprouts, eh?"

"You bet. Sell when you can find a buyer. I 'll sign the deed."

"All right."

And then they would go to work again toiling and planning for the future. Every day during August these men worked with the energy of demons, up early in the morning and out late at night, harvesting their crop. All day the header clattered to and fro with Bert or Ans' astride the rudder, a cloud of dust rolling up from the ground, out of which nimbus the painted flanges of the reel flashed like sword-strokes. All day, and day after day, while the gulls sailed and soared in the hazy air and the lark piped from the dun grass, these human beings, covered with grime and sweat, worked in heat and parching wind. And never for an hour did they forget their little waif and her needs.

One night toward the last of the harvest they were returning along the road from a neighboring farm, where they had been to head some late wheat. The tired horses with down-hung heads and swinging traces were walking sullenly but swiftly along the homeward road, the wagon rumbling sleepily; the stars were coming out in the east while yet the rose and amethyst of the fallen sun lighted the western sky. Through the air, growing moist, came the sound of reapers still going. Men were shouting blithely, while voices of women and children came from the cabins, where yellow lights began to twinkle.

Anson and Bert, blackened with dust and perspiration, and weary to the point of listlessness, sat with elbows on knees, talking in low, slow tones on the never-failing topic, crops and profits.

"There's the light," broke out Ans' with considerable animation; "Flaxen 's got supper all ready for us. She 's a regular little Trojan,

that girl is. They ain't many girls o' fourteen that 'u'd stay there contented all day alone an' keep all the whole business in apple-pie order. She 'll get her pay some day."

"We 'll try to pay her; but say, ol' man, ain't it about time to open up our plans to her?"

"Wal, yes; it is. You kind o' start the thing to-night, an' we 'll have it over with."

As they drove up, Flaxen came to the door.

"Hello, boys! What makes ye so late?"

"Finishin' up a field, babe. All done."

"Goody! all done at last. Well, yank them horses out o' their harnesses an' come to biscuits. They 're jest sizzlin' hot."

"All right. We 'll be there in about two jerks of a lamb's tail in fly-time. Bert, grab a tug; I 'm hungry as a wolf."

It was about the first of September, and the nights were getting cool, and the steaming supper seemed like a feast to the chilled and stiffened men coming in a little later and sitting down with the sound of the girl's cheery voice in their ears. The tea was hot; so were the biscuits. The pyramid of hot mashed potato had a lump of half-melted butter in the hollow top, and there were canned peaches and canned salmon.

"Yes; we 're about finished up harvestin'," said Bert, as they settled themselves at the table, "an' it 's about time to talk about gittin' you off to school."

"Don't worry about that. It ain't no great job, I reckon. I can git ready in about seventeen jiffies, stop-watch time."

"Not if you are goin' away off to some city in the East—"

"Yes; but I ain't, ye see."

"Oh, yes, you are. Bert an' I 've be'n talkin' it all over fer the last three weeks. We 're goin' to send you back to St. Peter to the seminary."

"I guess not, pap. I 'd like to know what you think you 're a-doin' sendin' me 'way back there. Boomtown 's good enough fer me."

"There, there, Flaxie; don't git mad. Ye see, we think they ain't anythin' good enough fer you. Nothin' too good fer a girl that stays to home an' cooks fer two old cusses—"

"You ain't cusses! You 're jest as good as you can be; but I ain't a-goin'—there!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause I ain't; that 's why."

"Why, don't ye wan' to go back there where the people have nice houses, an' where they 's a good—"

"Well, I don't know enough; that 's why. I ain't goin' back to no seminary to be laughed at 'cause I don't know beans."

"But you do," laughed Bert, with an attempt to lighten the gloom—"at least canned."

"They 'd laff at me, I know, an' call me a Norwegian."

"I 'll bet they won't, not when they see our new dress an' our new gold watch—dress jest the color o' crow's-foot grass, watch thirty carats fine. I 'd laugh to see 'em callin' my babe names then!"

And so by bribing, coaxing, and lying they finally obtained her tearful consent. They might not have succeeded even then had it not been for a young lady in Boomtown who was going back to the same school, and who offered to take her in charge. But there was hardly a day that she did not fling herself down into a chair and cry out:

"I jest ain't goin'. I 'm all right here, an' I don't see why you can't let me stay here. I ain't made no fuss. Seems as if you thought it was fun fer me to go 'way off there where I don't know anythin', an' where I don't know anybody."

But, having come to a conclusion, the men were relentless. They hired sewing-girls, and skirmished back and forth between Boomtown and the farm like mad. Their steady zeal made up for her moody and fitful enthusiasm. However, she grew more resigned to the idea as the days wore on toward the departure, though her fits of dark and unusual musing were alarming to Anson, who feared a desperate retreat at the last moment.

He took her over to see Miss Holt one day, but not before he had prepared the way.

"I s'pose things are in purty good shape around this seminary?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. There are three large buildings; libraries, picture-galleries, and music-rooms. The boarding-halls are carpeted, and the parlors are really elegant."

"Uh-hum!" commented Anson. "Well, now, I 'm goin' to bring my girl over to see you, an' I guess it 'u'd be jest as well if ye did n't mention these fineries an' things. Ye see, she's afraid of all such things. It 'u'd be better to tell her that things were n't very gorgeous there, about like the graded school in Boomtown, say. She ain't used to these music-halls an' things. Kind o' make her think St. Peter ain't no great shakes, anyhow."

"I see," laughed the quick-witted girl. And she succeeded in allaying a good deal of Flaxen's dread of the seminary.

"Wal, babe, to-morrow," said Anson, as they were eating supper, and he was astonished to see her break out in weeping.

"Why don't you keep harpin' away on that the whole while?" she exclaimed. "Can't you leave me alone a minute? Seems to me you 're jest crazy to git rid o' me."

"Oh, we are," put in Bert. "We 're jest lickin' our chops to git back to sour flapjacks

an' soggy bread. Jest seems as though we could n't wait till to-morrow noon."

This cleared the air a little, and they spent the rest of the evening without saying much directly upon the departure.

"Come, come, brace up, babe! Anybody 'u'd think we 'd lost all the rest of our family, when we 're only doin' the square thing by our daughter. That 's all. Why, you 'll be as happy as a canary in less 'n two weeks. Young folks is about the same everywhere, an' you 'll git acquainted in less 'n two jiffies."

They were on the road to Boomtown to put Flaxen on the train. It was about the tenth of September, early in the cold, crisp air of a perfect morning. In the south there was a vast phantom lake, with duplicate cities here and there along the winding shores which stretched from east to west. The grain-stacks stood around so thickly that they seemed like walls of a great, low-built town, the mirage bringing into vision countless hundreds of them commonly below the horizon.

The smoke of steam threshing-machines mounted into the still air here and there, and hung long in a slowly drifting cloud above the land. The prairie-lark, the last of the singing birds, whistled softly and infrequently from the dry grass.

They were driving her to Boomtown to avoid the inquisitive eyes of the good people of Belleplain. "I may break down an' blubber," said Anson to himself; "an' if I do, I don't want them cussed idiots standin' around laughin'—it 's better to go on the C. B. and Q., anyhow."

Notwithstanding his struggle to keep talk going, Anson was unsuccessful from the very moment that Belleplain faded to an unsubstantial group of shadows, and disappeared from the level plain into the air, just as Boomtown correspondingly wavered into sight ahead. Silence so profound was a restraint on them all, and poor Flaxen with wide eyes looked wistfully on the plain that stretched away into unknown regions. She was thinking of her poor mother, whom she dimly remembered in the horror of that first winter. Naturally of a gay, buoyant disposition, she had not dwelt much upon her future or her past; but now that the familiar plain seemed slipping from her sight entirely, she was conscious of its beauty, and, rapt with the associated emotions which came crowding upon her, she felt as though she were leaving the tried and true for the unknown and uncertain.

"Boys," she said finally, "d' ye s'pose I 've got any folks?"

"I should n't wonder if ye had, babe, somewhere back in the ol' country."

"They could n't talk with me if I could find 'em, could they?"

"I reckon not, 'less you study so hard that you can learn their lingo," said Ans', seeing another opportunity to add a reason for going.

"Well, boys, that 's what I 'm goin' to do, an' by an' by we 'll go over there an' see if we can't find 'em, won't we?"

"That 's the talk; now you 're gittin' down to business," rejoined Ans'.

"I s'pose St. Peter is a good 'eal bigger 'n Boomtown," she said sighfully, as they neared the "emporium of the sleepy James."

"A little," said the astute Gearheart.

The clanging of the engines and the noise of shouting gave her a sinking sensation in the chest, and she clung to Anson's arm as they drove past the engine. She was deafened by the hiss of the escaping steam of the monster standing motionless, headed toward the east, ready to leap on its sounding way.

On the platform they found Miss Holt and a number of other friends waiting. There was a great deal of clanging, and whanging, and scuffling, it seemed to the poor overwrought girl. Miss Holt took her in charge at once and tried to keep her cheerful. When they had checked her trunk and the train was about ready to start, Ans' looked uneasy and fidgeted about. Bert looked on, silent and dark. Flaxen, with her new long dress and new bonnet, looked quite the woman, and Miss Holt greeted her as such; indeed, she kept so close to her that Anson looked in vain for a chance to say something more which was on his mind. Finally, as the train was about going, he said hesitatingly:

"Elga, jest a minute." She stared for a moment, then came up to him.

"I did n't want to call ye Flaxen afore her," he explained; "but ye—ain't—kissed us good-by."

The tears were streaming down her white cheeks, and this was too much. She flung her arms about his neck, and sobbed on his bosom with the abandon of girlish grief.

"I don't wan' to go at all, pap."

"Oh, yes, ye do, Elga; yes, ye do! Don't mind us; we 'll be all right. I 'll have Bert writin' a full half the time. There, kiss me good-by, an' git on—an' Bert here, too."

She kissed him twice through his bristling mustache, and, going to Bert, offered her lips, and then came back to Anson and threw herself again into his arms. She had no one to love but these two. Anson took her on his firm arm, and helped her on the car, and followed her till she was seated beside Miss Holt.

"Don't cry, babe; you 'll make ol' pap feel turrible. He 'll break right down here afore all these people, an' blubber, if ye don't cheer up. Why, you 'll soon be as happy as a fly in soup. Good-by, good-by!"

The train started, and Anson, brushing his

eyes with his great brown hand, swung himself off and stood looking at her. As the train passed him she rushed to the rear end of the car, and remained there looking back at the little station till the sympathetic Miss Holt gently led her back to her seat. Then she flattened her round cheek against the pane and tried to see Anson. When the last house of the town passed by her window she sank back in her seat and sobbed silently.

"I feel as if I 'd be'n attendin' my own funeral," said Anson, after they had got into their wagon and the train had gone out of sight in the haze of the prairie.

"Well, it 's pretty tough on that child to go off that way. To her the world is all a great mystery. When you an' I go to heaven it won't be any greater change fer us than this change fer Flaxen—every face strange, every spot new."

"Wal, she ain't so far away but we can look out fer her. She ain't poor ner fatherless as long as we live, hey?"

And then silence fell on them. As they were jogging homeward they saw the gray gulls rise from the sod and go home to the lake for the night. They heard the crickets' evening chorus broaden and deepen to an endless and monotonous symphony, as behind fantastic, thin, and rainless clouds the sun sank in unspeakable glory of color. The air, perfectly still, was cool almost to frostiness, and, far above, the fair stars broke from the lilac and gold of the sun-flushed sky. Lights in the farm-houses began to appear.

Once or twice Anson said: "She 's about at Summit now. Now she 's goin' down the Minnesota slope. I hope she 's chirked up."

They met threshing-crews going noisily home to supper. Once they met an "outfit," engine, tank, separator, all moving along like a train of cars, while every few minutes the red light from the furnace gleamed on the man who was stuffing the straw into the furnace door, bringing out his face so plainly that they knew it. As the night grew deeper an occasional owl flapped across the fields in search of mice.

"We 're bound to miss her like thunder, Bert; no two ways about that. Can't help but miss her on the cookin', hey?"

Bert nodded without looking up. As they came in sight of home at last, and saw the house silhouetted against the faintly yellow sky, Ans' said with a sigh:

"No light er singin' there to-night."

"The fact is, Flaxen has sp'iled us," laughed Anson, a couple of days later, when Bert was "cussin'" the soggy biscuit. "We 've got so high-toned that we can't stand common cookin'. Time was we 'd 'a' thought ourselves lucky to git as good as that. Rec'lect them flapjacks

we ust to make? By mighty! ye could shoe a horse with 'em. Say, I wish I could jest slip in an' see what she 's a-doin' about now, hey?"

"She 's probably writin' a letter. She won't do much of anythin' else fer a week."

"I hope you 're right," said Anson.

They got a queer little letter every Wednesday, each one for several weeks pitifully like the others.

Dear boys I thought i would take my pen in hand to tell you i dont like it one bit the school is just as mene as it can be the girls do laugh at me they call me toe-head. if i catch em right i will fix their heads They is one girl who i like she is from pipestone she dont know no moren i do she says my dress is pritty is ol nig an the drake all rite i wish i was home.

ELGA.

The wish to be home was in all these letters like a sob. The men read them over carefully and gravely, and finally Anson would put them away in the Bible, bought on Flaxen's account, for safe-keeping.

As the letters improved in form their exultation increased.

"Say, Bert, don't you notice she writes better now? She makes big I's now in place o' little ones. Seems 's if she runs the sentence all together, though."

"She 'll come out all right. You see, she goes into the preparatory department, where they teach writin' an' spellin'. You 'll see her hand improve right along now."

And it did, and she ceased to wait for home and ceased to say that she hated her studies.

"I am getting along splendid," she wrote some weeks after this. "I like my teacher; her name is Holt. She is just as nice as she can be. She is cousin to the one who came with me; I live with her uncle, and I can go to so-shibles whenever I want to; but the other girls cant. I am feeling pretty good, but I wish you boys was here."

She did not wish to be at home this time!

Winter shut down on the broad plain again with that implacable, remorseless brilliancy of fierce cold which characterizes the northern plain, stopping work on the farm and bolting all doors. Hardly a day that the sun did not shine; but the light was hard, white, glittering, and cold, the winds treacherous, the snow wild and restless. There was now comparatively little danger of being lost even in the fiercest storms, but still life in one of these little cabins had an isolation almost as terrible as that of a ship wedged amid the ice-floes of the polar regions.

Day after day rising to feed the cattle, night after night bending over the sooty stove listening to the ceaseless voice of the wind as it beat and brushed, whispered, moaned, and piped

or screamed around the windows and eaves — this was their life, varied with an occasional visit to the store or the post-office, or by the call of a neighbor. It is easy to conceive that Flaxen's bright letters were like bursts of bird-song in their loneliness. Many of the young men, their neighbors, went back East to spend the winter — back to Michigan, Iowa, New York, or elsewhere.

"Ans', why don't you go back an' visit yer folks?" asked Bert, one day. "I 'll take care o' things."

"Wal, the fact is, I 've be'n away so long they don't care whether I 'm alive er dead. I ain't got no near relatives except a sister, an' she 's got all the fam'ly she can 'tend to."

"Same here. We ain't very affectionate, anyway; our fam'ly and I don't write. Still I 'd like to go back, jest to see how they all are."

"Why not go?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess I must one o' these days. I 've kind o' be'n waitin' till we got into a little better shape. I hate to go back poor."

"So do I. It 's hard work fer me to give up beat; I ain't goin' to do it yet awhile."

Sometimes a neighbor dropped in during the middle of the day, and on pleasant days they would harness up the team and take a drive down to the store and the post-office; but usually they just vegetated like a couple of huge potatoes in a cellar, as did most of the settlers.

It was the worst winter since the first that they had spent in the country. The snow seemed never still. It slid, streamed, rose in the air ceaselessly; it covered the hay, drifted up the barn door, swept the fields bare, and, carrying the dirt of the plowed fields with it, built huge black drifts wherever there was a wind-break, corn-field, or other obstruction.

There were moments when Bert was well-nigh desperate. Only contact with hard work and cold winds saved him. He was naturally a more ambitious, more austere man than Anson. He was not content to vegetate, but longed to escape.

It was in December that the letter first came from Flaxen which mentioned Will Kendall.

O boys! I had the best time. We had a party at our house and lots of boys came and girls too, and they were nice, the boys, I mean. Will Kendall he is the nicest feller you ever seen. He has got black eyes and brown hair and a gold watch-chain with a locket with some girl's hair in it, and he said it was his sister's hair, but I told him I did n't believe it, do you? We had cake and popcorn and 'lasses candy; and Will he took me out to supper.

Bert was reading the letter, and at this point he stopped and raised his eyes, and the two men

gazed at each other without a word for a long time. Then Anson laughed.

"She's gittin' over her homesickness. She's all right now she's got out to a sociable."

After that there was hardly a letter that did not mention Kendall in some innocent fashion among the other boys and girls who took part in the sleigh-rides, parties, and sociables. But the morbidly acute Bert, if he saw, said nothing, and Anson did not see.

"Who d' ye s'pose this Kendall is?" asked Anson, one night late in the winter, of Gearheart, who was reading the paper while his companion reread a letter from Flaxen. "Seems to me she's writin' a good 'eal about him lately."

"Oh, some slick little dry-goods clerk or druggist," said Bert, with unwarrantable irritation.

"She seems to have a good 'eal to say about him, anyway," repeated Anson, in a meditative way.

"Oh, that's natural enough. They are two young folks together," replied Bert, with a careless accent, to remove any suspicion which his hasty utterance might have raised in Anson's mind.

"Wal, I guess you're right," argued Anson, after a pause, relieved. This relief was made complete when in other letters which came she said less and less about Kendall. If they had been more experienced, they would have been disturbed by this suspicious fact.

Then again, when Anson wrote asking "What has become of that Kendall you wrote so much about?" she replied that he was there, and began writing of him again in a careless sort of way, with the craft of woman already manifest in the change of front.

Spring came again, and that ever-recurring miracle, the good green grass, sprang forth from its covering of ice and snow, up from its hiding-place in the dark, cold sod.

Again the two set to work ferociously at the seeding. Up early in the wide, sweet dawn, toiling through the day behind harrow and seeder, coming in at noon to a poor and badly cooked meal, hurrying back to the field and working till night, coming in at sundown so tired that one leg could hardly be dragged by the other — this was their daily life.

One day, as they were eating their supper of sour bread and canned beans, Gearheart irritably broke out: "Ans', why don't you git married? It 'ud simplify matters a good 'eal if you should. 'Old Russ' is no good."

"What's the matter with *your* gittin' married?" replied Anson, imperturbably pinching off the cooked part of the loaf, skilfully leaving the doughy part.

"I ain't on the marry; that's all."

"Neither 'm I."

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"Well, you ought to be."

"Don't see it."

"Well, now, let me show it. We can't go on this way. I'm gittin' so poor you can count my ribs through my shirt. Jest think how comfortable it would make things. No more awful coffee; no more canned baked beans; no more cussed, infernal, everlastin', leathery flapjacks; no more soggy bread—confound it!" Here he seized the round inner part of the loaf, from which the crust had been flaked, and flung it through the open door far down toward the garden.

"Bert! that's the last bit of bread we've got in the house."

"What's the odds? We could n't eat it."

"We could 'a' baked it over."

"We *could* eat dog, but we don't," replied Bert, gloomily. His temper was getting frightful of late.

"We 'll be all right when Flaxen comes back," said Ans', laughing.

"Say, now, you've said that a thousand times this winter. You know well enough Flaxen's out o' this. We ain't countin' on her," blurted Gearheart, just in the mood to say disagreeable things.

"Wha' d' ye mean? Ain't she comin' back in June?"

"Probably; but she won't stay."

"No; that's so. She 'll have to go back in September; but that's three months, an' we may sell out by that time if we have a good crop. Anyway, we 'll live high fer a spell. We ought to have a letter from her to-night, had n't we?"

"I 'm goin' down to see, if you 'll wash the dishes."

"All right. Take a horse."

"No; the horses are tired. I 'll foot it."

"Wal, ain't you too?"

"Want anythin' from the store?"

"Yes; git a hunk o' bacon, an' some canned corn, tomatoes, an' some canned salmon; if ye think we can stand the pressure, bring home a can o' peaches."

And so Gearheart started off for town in the dusk, afoot, in order to spare the horse, as though he had not himself walked all day long in the soft, muddy ground. The wind was soft and moist, and the light of the stars coming out in the east fell upon his upturned eyes with unspeakable majesty. Yet he saw them but dimly. He was dreaming of a face which was often in his mind now — a face not unlike Flaxen's, only older, more glorified, more womanly. He was asking himself some searching questions to-night as his tired limbs dragged themselves over the grassy road.

What was he toiling for, anyway? What mattered all this terrible tramping to and fro — was it an end or only a means? Would there

ever come anything like satisfaction of desire? Life for him had been a silent, gloomy, and almost purposeless struggle. He had not looked forward to anything very definite, though vaguely he had hoped for something better.

As his eyes fell upon the twinkling yellow lights of the village his thought came back to Flaxen and to the letter which he expected to receive from her. He quickened his steps, though his feet were sore and his limbs stiff and lame.

The one little street presented its usual Saturday-night appearance. Teams were hitched to the narrow plank walk before the battle-mented wooden stores. Men stood here and there in listless knots, smoking, talking of the weather and of seeding, while their wives, surrounded by shy children, traded within. Being Saturday night, the saloons were full of men, and shouts and the clink of beer-mugs could be heard at intervals. But the larger crowd was gathered at the post-office: uncouth farmers of all nationalities, clerks, land-sharks, lawyers, and giggling girls in couples, who took delight in mingling with the crowd.

Judge Sid Balser was over from Boomtown, and was talking expansively to a crowd of "leading citizens" about a scheme to establish a horse-car line between Boomtown and Belleplain. Colonel Arran of the Belleplain "Argus," in another corner, not ten feet away, was saying that the Judge was "a scoundrel, a blow-hard, and would down his best lover for a pewter cent," to all of which the placid Judge was accustomed and gave no heed.

Bert paid no attention to the colonel or to the judge, or to any of this buzzing. They were just talking to hear themselves make a noise, anyway. "They talk about building up the country—they who are a rope and a grindstone around the necks of the rest of us who do the work."

When Gearheart reached his box he found a large square letter in it, and, looking at it, saw that it was from Flaxen directed to Anson. "Her picture, probably," he said as he held it up. As he was pushing rapidly out he heard a half-drunk fellow say, in what he thought was an inaudible tone:

"There 's Gearheart; wonder what 's become of his little Norsk."

Gearheart turned and, pushing through the crowd, thrust his eyes into the face of the speaker with a glare that paralyzed the poor fool.

"What's become o' your sense?" he snarled in a frightfully wolfish tone, which had in it a carnivorous note.

With this warning he turned contemptuously, and passed out, leaving the discomfited rowdy to settle accounts with his friends. But there

was a low note in the ruffian's voice, an insinuating inflection, which stayed with him all along the way home, like a bad taste in the mouth. He saw by the aid of a number of these sidelights of late that Flaxen never could come back to them in the old relation; but how could she come back?

Gearheart stopped and gazed thoughtfully upward. She must come back as the wife of Ans' or himself. "Pooh! she is only a child," he said, snapping his finger, and walking on. But the insistence remained. "She is not a child, she is a maiden soon to be a woman; she has no relatives, no home to go to but ours after her two or three years of schooling are over; it must still be her home, and no breath of scandal shall touch her if I can prevent it; and after her two years are up"—after a long motionless reverie he strode forward—"she shall choose between us."

There had grown up between the two friends of late a constraint, or, to be more exact, Gearheart had held himself in before his friend, had not discussed these problems with him at all. "Ans' is just like a boy," he had said to himself; "he don't seem to understand the case, and I don't know as it's my duty to enlighten him; he either feels very sure about her, or he has not understood the situation."

He was thinking this now as he strode across the spongy sod toward the lighted windows of the shanty. The air was damp and chill, for the ice was not yet out of the ponds or swamps of tall grasses. An occasional prairie-cock sent forth a muffled, drowsy "boom"; low-hung flights of geese, gabbling anxiously, or the less orderly ducks, with hissing wings, swept by overhead, darkly limned against the stars. There was a strange charm in the raw air, so laden with the fresh, subtle, all-pervasive scent of springtime earth. The weary man almost forgot his pain as he drew deep breathings of the night.

It was significant of the restraint that had grown up between him and Anson that he held the letter from Flaxen unopened in his hand simply because it was directed to his friend. He knew that it was as much to him as to Anson, and yet, feeling as he had of late, he would not open it, for he would have been angry if Anson had opened one directed to him. He simply judged Anson by himself.

The giant was asleep when he entered. His great shaggy head lay beside the lamp on his crossed arms. Bert laid the letter down beside him, and shook him.

"Hello! got back, hey?" the sleeper said, rousing up sluggishly. "Anythin'?" Then he caught sight of the letter. "Oh, bless her little heart! wonder what it is? Pecture, bet my hat!" Here he opened it.

"Gee-whittiker, thunder and turf, gosh all — Friday — Look-a there! Ain't she growed!" he yelled, holding the picture by the corner and moving it into all sorts of positions. "That 's my little girl, our Flaxen; she can't grow so purty but what I 'd know her. See that hair done up on the top of her head! Look at that dress, an' the thingumajigs around her neck! Oh, she 's gittin' there, Smith, hey?"

"She 's changin' pretty fast," said Bert, listlessly.

"Changin' fast! Say, ol' man, what 's the matter with ye? Are ye sick?"

"I 'm played out, that 's all."

"Darn my skin! I should think ye would be, draggin' all day, an' then walkin' all o' four mile to the post-office. Jest lay down on the bed there, ol' boy, while I read the letter to ye. Say, ol' man, don't you git up in the mornin' till you please. I 'll look after the breakfast," insisted Anson, struck with remorse by the expression on Bert's face.

"But here 's the letter. Short an' sweet."

DEAR BOYS [Bless the little fist that wrote that!]: I send my picture. I think it is a nice

(To be concluded in the next number.)

one. The girls say it flatters me, but Will says it don't (What the devil do we care what Will says?) — I guess it does, don't you? I wish I had a picture of you both; I want to show the girls how handsome you are [She means me, of course, said Ans'. No, confound it; how handsome you are] both of you. I wish you would send me your pictures both of you. I ain't got much to say. I will write again soon.

ELGA.

Bert looked at the picture over Anson's shoulder, but did not seem to pay much attention to it.

"Wal, I 'll go out an' shut the barn door. Nights git cold after the sun goes down. You need n't peel the 'taters to-night. We 'll bake 'em, brussels an' all, to-morrow mornin'."

When Anson had gone, Bert snatched up the picture with great eagerness, and gazed upon it with a steady, devouring glance. How womanly she looked with her hair done up so, and the broad fair face and full bosom.

He heard Anson returning from the barn, and hastily laid the picture down, and when Anson entered was apparently dropping off to sleep.

Hamlin Garland.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER.



It was about three years ago — it was early in 1889 — that, on an evening which must always remain memorable to some of us, two or three English writers met, at the house of Mrs. Humphry Ward, a young American man of business who had just made her acquaintance. Among those who then saw Mr. Wolcott Balestier for the first time were Mr. Henry James (soon to become his closest and most valued friend in England) and the writer of these lines. As I look back upon that evening, and ask myself what it was in the eager face I watched across the table-cloth which could create so instant a thrill of attraction, so unresisted a prescience of an intimate friendship ready to invade me, I can hardly find an answer. The type was not of that warm and sympathetic class so familiar in our race; neither in color, form, nor character was it English. In later moments one analyzed that type — a mixture of the suave colonial French and the strained, nervous New England blood. But, at first sight, a newly presented acquaintance

gained an impression of Mr. Balestier as a carefully dressed young-old man or elderly youth, clean-shaven, with smooth dark hair, thin nose, large, sensitive ears, and whimsically mobile mouth. The singular points in this general appearance, however, were given by the extreme pallor of the complexion, and by the fire in the deeply set dark-blue eyes. For the rest, a spare and stooping figure, atonic, ungraceful, a general physique absurdly and even exasperatingly ill-matched with the vigor of will, the extreme rapidity of graceful mental motion, the Protean variety and charm of intellectual vitality, that inhabited this frail bodily dwelling. To the very last, after seeing him almost daily for nearly three years, I never could entirely lose the sense of the capricious contrast between this wonderful intelligence and the unhelpful frame that did it so much wrong.

Charles Wolcott Balestier had just entered his twenty-eighth year when first I knew him. He was born at Rochester, New York, on the 13th of December, 1861. His paternal grandfather had been a French planter in the island of Martinique; his maternal grandfather, whom he is said to have physically resembled, was a jurist who completed commercial negotiations between the United States and Japan.

Of his early life I know but little; Mr. Henry James, when he undertakes the task of biography, will doubtless tell us so much as it is interesting to preserve of all this. Wolcott Balestier was at school in his native city, and at college for a short time at Cornell University, but his education was, I suppose, mainly that of life itself. After his boyhood he spent a few years on the outskirts of literature. I learn from Mr. W. D. Howells that at the age of seventeen he began to send little tales and essays to the office of the "Atlantic Monthly." He edited a newspaper, later on, in Rochester; he published in succession three short novels; and he was employed in the Astor Library in New York.

All these incidents, however, have little significance. But in the winter of 1882 he made an excursion to Leadville, which profoundly impressed his imagination. The Colorado air was more than his weak chest could endure, and he soon came back; but two years later he made a second trip to the West, in company with his elder sister, and this lasted for many months. He returned, at length, through Mexico and the Southern States. The glimpses that he gained in 1885 of the strange life of the West remained to the end of his career the most vivid and exciting which his memory retained. The desire to write earnestly seized him, and it was in Colorado that the first crude sketch of the book afterward rewritten as "Benefits Forgot" was composed. Soon after his return to New York he became known to and highly appreciated by Mr. John W. Lovell, and in the winter of 1888 he came over to England to represent that publisher, and to open an office in London.

Of his three full years in this latter city I can speak with some authority, for I was in close relation with him during the greater part of that time. He arrived in England without possessing the acquaintance of a single Englishman, and he died leaving behind him a wider circle of literary friends than, probably, any living American possesses. He had an ardent desire to form personal connections with those whose writings in any way interested him,—to have his finger, as he said, on the pulse of literature,—and the peculiarity of his position in London, as the representative of an American publishing-house, not merely facilitated the carrying out of this ambition, but turned that pleasure into a duty. He possessed a singularly winning mode of address with strangers whose attention he wished to gain. It might be described as combining the extreme of sympathetic resignation with the self-respect needful to make that resignation valuable. It was in the nature of the business in which Mr. Balestier was occupied during his stay in England

that novels (prose fiction in all its forms) should take up most of his thoughts. I suppose that there was not one English novelist, from Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy down to the most obscure and "subterranean" writer of popular tales, with whom he did not come into relations of one sort or another, but sympathetic and courteous in every case. He was able to preserve in a very remarkable degree his fine native taste in literature, while conscientiously and eagerly "trading" for his friends in New York in literary goods which were not literature at all. This balance of his mind constantly amazed me. His lofty standard of literary merit was never lowered; it grew, if anything, more exacting; yet no touch of priggishness, of disdain, colored his intercourse with those who produce what the public buys in defiance of taste, the honest purveyors of deciduous fiction.

Mr. Balestier's ambition on landing, an obscure youth, in an England which had never heard of him was no less than to conquer a place of influence in the center of English literary society. Within three years he had positively succeeded in gaining such a position, and was daily strengthening it. There has been no such recent invasion of London; he was not merely, as we used to tell him, "one of our conquerors," but the most successful of them all.

What was so novel and so delightful in his relations with authors was the exquisite adroitness with which he made his approaches. He never lost a shy conquest through awkwardness or roughness. If an anthology of appreciations of Wolcott Balestier could be formed, it would show that to each literary man and woman whom he visited he displayed a tincture of his or her own native color. As I write these words a letter comes from the author of "John Inglesant," to whom in the winter of 1890 I gave Balestier a letter of introduction. "The impression he left upon me," says Mr. Shorthouse, "was so refined and delicate in its charm that I looked back to it all through that terrible winter with a bright recollection of what is to me the most delightful of experiences, a quiet dinner with a sympathetic and intelligent man."

Our notices of the dead tend to grow stereotyped and featureless. We attribute to them all the virtues, all the talents, but shrink from the task of discrimination. But the sketch which should dwell on Wolcott Balestier mainly as on an amiable young novelist cut off in the flower of his literary youth would fail more notably than usual in giving an impression of the man. Of his literary work I shall presently speak: to praise it with exaggeration would, as I shall try to show, be unwise. But all men are not mere machines for writing books, and Balestier,

preëminently, was not. The character was far more unique, more curious, than the mere talent for composition, and what the character was I must now try to describe. He had, in the first place, a business capacity which in its degree may not be very rare, if we regard the whole industrial field, but which as directed to the profession of publication was, I am not afraid to say, unique. He glanced over the field of the publishing-houses, and saw them all divided in interests, pulling various ways, impeding one another, sacrificing the author to their traditions and their lack of enterprise. He dreamed great dreams of consolidation, at which those who are incapable of the effort of dreaming may now smile, if they will. But no one who is acquainted with details to which I must not do more than allude here will deny that he possessed many of the characteristics needed to turn his dreams into facts. He held in his grasp the details of the trade, yet combined with them an astonishing power of generalization. I have never known any one connected with the art or trade of literature who had anything like his power of marshaling before his memory, in due order, all the militant English writers of the moment, small as well as great. There they stood in seemingly rows, the names that every Englishman honors and never buys, the names that every Englishman buys and never honors. Balestier knew them all, knew their current value, appraised them for future quotation, keeping his own critical judgment, all the while, unbent, but steadily suspended.

To reach this condition of experience time, of course, had been required, but really very little. Within twelve months he knew the English book-market as, probably, no Englishman knew it. Into this business of his he threw an indomitable will, infinite patience, a curious hunting or sporting zest, and what may be called the industrial imagination. His mind moved with extreme rapidity; he never seemed to require to be told a fact or given a hint twice. When you saw him a few days later, the fact had gathered to itself a cluster of associate supports, the hint had already ripened to action. I may quote an instance which has a pathetic interest now. In the autumn of 1889, fresh from reading "Soldiers Three," I told him that he ought to keep his eye on a new Indian writer, Rudyard Kipling. "Rudyard Kipling?" he answered impatiently; "is it a man or a woman? What's its real name?" A little nettled, I said: "You will find that you won't be allowed to go on asking questions like those. He is going to be one of the greatest writers of the day." "Pooh, pooh!" Balestier replied; "now you are shouting!" And no further reference was made to the subject. But three days later I found a pile of the blue

Indian pamphlets on his desk, and within a week he had added the future collaborator in "The Naulahka" to the troop of what he used to call his "personal conquests."

No striking qualities, as we know, are without their defects. The most trying peculiarity of Wolcott Balestier was the result of his rapidity in decisive maneuvering. He had cultivated such a perfect gift for being all things to all men, discretion and tact were so requisite in his calling, that he fell, and that increasingly, into the error of excessive reticence. This mysterious secrecy, which grew on him toward the last, his profound caution and subtlety, would doubtless have become modified; this feature of his character needed but to become a little exaggerated, and he would himself have perceived and corrected it. There was perhaps a little temptation to vanity in the case of a young man possessed of so many secrets, and convinced of his worth as a confidential adviser. He "had the unfortunate habit of staring very hard at his own actions, and when he found his relations to others refining themselves under a calcium light, he endeavored to put up the screen." These words from a story of his own may be twisted into an application that he never intended. In the light of his absolute and unshaken discretion, of his ardent loyalty to his particular friends, of his zeal for the welfare of others, this little tortuous foible for mystery dwindles into something almost too small to be recorded.

For the ordinary relaxations of mankind, especially for the barbarous entertainments of us red-blooded islanders, he had an amused and tolerant disdain. He rode a little, but he had no care for any other sort of exercise. He played no games, he followed no species of sport. His whole soul burned in his enterprises, in his vast industrial dreams. If he tried golf, it was because he was fond of Mr. Norris; if he discussed agriculture and Wessex, it was because that was the way to the heart of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Nothing came amiss to him in conversation, and he was so apt a learner that he would talk charmingly of politics, of wine, of history, even of the fine arts. But only three things really occupied his mind—the picturesque procession of the democratic life of to-day, the features and fortunes of his friends, and those commercial adventures for the conduct of which he had so extraordinary a genius.

It is by design that I have not spoken hitherto of his own literary productions. It would be easier, I think, to exaggerate their positive value than to overrate the value of the man who wrote them. Moreover, there is a certain impropriety in publicly analyzing what has not yet been given to the public. The three novels which he published in America ("A Patent

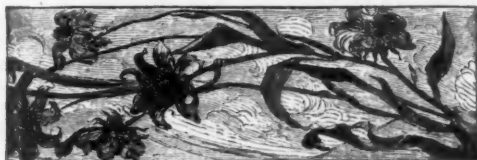
Philtre," 1884; "A Fair Device," 1884; "A Victorious Defeat," 1886) were the outcome of an admiration for the later novels of Mr. W. D. Howells, but they had not the merit even of being good imitations. He was conscious of their weakness, and he deliberately set himself to forget them. Meanwhile the large issues of life in the West and its social peculiarities fascinated him. The result of his study of the Leadville of 1885 will be found in a novel called "Benefits Forgot," which was finished in 1890, and which will appear in these pages. During the last year of his life Wolcott Balestier took to composition again with much fervor and assiduity. There is no question that his intimate friendship with so eager and brilliant an artist as Mr. Rudyard Kipling was of vast service to him. The short stories of this last year are exceedingly remarkable. There remains the part of "The Naulahka" which he contributed, but on this it is impossible here to dwell. His posthumous writings will be presented in succession to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and when they have passed through this periodical form, they will fill two or three volumes. What he might have done, if he had lived ten years longer, none of us can conjecture.

The melancholy task remains to me of tell-

ing how so much light and fire was extinguished. He habitually overworked himself to such a degree, the visible mental strain was so obvious, that his health had long given us the deepest anxiety. I, for one, for a year had almost ceased to hope that he could survive. Yet it now appears, both from the record of his family and from the opinion of the German doctors, that there was no organic mischief, and that he might, in spite of his weakness, have lived to old age. He was overworked, but he never worried; he was exhausted, but he did not experience the curse of sleeplessness. Last November, however, after some days of indisposition, looking all the while extremely ill, he left us for business reasons, and went to Berlin. We heard of him a few days later as laid up in Dresden. His mother and sisters immediately went to him from Paris. The disease proved to be typhoid fever in a most malignant form, and on the twenty-first day, Sunday, the 6th of December, 1891, he died, having not quite completed his thirtieth year. He lies buried in the American cemetery at Dresden, and our anticipations lie with him;

For what was he? Some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much
In watching him from hour to hour.

Edmund Gosse.



IN MEMORIAM WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

TEARS do but blind; our grief hath vision clear;
The shadows that now lower a little space,
And hide from us familiar form and face,
Will lift and lighten with each fleeting year,
And thou wilt seem not far, but very near,
Infolded ever in our love's embrace.
Still dost thou live, and in thy wonted place.
Thy realm is thought, and Death is powerless here;
Oft wilt thou greet us in the days to come,
The laurel's beauty gleaming on thy brow,
And soul to soul we shall commune with thee,
And thoughts for which even poesy is dumb
Shall find a voice, and we shall listen now
To genius touched by immortality.

James R. Campbell.

"STARVING AT TASKOMA!"

PICTURES BY HARPER PENNINGTON.



ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

HE winter that followed the cessation of work on the Taskoma branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway will long be remembered on the Madawaskan Bay. The contractors were bankrupt, and the last batches of unpaid workmen had to be released from their snow prison by relief-parties. At that time the inhabitants of Taskoma Mills were warned of the danger they were running, and were advised to leave, but they had become attached to their new home, rough and isolated as it was. They believed in the development and eventual prosperity of this jumping-off place, and attributed such depreciatory epithets as God-forsaken, blankety-blanked, etc.—without one of which the name of their settlement was rarely mentioned—to ill feeling caused by the collapse of the railroad enterprise. Like all fond parents they had a weakness for their offspring, and were equally sanguine in their expectations of future greatness.

When the winter closed around them with an unusual extravagance of cold and snow, they calked the seams of their log huts, worked at the woodpile, and patiently awaited the steamer that was to bring their supplies. The news of her wreck and total loss off Anatoulin Island was, to say the least, inopportune, and at the daily meeting in McSwine's quondam grocery and post-office the situation was briefly outlined by the president in the following terms:

MEN OF TASKOMA: As presiding officer of this and numerous other assemblies it becomes my painful duty to inform you that the *Albert Nyanza* has foundered with the captain and crew, our hopes and supplies. She's a total, absolute, complete wreck. And now, gentlemen, let us look at the situation like men, as we are. Our navy's no good, because we have n't any. Our telegraph system's no good, because the only wire is down. And our army's no good, because the Indians say we cannot travel at present. Offensively speaking, then, we're paralyzed. And right here I move

that our resolution to stay and face it out was unwise, unjustifiable, and un-sane. On that subject I will say more. I will say that it is our duty as a community to put it on record that every man present behaved at that time like an ass, a — ass, and nothing but an ass. And I also move, and second the motion, that a committee be appointed to break its way through to Yatchedash Junction, and petition for help. Contrary minded? The ayes have it; it is a vote. I therefore name and appoint Messrs. Collins, Fairbanks, and Fournier as voluntary members of that committee, and order them to start not later than four o'clock to-morrow morning.

The proceedings whereby this forlorn hope was authorized were therefore perfectly regular and correct. The "volunteers" left at the hour specified, and in the mean time the camp was organized on a starvation basis. All supplies were turned into headquarters at McSwine's, and every morning the daily ration was served out to the members of the community according to the president's handicap scale of appetites. However, when a few days later the relief-committee returned to camp in a starving condition, the inhabitants began to realize that the impending famine was more than a mere picturesque episode in the history of their development. Another expedition, better fitted out than the first, was at once sent out to break through the "Chinese Wall" of snow that surrounded Taskoma, and in the mean time the most strenuous efforts were made to increase the small stock of food on hand. Although fishing through the ice was warmly advocated at McSwine's, it was effectively discouraged at the other end of the line by the prospective victims. And day after day the men of the camp met around the stove at the grocery, to smoke, and to chew the bitter cud of reflection. The empty shelves around them expounded the philosophy of the situation in pathetic but convincing silence; and silence became the chief characteristic of the community.

The only man who stayed away from these meetings was the mission priest. In the rude, unpainted little chapel-house, on the lower floor of which he occupied a closet, Father Taché fasted and prayed, consoling the distressed women who came to him, and thus indirectly strengthening the men. When the ninth cheerless, leaden day dawned, and the snow continued falling, and yet no news came from the outside world, he arose from his morn-

ing prayers with the conviction that the temporal, as well as the spiritual, salvation of his flock rested entirely with him. For an hour or two he paced the parlor of the mission-house, considering the problem before him, and then ascended to the chapel to pray. While he was kneeling at the altar it seemed to him that the Madonna leaned forward out of her golden frame and whispered to him, "Go thou upon the path, for the Lord hath chosen thee!"

Father Taché was a man of simple character; faithful, honest, and passionately sincere in his vocation, a priest of medieval convictions and latter-day forbearance. That there existed good, strong men among the heretics he admitted, while he deplored the error of their belief. It was his duty to preach that there was no salvation outside of the Church, but he did so with a mental reservation; for the Church, as he conceived it, was bounded only by faith, hope, and charity, and all men who practised these virtues were, consciously or not, members of the great congregation. Still, with these broad-minded views he united certain curious, obsolete beliefs, as picturesque adornments of an otherwise simple and matter-of-fact character. When the first bad news had reached Taskoma, Father Taché concluded that the settlement was expiating the inevitable sins of its temporary prosperity; and now it was equally evident to him that God required a propitiatory sacrifice. He had been chosen, and from that moment forward he did not hesitate in the performance of his obvious duty. Toward evening he went down to McSwine's grocery and asked for the latest news.

"There ain't any, Father Taché," one of the men answered; "and savin' your pardon, short o' comin' from heaven, I don't see as any is likely to reach us for the present. If that party we sent out had got to Yatchedash, we'd 'a' heard from 'em yesterday or the day before. So I guess they never got there, and that's the end of it. We're goin' to try once more, and Runnin' Joe here is goin' to make a break in the mornin'."

"The news *has* come from heaven!" the priest answered solemnly, stepping forward to the center of the room. "This day the Lord appeared to me in a vision, and said, 'Go thou forth upon the path!' And to-morrow morning I shall start alone."

There was something in Father Taché's voice and manner that impressed even the least superstitious, and for half a minute no one spoke. Then all together they protested against his going. The Irish and the French Canadians would not hear of his leaving them and their families when they most needed his spiritual help and consolation. The others objected for equally convincing reasons. Physically he was not strong enough; he was not

in proper training; he was no woodsman; he did not know the caches and water-holes, etc. But Father Taché stood his ground. To some he said: "It is the will of God. You cannot know it as I do." The others he reminded of his long service in tent and cabin on "construction" work. As for the road, he knew every inch of it; was he not the priest of this very district? But these reasons failed to satisfy them, and the discussion waxed hotter and more personal. "You are not strong enough, you are not strong enough," they kept repeating; until, brushing them all aside, he stood forth in the middle of the room.

"With the help of God, who is stronger than I!" he cried, stroking his short, black beard nervously. "Let him stand forth, and I will wrestle with him; and if I prevail, then I shall go to Yatchedash instead of Joe."

For the next few moments all was noise and confusion, and from all corners of the room came cries of "No! No! Yes! Yes! Never! We won't allow it. It is the only way! Let him do as he's a mind to! It's none of our business, anyway! Silence! Come, that's fair! Stand back!" until McSwine loudly rapped for order. "Let Father Taché have his own way, boys, and stand back against the walls. It's a perfectly square deal. If Joe can throw him, then Joe goes. If he can't, then he'll have to stay along of us and see it out here."

While McSwine was speaking, Father Taché had bared his brawny arms; and as he stood there in relief, like an old-time champion of the Church, with the ends of his cassock tucked into his waistband, his massive shoulders thrown back, and the light of enthusiasm in his honest blue eyes, many a man present suddenly felt moved to bet his ration of canned beef against the Indian, in spite of the latter's well-known strength and skill.

When Joe, stolidly confident in his huge proportions, signified that he was ready, the silence was so great that the splutter of the lamps was distinctly audible; the excitement so intense that for the first time in many days the presence of the grim sentinel outside was forgotten. Father Taché's inexperience was evident from the first. The Indian obtained such a hold that the contest seemed ended before it had fairly begun. But to the surprise of all the Father broke it slowly, steadily, and apparently without great effort. Regardless of rules, he closed his massive arms around his adversary, and held him as a bear hugs a man, swaying slowly from side to side. And to and fro, panting, they lurched, sank, fell, and rallied; resting for a moment, with short cries wrung from them by their exertions; and then again reeling and straining, breast to breast, backward and forward, now up to-



"AVE, DOMINE!"

gether, now on the ground, for the privilege of self-sacrifice on the morrow. More than once the cunning of the Indian nearly won the battle, and he grunted contentedly—but always too soon. For as it became evident that he was weakening, it became equally evident that Father Taché was gaining in strength and skill. His eyes shone with a fanatical fire; the spirit that animated the crusaders glowed, and burned, and seethed within him; the conviction that he was the champion of the Church grew stronger and more evident; in a frenzy of religious enthusiasm he suddenly raised the Indian high in the air, and, as he flung him to the floor, stunned and helpless, the building rang with his triumphant chant: "*Ave, Domine! fortissimi ecclesiae filii!*"

At six the next morning the whole camp, men, women, and children, Catholics and heretics, attended early mass, and after the communion waited outside while Father Taché prayed alone at the altar for strength and endurance. Then they helped him to make his pack, and in a body accompanied him to the border of the forest. There many fell on their knees in the snow to receive his last blessing, and, one after another, those who had remained standing now uncovered, bent their heads, and finally kneeled also. And as he stood with outstretched hands and face upturned toward the sky, the pale win-

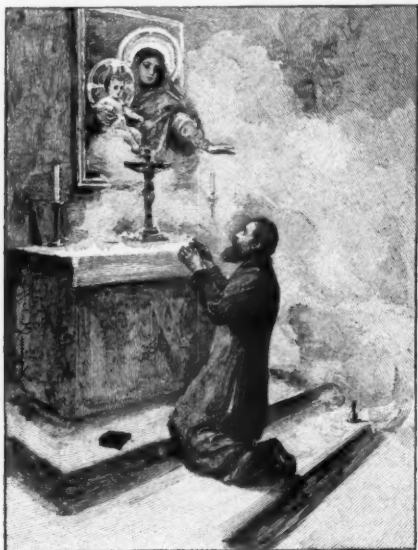
ter sun broke through the mist on the horizon and illumined his figure brightly. For a minute he stood silent, deeply moved, with suffused eyes that looked into the brightness beyond; and raising his voice, he unconsciously quoted the Scripture, saying: "Whither I go, ye know; and the way ye know. Let not your hearts be troubled. I will come again. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." Then pulling on his tuque he turned to go.

It was an impressive moment in the history of the camp, and the most hardened felt moved. So, when old Tim Sawyer stretched out his stick toward the priest, and said in an uncertain voice, "God bless you, Father Taché!" every man in that crowd repeated after him, "God bless you, Father!"

For a while they stood watching the retreating figure as it grew smaller and smaller between the high, snow-plastered walls of the trees, until finally the black speck, with all their hopes and fears, disappeared behind a turn in the road. And one after another in silence returned to his dreary cabin.

For some hours after his departure Father Taché walked along unconscious of his surroundings. Had the magnitude, or the difficulty, or the probable failure of his undertaking suggested itself to his mind, he would have

swept it aside with a quotation or a prayer. That Yatchedash Junction was ninety miles away; that no human habitation was to be found along the road; that many of the trestles had been burned, and must therefore be crossed on a single line of rails hanging together only by the bolts of the fish-plates; that all the dangers of a long march alone through exceptionally heavy snow lay before him, weighed as nothing in the balance against the single fact



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.
AT THE ALTAR.

that fifty families were starving at Taskoma. With the skirts of his cassock tucked into his belt, a blanket over his knapsack, with his ax and his missal, the sturdy Father sped along on his snow-shoes at a rapid gait. No snow had fallen since daylight. The broad swath cut for the railroad-track through the pine-forest, and evenly filled up with snow to half the height of the telegraph-poles, reached out before him, until afar off it climbed the horizon, narrow, evident, and steep, as he fancied the straight path to heaven must be. Beyond the grayish veil of cloud that covered the sky, the blue background above, though unseen, was distinctly sensible. The sun did not shine, but a dazzling white light, reflected with intense yet lusterless brightness by the snow-surface, shed a broad halo over the visible world. The air was crisp and sharp, and with the healthy glow of the vigorous exercise Father Taché's spirits rose within him, and he tingled all over with a delicious feeling of vitality.

His religion and vocation apart, this priest

was a fine specimen of man; the kind of flesh and blood of which enthusiasm makes heroes and martyrs. While still a mere boy he had loved with all the earnest ardor of an honest heart; but death had vetoed the confirmation of his happiness, and grief had made of him a priest. The rigid scholastic training of the seminary, to which he had submitted absolutely,—for he was not a man to do anything in a half-hearted way,—had been unable to quench his healthy love for the beauties of nature, or to impair his quick sympathy with the prosperity or misery of his fellow-creatures. And so on this first day of his homeric struggle with the snowing, Father Taché warmed with enthusiasm over the magnificence of the wild northern landscape, and glorified God for the marvels of his creation. As he marched along he sang in his powerful bass voice the old Canadian songs which he had learned as a boy, and whose every line or variation of tune he both knew and loved; and few would have supposed that this stalwart friar, singing and swinging his massive limbs to the cadence of the refrain,

En roulant ma boule, roulant !
En roulant ma boule !

was the emissary of a starving community cut off from all human aid, and whose existence depended upon his energy and endurance.

All that day lustily singing, he pushed onward, halting only for a short meal about noon-time. He hoped to reach the bridge over the Spanish River some time before dark, as the log huts built there a few months ago would afford him shelter overnight. It was a great journey to accomplish in one day, being somewhat over fifty miles of the ninety; but the weather was fair, and Father Taché believed that if he succeeded in reaching that point on the first day the happy issue of his expedition was assured. When the sun went down, or rather when the bright day waned to an arctic twilight, Father Taché's songs became more sentimental; his singing was less spontaneous, and lapsed gradually into a subdued humming that soon died out altogether. The silence, the semi-darkness, the appalling isolation, and the natural weariness resulting from such a colossal effort, began to tell upon his spirits, and little by little the dangerous snow-drowsiness, so fatal to many a traveler, insidiously worked its way into his brain. But as he felt it gaining upon him he struggled more determinedly with fatigue and sleep, cooled his forehead in the snow, and prayed, and stumbled on.

It was late indeed when he broke his way through into the old telegraph-office at the Spanish River; but the satisfaction of having accomplished so much made him forget his weariness, his suffering, and the uncertainty of

his success. The place was dismal enough, to be sure, but Father Taché had seen too much of the miseries of camp life to be affected by cheerless quarters. After removing his snowshoes, he started a fire, and kneeled to thank God for his help, without which he could never have reached the bridge. Then, having eaten a few mouthfuls of beef and biscuit, he wrapped himself in his blanket, lay down by the fire, and was soon asleep.

The next morning he arose with difficulty. Besides the lame stiffness to be expected after such a day's journey, his ankles were swollen, and the excruciating pain locally known as the *mal de raquettes* made him wince at every step. After much trouble he succeeded in splitting enough wood to make a fire, over which he heated some brandy, and rubbed his lame feet. Then he crawled to the door and looked out. The sky was clear at last, and in spite of his pain Father Taché sprang up joyfully and folded his hands. He had forgotten all but that God had answered his prayer, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and joy he sang. And the tall, swaying pines bent their heads and listened, the gleaming birches fluttered their nervous twigs, and the silly poplars shuddered and shivered; while Echo, that most docile of Nature's children, repeated and lingered over the unfamiliar words of the "Te Deum laudamus."

But alas for the frailty of human thews and sinews! By noon Father Taché was only six miles from the bridge, and that night, after superhuman efforts and nearly crazed with pain, he barely reached the once famous Camp 42, twenty-eight miles from Yatchedash, twenty-eight miles from hope, twenty-eight miles from salvation. During the day his sufferings had been so keen that he had pushed on more as one walking in a dream than as a conscious human being. What he did on his arrival, or how he effected an entrance into the former storehouse, he could never remember. It is probable that with a vague recognition of the premises he burrowed through the snow until he reached a window, broke down the sash, and tumbled in, to fall asleep immediately after drawing his blanket over his head.

When he awoke the next day he was in utter darkness. For some time he lay quiet, shivering and wondering where he might be, for of the happenings of the last few days he remembered nothing. His mind was as numb as his body, and the only thing he could recollect was a camp scene on "construction," long ago, when, early one morning, he had lain quiet under his blanket as now, hoping that some one would light the fire. Then suddenly the word "Taskoma" appeared to him as though written in letters of fire on the wall of the log house, and it all

came back to him. With an intuitive remembrance of his lameness, he attempted to move slowly, cautiously, as one who fears a sudden pain; yet to his surprise he could feel neither pain, nor lameness, nor even fatigue. He was merely numb with cold, and his hands tingled as though they had been asleep. He awoke abruptly, in complete possession of his senses, and, jumping up, made a fire and breakfasted. Then, feeling warm and strong, he rose to go; but the door was wedged fast by the snow outside, and, after vainly endeavoring to push it outward, he turned back to look for a pick or a bar, and made a startling discovery. At the rear end of the long building, and huddled together on a bench-bed, lay three dead bodies, frozen stiff; and in the stern, dark features he recognized three of the four men who had started from Taskoma on the same mission as his own — Jim Nolan and the two Indians, Yellow Joe and Big Hams.

These were the men who had gone before; these were the men in whose snow-covered footsteps he had followed for two days on this fearful journey, and whom on that same day, perhaps, he would follow into the infinite world beyond. It is no wonder, then, that Father Taché was moved as he reverently covered their rigid bodies with his own blanket (he would not need it again, for if he did not reach the Junction by night he would never reach it at all). He stuck his last candle into an empty whisky-bottle, lighted it, and placed it at their feet. Then he blessed them, and turned to go.

Outside the snow was falling again in large, heavy flakes, and in the storm it was impossible to see ahead. As he plodded on, Father Taché for the first time began to question the certainty of his success. Twenty-eight miles in this weather was no small undertaking, and the dismal discovery which he had made at Camp 42 had affected him more deeply than he dared to acknowledge. Once or twice he attempted to sing, but in the solemn silence that surrounded him the songs sounded like a hollow mockery, and after the first verse he merely repeated the words mechanically in a monotonous undertone. Now that he had left the forest and was traveling over comparatively level ground, the telegraph-poles were his only guides, but in the maskeeg, or bog, many had fallen, and were covered with snow; he could not see more than twenty yards ahead, and must grope his way, as it were, from one fallen pole to the next. About noon he began to feel vaguely conscious of having lost the track, and started to walk back; but before he had gone a furlong the shallow marks of his snowshoes had disappeared under the falling snow. For a few moments he wandered on over the trackless waste, then became alarmed, and turned to go

back; but only a few steps further the trail had once more disappeared, and, after staggering aimlessly, first to the right, then to the left, he knew that he was lost.

Lost! No, no! it could not be! He looked eagerly around for some landmark, some hill, or rock, or tree; but on all sides the silent white curtain, heavy, thick, impenetrable, inclosed him. In his despair he called out, "Lord, Lord, thou hast forsaken them!" and, falling on his knees, Father Taché buried his head in the snow. But, after the first moment of bewilderment and despair, he rallied and prayed fervently for help, not for his own sake, but that his miserable flock at Taskoma might be saved. Day after day, and night after night, as the hunger-fiend drew his net closer about them, they would wander out to the edge of the forest, and stand there gazing wistfully up the road by which he had disappeared. And day after day each would go back sadder and more despondent to watch his wife and children sinking gradually, hopelessly, inevitably into the grave. In his prayers he offered his own life as a sacrifice, and naively believing, like some of the old martyrs, that the greater his suffering the more acceptable it would be, he prayed for unheard-of tortures and miseries.

When he raised his head it seemed to him that his prayer had been heard; the snow was falling more lightly than before, the wind was increasing, and the sky was brighter. He ate what was left of the biscuit, drank the remainder of the communion wine, and rose for his last effort, no longer as Father Taché the mission priest, but as Father Taché the chosen martyr. Not far from where he stood there was a ridge in the smooth snow-surface; he ran toward it, and eagerly brushed the white covering aside. It was what he had hoped it might be—a fallen telegraph-pole; and now he could distinguish another and yet another farther on, and with a shout of triumph he cried: "Taskoma is saved! A strong and mighty bulwark is the Lord our God!"

An hour later he had passed the bridge over the Vermilion, and was soon floundering in the deep drifts at the famous Clay-cut by Whitefish Lake. Then came the long trestle, a dangerous crossing in the wind that had set in; but, lying flat on his stomach, he succeeded in crawling safely over to the other side; and it was night again. On and on, step by step, effort by effort, hour after hour, through the silent desolation of snow that surrounded him, Father Taché plodded, with never a friend to encourage, never a soul to admire. Excepting the melancholy moaning of the wind, not a sound broke the awful silence, and in the

increasing gloom neither light nor landmark guided him onward. But under the torn cassock, stiff with ice, his faithful heart beat on, troubled only by the misery of those he loved, not by the misery he was suffering. And, trusting in God, the brave spirit struggled on alone against weakness, and hunger, and the terrible snow-sleep.

Fight on, brave soldier; the end is nearing! Fight on alone, the end is at hand! None will record your sacrifice, none write your history. No glory awaits you here. Only God will know the agony of that bitter night when you reeled, and staggered, and floundered, and fell, calling to him in your delirium for help and endurance, singing his psalms as you tottered on, groaning in your anguish, and unconsciously sobbing that wild refrain, "Starving—starving at Taskoma!" Fight on, Father Taché, the end is at hand!

About four o'clock the next morning the stalwart Hudson's Bay factor stepped out from the cabin near Yatchedash where he had made a night's halt with his Indians. The storm had entirely ceased, and the stars were twinkling brightly from their solemn distance in the black sky. Ross looked up and down the road with a satisfied air, and was turning to call his men when he noticed a curious object tottering toward him, and, reaching for his rifle, cautiously walked toward it, wondering the while at its strange gait and continuous hoarse cries. When he drew near he recognized Father Taché, and caught him in his arms as he fell forward, gasping: "Starving at Taskoma! Help!—for the love of God!"

THEY were white men at Yatchedash Junction, and a preliminary relief-party was organized at once, composed of Mat Murphy the road-master, Father Caron, the sturdy little Doctor Lovey, and Ross with his Indians. A larger party with more supplies was to start later in the day. Their generous haste was rewarded, for they arrived in time to save every man, woman, and child at the Mills. But Father Taché never recovered altogether; and when the snow had disappeared, and the robins whistled again in the tamarack tops, and the Madawaskan Bay was once more a sea of blue and gold, he passed away. They laid him to rest in the sad little graveyard behind the mission, where to-day, when the snow is not too deep, you will find the plain wooden cross that marks his resting-place, and traced upon it by some unskilful hand the words that live in the hearts of those he saved from death:

God bless you, Father Taché!

John Heard, Jr.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF LETITIA ROY.

PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



ENGRAVED BY T. L. CALHANE.

THE LANDLOCKED HARBOR.

MISS LETITIA ROY was one of the prettiest girls in Alberta, and much homage was tendered her, from the very day of her arrival, in the little English settlement that surrounded the Hudson's Bay Company's fort; but it was not until six years afterward—not until she reached the mature age of twenty-two, when girls in western towns are almost looked upon as old maids—that she descended to the common level and fell in love like all the rest of her world.

Letitia's prettiness was not a common type. She was rather under the middle height, and her figure was plump and well developed. Her hair was a bright shade of brown, short and curly, and the soft rings fell caressingly on her broad, well-shaped forehead, softening its intellectual outlines. Her eyes were hazel, and shone with unclouded happiness, while, when she smiled, innumerable dimples developed themselves around her somewhat full lips. Fortunately her teeth were small and white, and regularly set, for she showed nearly all of them when she laughed; and it was characteristic of her that she rarely spoke without a laugh. It came as spontaneously as the echo of her words.

In spite of the homage rendered her by the boys, Letitia was what may best be described as a girls' girl, for she cultivated ardent friendships among her own sex, with whom her independence of character and gaiety of heart made her a universal favorite. There were plenty of young men in Alberta in those days, so that Letitia's preëminence did not threaten to bring disastrous consequences upon any of her friends and faithful satellites. Then, although all the young men liked Letitia, it was satisfactorily decreed by fate that all of them should not fall in love with her. Somehow,

in spite of her bright glances, they found it easier to slip into that relation which combines the brother with the friend, and which may, perhaps, be more accurately termed cousinly. Her independent self-reliance was not aggressive, but still it was perceptible, and did not serve to encourage timidly tender advances. She had another defense in the multiplicity of the interests and enthusiasms with which the maiden aunt after whom she was named had early inspired her. This maiden aunt was left behind in England when Mrs. Roy rejoined her husband, and the long six months' voyage around Cape Horn, together with the novelties of her new surroundings, sent Letitia's thoughts for a time into new channels. One by one, however, the old pursuits were renewed with ardor.

The Roys lived in a roomy one-storied cottage on the road that skirted the almost landlocked harbor. It was outside the limits of the old fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, but still was within ten minutes' walk of the center of the town, where, it was scoffingly said by American tourists from San Francisco, a cannon-ball might be fired at noon without hurting any living person. There were only one or two cottages beyond the Roys'. Further on the land was still uncleared, and the bush, with its somber fir-trees and tangled undergrowth, stretched away to the end of the rocky peninsula. In those days everybody in the settlement knew everybody else, from the governor in his recently built stuccoed castle on the heights to the equally solitary telegraph-boy, who had his headquarters in Wharf street.

Mr. Roy had come to the province at the time of the gold-fever; and when that subsided without giving him the fortune which was to have taken him home in triumph to his wife and children, he drifted from one place to another, settling down finally in the thriving little town of Alberta, where he laid the foundations of the famous ready-made clothing establishment which was soon able to supply bankers and miners alike with suitable wearing-apparel. As soon as it was prudent to do so he sent for his wife and children—for Letitia, and Edgar, and for the baby boy he had not yet seen. Mrs. Roy had no ambition whatever to enter into the gay social life of the colony. Her home duties appeared to occupy her incessantly. But for Letitia, she admitted,



0A 1852
ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

LETITIA.

it was quite different. Letitia was an interesting compound of father and mother. Her father's adventurous nature supplied the romantic element in her. Perhaps it was this spirit of romance that prevented Letitia from being satisfied with bread and butter in the shape of the honest youths of her intimate acquaintance, and sent her fancy roving, just as the spirit of adventure, years before, had urged her father abroad to seek his fortune. Homely instincts of duty, however, inherited from her mother, weighted Letitia's wings, and kept her from many a daring act. Their strength was evident in the happy way in which she adapted herself to the old-fashioned groove marked out for the only daughter in a family of boys. In spite of her dimples and her laughter, and the partly unconscious coquetry of her bright glances, the strongest influences long remained those which associated her with her brothers. Fancy-free herself, she officiated as bridesmaid with all the more grace to one friend after another; and she had even assumed the responsibilities of a godmother before she met Charles Neville.

II.

It was at a garden-party at Judge Whyte's that Letitia was introduced to Lieutenant Charles Neville of her Majesty's ship *Stronghold*. Mrs. Whyte was the recognized leader of Alberta society, and her weekly summer garden-parties were attended by all within its magic pale. The Roys were just on the borderland; for the retail department of Mr. Roy's store could not, with the best will in the world, be entirely overlooked by the little colony of select English people. But then it was whispered that he occasionally advanced money, at a high rate of interest, to traveling fellow-countrymen of distinction, chiefly officers of the royal navy, who found themselves inconveniently distant from the base of their supplies; and hence he might be looked upon as a private banker by those who were inclined to take a charitable view. These transactions were frequently arranged in informal conferences on the door-step of the store, or in a stroll along the sidewalk of the principal street, and were often followed by a convivial lunch or dinner on board one of the ships at the neighboring naval station. Such outward and visible signs of intimacy in high quarters could not be ignored. Besides, Mrs. Roy, if, somewhat homely, was considered a lady by the other ladies of the town; and as for Letitia, she was not a girl to be passed over anywhere, and in a colonial town on the Pacific coast was actually a mine of wealth to an ambitious hostess who wished to make her house an attractive one. So Mr. and Mrs. Roy were invited to dinner

by the judge's lady at least once a year, and Letitia, or Letty, as Mrs. Whyte preferred to call her, was welcome on all occasions when young people were present.

It was the naval element that gave both tone and variety to Alberta society. It had the advantage of constantly changing, and therefore could never grow monotonous. In the easy intercourse of colonial life Letitia had danced with several admirals and with many gallant captains, while the young middies fraternized with her brothers at foot-ball and cricket, and were always made welcome at the cottage on the Harbor Road. Lieutenant Neville did not therefore flash like an unexpected meteor upon Letitia's horizon. He arrived in the spring with the *Stronghold*, and it was quite in the ordinary course of events that he appeared at Judge Whyte's first garden-party in May. Letitia was there, equally as a matter of course, and the magic words, "Mr. Neville, Miss Roy," were pronounced in Mrs. Whyte's ordinary even tones. Neville and Letitia found themselves opponents at croquet, a much more piquant relation than that of partners. They were well-matched players, but Letitia finally pegged her opponent. Then, surrendering their mallets to later arrivals, they went laughing and chatting across the lawn and up the steps of the veranda, where Mrs. Whyte was dispensing tea and claret-cup. Neville's sunburnt face had the same buoyant, gladsome expression that distinguished Letitia's. His laugh was as gay as hers, his teeth as white under his fair mustache, and he had the gracious manners of a happy nature in addition to the well-bred air of a young man of the world.

"What a charming pair!" murmured Mrs. Whyte as they came up the veranda steps, Neville just behind Letitia.

Some of the elder ladies were grouped round Mrs. Whyte's tea-table. A Chinaman in a spotless white tunic with wide, hanging sleeves, and with his queue neatly braided round his head, was deftly handing round the tea-cups and the cake. His calm, expressionless brown eyes took in everything, and he quickly brought refreshments to Letitia and her companion, who were standing near a group of young people.

"You likee tea, Miss Loy?"

"Oh, thank you, Hing," said Letitia; "heep likee. But this man, Hing," she added, turning to Neville, "I think he likee claret."

"No, no," interposed Neville; "I likee tea."

"Tea velly good," said Hing, solemnly.

"Yes," replied Letitia, in assent; "but sometimes white man not savvy what good for him."

Neville's eyes followed Hing with some curiosity.

"Do you talk to all of them like that, Miss Roy?"

"Oh, Hing understands English very well," said Letitia. "He has been five years with Mrs. Whyte. We have had Chinese boys at home who scarcely knew a word of English when they came to us. However, they soon pick up the names of things, and we just skip the verbs." Neville drank his tea, and then carried his cup and Letitia's to the table.

"What a beautiful country this is," he said, when he returned.

Judge Whyte's house was built on the heights,

at her companion. It is not every man in the far West that can quote Tennyson appreciatively.

"That," she said in a few minutes, "is the charm that our scenery lacks. The charm of association," she added, as Neville looked inquiringly at her. "Our lakes, our hills, our streams are beautiful; but it is beauty without history, without anything behind—the beauty of a merely pretty face," she continued, with an increase of color and a shade of embarrassment that Neville found charming to watch. "There are no stories, no romances, attached



"NEVER HAD THERE BEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER."

ENGRAVED BY J. P. DAVIS.

in the aristocratic neighborhood of the governor's castle. From the raised veranda Letitia and Neville could look over the low, one-storied cottages beyond, which were built on the south slope of the hill, and were almost hidden by the blossom of cherry-trees, right away to the blue water of the straits, and to the range of snow-clad mountains on the American side.

"The mountains are especially beautiful today," said Letitia. "It is not always that we see that cleft in them, that opening yonder, between what must be two distinct ranges."

"Yes; I have not noticed it before," exclaimed Neville, with interest. "It looks like an opening into fairy-land."

"The gateway to the plains of heaven," suggested Letitia.

"Or to

"The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly,"

said Neville, sympathetically.

Letitia glanced with pleasure and surprise

to them, as there are to all the glens and mountains of Scotland and Switzerland."

"Then you prefer European scenery?" asked Neville.

"I do not really know. I cannot say," replied Letitia. "I have only read about it. I was fifteen when we left England, but we had always lived in the same little country town."

There was a movement among the young people, some one having proposed an impromptu dance in the drawing-room. Neville and Letitia were consulted. Through the French windows, which opened on the veranda, it could be seen that the room was rapidly being cleared. The dark polished floor looked very inviting.

"Miss Roy plays some good waltzes," suggested Mrs. Whyte. "Letty, will you play first?"

Letitia at once went to the piano. Mrs. Whyte introduced Neville to several pretty girls, all wearing white dresses and sailor hats. They were so much alike at a first glance that Neville found it a little perplexing to distinguish

one from another. Letitia played well, but she waltzed even better, as Neville found out later in the afternoon. At the end of one of the dances Letitia introduced him to her brother Edgar, who was paying great attention to one of the sailor hats. It all seemed very delightful and informal to Neville, and he looked forward to having a very jolly time at Alberta.

III.

LIEUTENANT NEVILLE called upon Mrs. Roy the following week. Alberta etiquette made this almost obligatory, for Mr. Roy had called upon all the officers, collectively, as soon as the *Stronghold* arrived at the station. Neville received the kindly welcome from Mrs. Roy which she extended to all young fellows away from their homes. She seemed to him a comely, motherly woman, and he at once felt at ease in her house. The intimate love and confidence that existed between her and Letitia was charming to see. The boys seemed to belong to them equally, so prettily did Letitia enter into her mother's feeling of responsibility regarding them. Neville was in a mood to be impressed by so pleasant a picture of family life. The Roys gave few formal entertainments, but they were very hospitable in their own way; and Neville made it so frankly apparent that he enjoyed his visits that he was soon cordially invited to visit them whenever he pleased. He had been sufficiently long on board ship to appreciate every homely detail. He found it delightful, for instance, to watch Mrs. Roy dispose of a big basketful of the boys' socks. Neville had had experiences of his own in darning, and he inspected the mended heels and toes with the interest of a connoisseur. Possibly Letitia might have been blind to Neville's gifts and graces if she had grown up side by side with him. It is difficult for a young fellow to pose as a hero before a girl who knows exactly what place he took in his school examination, or who has seen him treated by mother and sisters as though he were a very fallible mortal. Heroism, and genius, and all the other fine qualities that bring a woman to her knees, are generally found by her in some one outside the intimate circle. It was not a difficult task to idealize Neville. He had a fine tenor voice, and he sang

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee,

with a fire and abandon that alone took Letitia's heart by storm. The duets which they practised together brought them into still closer harmony.

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An acquaintance like this is not to be reckoned by weeks and months. Love, under favorable circumstances, is capable of a tropical growth. Unfortunately neither Neville nor Letitia stopped to consider the nature of the plant they were nourishing. But never had there been such a beautiful summer in Letitia's remembrance of Alberta. Never had she felt so glad and gay. How beautiful was life! How dear were her brothers! How intoxicating the sunshine and the flowers! A charming haze enveloped the mountain-tops and made their outlines vague and indistinct. So it was with the future, Letitia dreamily thought. It spread itself out in the distance, fair and unknown, and Letitia had no desire to unveil it.

Neville came and went. There were garden-parties every week at Judge Whyte's. There were occasional afternoon dances on board the *Stronghold*. There were picnics by boat and by carriage. Mrs. Roy, anxious mother as she was, saw no cause for alarm. She looked perhaps a little closer at the future than Letitia did, and her heart, by and by, began to ache, as the thought of a possible separation from her daughter occurred to her. There was, however, in Letitia's manner a reserve, a guardedness, a coyness, an inexpressible something, visible in her otherwise frank intercourse with Neville, that had prevented the nearer approach of lovers in the past, and that made Mrs. Roy feel by no means certain how the young people would shape their affairs. Neville had won her heart, and she wished him success. That he desired it she did not doubt. As the summer days passed quickly away Neville had less and less time, and perhaps less desire, to analyze his feelings. Everything was very jolly. The Roys were a delightful family; while, as for Letitia, she was out and out the prettiest girl he had ever met. He was not so frank with himself in acknowledging the disappointment that possessed him whenever Letitia was unexpectedly absent from a gathering; or, if he was aware of it, he took pains to attribute it to some other cause. "You lost nothing by not being at the Simcoes' the other evening," he would observe to Letitia the next time he saw her; "it was very flat." Some feminine instinct, perhaps, prevented Letitia from expressing her surprise. The Simcoes' dances were generally looked upon as social events beyond criticism, and Edgar had enjoyed himself as usual.

The pyracanth berries turned red; dahlias and chrysanthemums succeeded the roses. The mists were blown from the mountain-tops by the light evening breezes. The future, too, began slowly to unveil itself in the shape of rumors that the *Stronghold* was to go south before winter, and that the *Spitfire* would take

her place. Edgar was always the first to hear news, and one night he went home with the report that a telegram had been received from headquarters. He blurted it out at once, expecting it would excite great interest. But Letitia, who had been singing, began slowly to put her music in order without saying a word, and Mrs. Roy so promptly rebuked the boys for some piece of carelessness of which they one and all protested they had not been guilty, that, in the animated discussion which followed, Edgar's news was overlooked. The following day Neville called and confirmed the report. He openly expressed his regret, and, under the circumstances, seemed to expect the invitation to remain to dinner that Mrs. Roy at once gave him.

"Would you like to have one of our new little dogs to take with you, Mr. Neville?" asked Johnnie, the youngest of the family, and the only one who was called by a pet name, the excuse being that his father had monopolized "John." "I will give you one, if you like."

"Come and look at them," urged Alfred. "They are running about in the yard."

"You had better go with them, Letitia," said her mother, noticing that she was in doubt.

Neville admired the two little black dogs that scampered round and round the boys' legs, and, being asked to suggest names for them, christened them Flip and Flounce on the spot. He said that he was afraid they might get seasick on the ship, as they were not accustomed to sailing, and that the boys had better keep them for him until next summer, and meanwhile take them out in the boat as frequently as possible. The boys accepted his advice, and ran off to tell their mother of the arrangement, and to see if she approved of it.

Letitia and Neville loitered in the flower-garden instead of returning to the drawing-room; but neither of them referred to the approaching separation. It was uppermost in Letitia's mind, however, all the time, and she was scarcely as buoyant and gay as usual, although the matter-of-course way in which Neville spoke of his return next summer had lightened the load that had weighed upon her spirits since the previous evening. She was glad to be rid of that horrible sickening sensation which she had then experienced for the first time.

"Would n't it be pleasant to sit here?" said Neville, pointing to the bamboo chairs on the veranda.

Letitia assented. It would be much pleasanter than going indoors.

From the veranda they overlooked the little harbor, on one side of which clustered the wharves and warehouses of the town. On the other side, which was more rocky, there were only the scattered huts of the Indian Reserve.

A sailing vessel from England, which had weathered the storms of the Cape, was being slowly towed in. Its dingy paint and battered aspect were in strong contrast to the trim smartness of an American revenue-cutter that lay at anchor. Neville called Letitia's attention to this, and she, in her turn, commented on some sealing-boats, the first of the season, that had returned from Bering Sea. The conversation remained in these safe channels, into which it had casually drifted, until the six-o'clock whistles sounded from the town workshops. Ten minutes later Mr. Roy and Edgar might be expected from the store. Neville pushed back his chair, and rose to stretch his limbs. As Letitia shook from her lap the petals of a chrysanthemum that she had been pulling to pieces in an absent-minded way, Neville smilingly referred to her destructiveness. Letitia gaily retorted. Mr. Roy and Edgar presently waved their hands and nodded to them from the sidewalk.

"Hullo! how d'ye do?" cried Mr. Roy, when he came within speaking distance. "I hear you're off to the south. I wish I were going along with you."

"Yes," said Neville; "our sailing-orders came last night, I'm sorry to say. I've had an awfully jolly time here."

Letitia was sufficiently accustomed to boys' slang not to wince at the "awfully jolly." It was the masculine way of describing everything delightful.

"I hope I shall be lucky enough to get back next summer," continued Neville, with characteristic buoyancy.

"When do you sail?" asked Edgar.

"That is n't settled," said Neville. "But I think I've a month's grace. It will take nearly that length of time to prepare."

When he spoke of the month's grace he turned with a slight, possibly unconscious, movement toward Letitia. Letitia rejoiced. These half-betrayals are often the food upon which love nourishes itself.

IV.

DURING that month of grace Neville talked with so much regret of his departure, and looked forward with so much certainty to a return the following summer, that the weight at Letitia's heart almost entirely disappeared. Her laughter echoed her words as gaily as ever, and bewitching smiles illuminated her face. Neville visibly rejoiced in her presence. The autumn days were calm and serene; but a crispness in the air, out of the sunshine, and an occasional touch of frost at night, were reminders that winter was approaching. Letitia had occasional reminders, too, of the approach of

her bitter season, but she had gained courage to look forward to the summer. Alberta society never allowed any occasion for festivity to slip by unnoticed. Indeed the English colony was renowned for its gay hospitality. As soon as the day was fixed for the departure of the *Stronghold* the citizens bestirred themselves to give a ball to the admiral, and the officers, in return, gave a farewell ball in the dockyard.

"In a few weeks you will be welcoming the *Spitfire*," said Neville, with a touch of sentimental jealousy which Letitia was quick to note.

Letitia had a new dress for these balls, and a new ball-dress was by no means an everyday event in Alberta. She was far too pretty and popular for Neville to have a chance of appropriating her on these occasions, and he also had his own social duties to attend to. The Roys were not the only people from whom he had received hospitality. Nevertheless, in one way or another, Neville and Letitia were much together during that last month. Mrs. Roy relaxed her discipline and permitted the young people, with Edgar and James as an escort, to enjoy extended rides through the woods. She was also persuaded to consent to a moonlight excursion on the water, up the inlet. On this last occasion Letitia's five brothers were considered to constitute a sufficiently strong body-guard, and Mrs. Roy, who had no great liking for small boats, stayed at home.

The sun was setting as they pushed out from the low pier, but the rich sunset lights lingered long afterward above the dark, fir-clad hills of the island. Very gradually they faded and merged themselves in the blue sky overhead, which then grew darker and darker, until the stars appeared, and the full moon rose majestically over the town. By that time the Roys had almost reached the Narrows, where the tide rushed with tremendous force between projecting rocks. The younger boys wanted to row through, and urged that the current was with them. But Letitia protested. Edgar was captain of the crew, and Neville set the lesson of obedience. As a compromise the boys were allowed to land and scramble over the rocks. Edgar undertook to stay with the boat, so Letitia and Neville presently, at Edgar's suggestion, also climbed up the rocks, and strolled through the woods to a point that was celebrated for the beauty of the view it commanded.

How could a pair of lovers fail to be moved by the influences of the hour? The pine-woods were dark, and the trail was narrow and tangled with briars. It was impossible to walk side by side, and therefore it was difficult to talk. Often the lapping of the water on the shore, and the crunching of cones under their feet, were the

only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the evening. In the distance the boys' voices could now and then be heard, and occasionally there was the splash of Edgar's oar on the water as he drifted patiently backward and forward. Letitia led the way, for she knew which trail to follow; but Neville was only half a pace behind her, near enough to pull aside the boughs or to hold down the straggling brambles that impeded her course. Sometimes a ray of moonlight pierced the heavy, somber pine-branches overhead, and fell for a moment on her fair neck; sometimes it touched the soft rings of hair that clustered round her ears; and sometimes, when she half turned toward him, Neville was able to look for a moment into her hazel eyes. They were scarcely conscious how trivial were the remarks they made to each other. For the instant the senses were dominant.

Suddenly the path led them out of the woods on to the high bluff which Letitia had been trying to gain. Below them, and stretching as far as they could see to the right and the left, the deep waters of the inlet glimmered and gleamed in the moonlight. On the opposite shore an arbutus-tree distinctly projected itself from the pine-wood, and threw a weird shadow on the rocks. Letitia lifted her face to Neville to call his attention to it, and the next moment Neville's arm was round her waist and his lips were pressed to hers. The moonlight, which beautified everything on which it fell, beautified Letitia's features, and Neville yielded to an irresistible impulse. Letitia's equally irresistible impulse was to draw back, in shyness or in fright, and she followed the impulse even while her first surprise gave way to rapturous happiness. There was no longer any doubt that Neville felt even as she did. She half turned as she reached the edge of the woods to listen to the words that must come now without delay. Alas! the boys' voices were coming nearer and nearer. As for Neville, he was filled with dismay. What excuse could he offer for his mad conduct?

"Forgive me," he murmured as he rapidly followed her.

Letitia gave him her hand in reply, and he raised it to his lips.

The boys' voices sounded harsh and shrill in the silence of the evening. Neville scarcely knew whether he was glad or sorry that they were so near. He managed to recover himself before the boys themselves appeared; and to withdraw their attention from Letitia he plied them with question after question, to all of which they had eager answers to give, besides much extra information to impart. In spite of the narrow path, Neville managed, in the darkness, to retain Letitia's hand until they reached the boat.

V.

UNFORTUNATELY marriage did not present itself to Neville's imagination as the simple, easily arranged affair which Letitia's experience had taught her to regard it; and in the events that followed the momentary betrayal of his feelings she was scarcely able to judge Neville's position fairly, and to do him justice. Neville belonged to a wealthy English family. How could Letitia know that, personally, he was far less independent than the son of an artisan? He had no means of his own, and he had been brought up in the belief that to marry upon his lieutenant's pay was an impossibility. Hitherto, in fact, marriage had not entered into his calculations. He had been quite willing to contemplate it only at that probably distant period when he would either receive an adequate allowance from his father or inherit a portion of his father's wealth. But the question of marriage necessarily forced itself upon him after that scene on the bluff. As a gentleman he had his code of honor, which he could not infringe without a painful forfeiture of self-respect. Much depended upon whether Letitia had taken him seriously. Did she not, possibly, realize, as he did, the different bearings of the situation, and understand that they must give each other up, that the avowal of love was the signal for farewell? Yet Letitia was a charming girl. Had he only himself to please, how easily and pleasantly the matter could be settled! But what would his mother say to the match? Lady Caroline Neville and Mrs. Roy! What would happen if he wrote home and announced his engagement to the daughter of an Alberta tradesman (for so they would class Mr. Roy, regardless of mitigating circumstances)? Threats and entreaties might pour in alternately by every mail; or there might be a cool shrug of the shoulder and an intimation that he could, of course, do as he pleased, but that he need expect neither help nor countenance from his people. It occurred to him to throw up his profession, and to trust to Mr. Roy to put him in the way of earning an income. But that idea was quickly dismissed. It would be intolerable. For a moment, however, he envied Edgar Roy, who could marry when and whom he pleased.

These thoughts tossed through Neville's mind for twenty-four hours; but the habits and traditions of his family could not longer be set aside. At the end of twenty-four hours they began to reassert themselves, and he had at last to own their dominant influence. An offhand invitation to join a shooting-party that was given at this crisis was accepted with alacrity, since, at least, it deferred decision. A few brace of grouse, sent with a note to Mrs. Roy, would

explain his movements, and Letitia, if she were a sensible girl, would draw her own inferences. Letitia, unfortunately, had not that experience of Old World civilization which would have given her the clue to the comprehension of Neville's fettered condition. For her his kiss was the definite avowal of love. Words would follow as a matter of course. Her dreamy ecstasy betrayed her to the quick eyes of her mother, and Mrs. Roy, partly because she would not allow herself to question her daughter, was in a greater flutter of agitation than Letitia.

The future had revealed itself; and how fair it was! thought Letitia, as she looked from her bedroom window upon the pure-white range of the Olympians. She recalled Neville's words the first time she met him:

The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

In such a sheltered valley would their lives be spent.

In shy happiness Letitia kept close to her mother's side the whole of that first day. Neville might appear at any moment, and she was timid at the thought of meeting him alone after their mutual confession on the bluffs. The second day, however, she was sure he would come, and the delay had given her courage to put on her prettiest gown. She even stepped more than once to the veranda, which commanded a long stretch of the road. The third day she began to grow impatient and just slightly anxious. Neville's truth was beyond question, but had she, perhaps, repelled him? She had certainly withdrawn from his embrace. She had been glad of the presence of the boys. In the boat she had been separated from him. Did he, could he, think that she was indifferent? How easily she could dispel such an idea if she could only see him; but until then—

"Your manners are just a trifle too reserved, Letitia," Mrs. Roy took occasion to say during the course of the morning, when she and Letitia were looking over the household linen together. She felt that some such hint at this crisis might do good, for to her, too, had occurred the thought that Letitia might unconsciously have snubbed Neville. Letitia was now convinced that she had been in fault, and she sighed for an opportunity to repair her error. In the evening Edgar remarked casually that he had met Neville.

"He was in a great hurry. He was off to Quamichau with Gowan and Tyldesly, and he just stopped me to say that he hoped to send you a bag of game."

In a few days the game arrived, a quarter of venison and three brace of grouse—"with Mr. Charles Neville's compliments."

He had returned then. He could delay a visit no longer. Letitia waited for him at home, and was rewarded by hearing of him from the boys, who met him frequently about the streets and at their father's store. Letitia could, at last, no longer avoid the conclusion that he was purposely keeping away from the cottage. And the day of his departure was fast approaching. Letitia's way out of the difficulty was a very simple and straightforward one. If he feared to come to her after what had passed between them, she would write and ask him to come. It was a daring thought, but, when once conceived, was promptly and courageously carried out. The note, when it was finally written, was a very innocent one. She wrote, "My dear Mr. Neville," instead of "Dear Mr. Neville," and she concluded by adding "always" to the "yours sincerely" of the first rough draft. The significance of the note lay in the fact that it was a message from her, and not from her mother. She said that she had been hoping each day to see him, and had not gone out much because she feared to miss him. She was glad he had enjoyed the shooting, and they would all be at home as usual on Sunday afternoon.

Letitia expected the answer to be given in person, and the sight of "Miss Roy" on an envelop, in his handwriting, sent the blood rushing to her cheeks and even caused her limbs to tremble. Mrs. Roy checked all remark from Edgar, who brought the letter from the post-office and was inclined to chaff his sister, by telling him she wanted him to bring a hammer and nails at once to the chicken-house and to fasten up some netting that had been blown down by the wind. She carried him off with her in a whirlwind of words, and Letitia was left alone to open her letter. "Dear Miss Roy," it began. "Not *my* dear," noted Letitia, swiftly.

I was of course pleased to receive your letter, and I regret a preengagement for Sunday afternoon. I am sorry, too, that I should inadvertently have detained you so much at home. It did not occur to me that you might be expecting me, and I have been unusually busy with the preparations for the voyage. I need not say that I hope to call more than once upon Mrs. Roy and you before I leave.

I am very truly yours,
CHARLES NEVILLE.

Letitia was stunned. She read the letter a second time and then a third. What did it mean? Had she been dreaming? Had Neville really kissed her? Had he looked at her with eyes of love, or had she been altogether mistaken? Thought, just then, was impossible. She was too much stunted even to feel pain. She folded the letter very carefully, replaced it in the envelop, and put it into her pocket. She

tried to recall what she was doing when Edgar gave it to her. Her knitting lay on the table, and she mechanically took it up for a few minutes. Then she remembered that her mother and Edgar had gone to the poultry-yard, and she went out to them. Anything was better than the memories which began, like lightning-flashes, to dart through her mind.

VI.

LOVE is said to be stronger than pride. If so, it must be the tried and faithful love of years, and not the fancy that is kindled by mutual admiration, and nourished to maturity by pleasure, but has not had time allowed it to strike deep root into the heart. Letitia's love for Neville was strangled almost at its birth, or she believed that it was. She could no longer think of him with any self-respect. His image was broken. He was identified with the keenest humiliation she had known, and she insisted to herself, whatever the truth may have been, that he no longer had any place in her heart. She counted the days until the departure of the *Stronghold*, but it was to rejoice, with nevertheless a fierce pang of despairing regret for what might have been, as one day after another passed, now only too slowly, away. Every afternoon she found an errand that took her out for some hours; and so it came about that she missed Neville both times that he called at the cottage. Mrs. Roy gave her his message of regret without comment. The smile that Letitia summoned was the wan ghost of the past. The curves of her full lips, the dimples, the small white teeth, were there, but the bright spirit that illumined them had fled.

If Letitia denied her love, Neville was under no such delusion with regard to his own feelings. They grew in alarming strength after he had despatched his letter, which he had sent off in momentary petulance at being called to account. His British independence resented the slightest hint of capture. But his temper quickly changed, and more than once he was tempted to recall his note. However, he had deliberately cut himself loose from the chains which had threatened to bind him, and what was done could not, he knew, be undone. Fortunately for his peace of mind, his judgment still fortified him whenever he reflected dispassionately upon the whole affair. But there were moments when so to reflect was impossible, and then the barrier he had put between himself and Letitia was his only safeguard. He dared not trust himself to say farewell to her in words, but neither could he leave Alberta without looking upon her face once more, that face that had been so passionately kissed when last he had seen it.

The *Stronghold* was to sail early on Monday morning. On the Sunday evening Neville easily found a seat in a corner of the church which commanded a view of the Roys' pew. The church was only dimly lighted by lamps, and the light they shed was concentrated on the nave and chancel. Letitia's seat was within the limits of their rays, so that her face was plainly visible to Neville, who, in another aisle, was concealed by the shadow of intervening pillars.

Letitia sat between her father and Edgar. The mother had, as usual, stayed at home with the younger boys. Neville fancied that she looked pale, but his heart assured him that she had never, at any rate, looked more beautiful. When the service was over she turned to greet a friend, and, as he watched her lips part over her white teeth, and the delicate dimples that lurked round the corners of her mouth develop themselves one by one, he felt that he could give all for love and count the world well lost. But the impulse passed. Outside, in the friendly darkness of the night, he found an opportunity of softly touching her dress. Then he went quickly back to the church, where the man in charge was putting out the lights, and sought for Letitia's prayer-book. He read her name, "Letitia Roy," on the title-page, and the book was in his pocket when he hastened to join his ship.

No one, except perhaps her mother, quite understood Letitia the following winter. Once or twice a week she would go off to bed with a nervous headache, declaring that she could not stand the noise the boys made. There were songs she could not be persuaded to sing. Indeed, she scarcely touched the piano; and the sketches she had taken such pains with in the summer were tossed into the fire as worthless. On the other hand, she developed a passion for plain needlework, bending for hours over long seams.

"No wonder you have headaches," exclaimed Edgar, one night, when she had refused to go out with him. "Mother, tell her to put that work away."

Letitia threw it down, and burst into tears.

"Cannot you leave me alone!" she cried.

Mrs. Roy picked it up and folded it neatly when Letitia had left the room, and explained to Edgar that his sister was not very well, and that he had better take no notice of her.

But in a few minutes Letitia returned with her hat and cloak and declared that she was ready to go out. Edgar stared, but he put on his hat and overcoat without a word.

In after years Letitia hated to look back upon that winter. She plunged recklessly into all the gaiety of the little town, and, to the surprise of every one, she even engaged in a

pronounced flirtation with Tom Rickaby, the wildest young fellow in the place, and afterward refused him with some ostentation. She threw over a friend of Edgar's with more compunction, and even with a little hesitation. Indeed, she did not give him a decisive answer until after it was known that the *Stronghold* was ordered home to England, and would not return to Alberta in the spring; so that although she was blamed by many people for having encouraged him, she was acquitted of merely coquetting with him in the absence of Lieutenant Neville, whose attentions, the previous summer, had not been unnoticed. Mrs. Roy said very little, but she planned effective measures. "John," she said to her husband in the spring, when he was preparing to go to Europe to renew his summer stock, "you must take Letitia with you."

"Letitia!" said Mr. Roy, with some surprise. "I had thought of taking Edgar and introducing him to the firms we deal with. It is time he took greater responsibility on himself."

"Well, take them both," urged Mrs. Roy.

"Do you really mean it? Do you know what it will cost?" he asked, after a few minutes' deliberation.

"I do mean it, John," said Mrs. Roy, with an emphasis that her husband never disregarded. "Letitia is not well. She needs a thorough change, change of scene and change of thought. We'll manage to economize in some other way, but you let her and Edgar have a month in London together, and, if possible, send them over to Paris for a week."

Mr. Roy lifted his eyebrows and thrust out his lips—signs of dawning comprehension.

"You're bent on going it, madam," he said, after a pause. "Well, I suppose you've got your reasons, and it must be as you say."

VII.

So it came about that Letitia not only went with Edgar to Paris, but, when he and his father returned to Alberta, she remained in England, and paid a long visit to her mother's relatives. She fell once more under the influence of her maiden aunt, to whom she faithfully promised to send dried specimens of all the ferns and wild flowers that grew round Alberta. The months that she spent with Miss Wingate gave her an opportunity of studying the usefulness and independence of an old maid's life, and Letitia became so enamoured of it that, with a touch of her old enthusiasm, she at once planned out a somewhat similar career for herself. Away from Alberta her pride slowly recovered from the blow it had received, and she less reluctantly admitted her love for Neville. As soon as that was granted it clearly

followed that marriage with another was impossible. That love could come only once in a lifetime was one of the dogmas of Letitia's faith. But she did not give way to despair and despondency because her day was past. The more she regarded the sublime serenities and free devotion to unselfish service which characterized her maiden aunt, the more attractive grew such a career for herself. She would henceforth be the stay of her parents, the guide of her brothers. In order to be able to help the latter to develop whatever musical and artistic tastes they might possess, she forced herself to renew her old pursuits, and unselfishly made a point of taking lessons both in music and painting. Such efforts worked their own cure in time. Life was not to be barren. If an absorbing passion was denied, a variety of minor interests might be consciously cultivated, which, in time, would take its place.

It was in this exalted mood that Letitia returned home after a year's absence. Her mother laughed at her wisdom and her ardor, but nevertheless encouraged her to carry out her plans. She was content to have recovered her blithe, sunny-tempered daughter.

"Why, you look younger than when you went away, Letty, and you are prettier than ever," said Mrs. Whyte, with the not unpleasant patronage of an old friend.

"You can get out of the ruts. You have no cares on your shoulders," said Mrs. Roberts, with a plaintive sigh. Mrs. Roberts had been a school chum of Letitia. She had married early, and four young children now claimed all her thoughts and attention.

"Do you call this little woman a care, Belle?" said Letitia, lifting her godchild to her knee. "In a few years she will be the greatest help and comfort to you, and I shall be a lonely old maid. I am the one to be pitied."

"You an old maid!" said Belle, derisively. "I shall believe it when I see it."

"I shall be twenty-five next birthday," said Letitia, seriously.

Very few old maids are to be found in western towns, and it was, perhaps, because Letitia was the nearest approach to the real thing that Alberta possessed that, as years went on, so much attention was paid her. No party was considered complete without Miss Roy, or "Miss Letty," as it gradually became the custom to call her. As the boys married, and it came to pass that little children once more played about the cottage, Mrs. Roy tolerated for them the use of the more easily pronounced diminutive; but she herself continued to speak of her daughter as Letitia. In time she made a charming chaperon. But chaperons may be wooed as well as girls; and if, by degrees,

the young fellows that she had known in pinafores approached her as a friend and confidante in their love-affairs, there still remained plenty of bachelors with whom Miss Letty was a favorite toast. As years went on, of course their ranks were thinned, and one by one they dropped out of Letitia's circle. The ships, however, of the Pacific squadron, one or two of which were always stationed near Alberta, supplied men who temporarily filled their places, and the interest attached to novelty competed pleasantly for her favor with old associations.

But the time came—it was when Letitia was about thirty-five—when only one permanent admirer, so to speak, was left. In numbers Letitia had found safety. When all counteracting and disturbing influences were removed, she found herself defenseless and exposed to an obstinate attack. It was inferred by all that the day was not far distant when Letitia would yield.

Mr. Joseph Hobday was a man of substance, both materially and physically. He had come to the province as a contractor for the railway that was to unite the outlying Pacific province with the busy, prosperous cities of the East, and by successful enterprises and investments he had amassed a considerable fortune. He did not seek to disguise his admiration for Miss Letty, and from the day of their first acquaintance he enrolled himself among her followers. He was not a man of many words. He loved his pipe, his glass of toddy, and his game of cribbage; but had Miss Letty demanded the sacrifice, he would no doubt have been found willing to give up all three in exchange for her society. It was one of Letitia's charms, however, that from her no such exactions need be dreaded. It was only in the winter months that Mr. Hobday could pursue his courtship. In the summer he was camping with his engineers in the lonely recesses of the mountains. The news was scanty that penetrated the high valleys through which the iron rails were perseveringly making their way, and another man might have grown impatient of the solitude, fearing lest the prize he sought to gain would be snatched up in his absence. Mr. Hobday, however, had a comfortable belief in himself. In the past he had never hazarded his fortune upon a single stroke of luck, or trusted to the flash of genius. He had been content to wait, to advance slowly, and to win his way by persistent determination. When, again and again, after months of silence, he returned to Alberta and found Miss Letty still Miss Letty, it was only natural that he should still more hopefully expect to appropriate to himself the comfort and charm of her constant companionship. Apathetic as he may have appeared to younger men,

he really left nothing undone that might insure success; he delighted Letitia with the specimens of rare mountain-ferns that he brought her, and arranged carefully in a cabinet her valuable collection of various kinds of ore.

When Mr. Hobday finally made up his mind that the time had come to give up his roving life and to establish himself in a settled home, Miss Letty's preference guided him in the selection of a few acres of choice land within convenient driving distance of Alberta; and it was Miss Letty who was asked to criticize the architect's plans and to suggest improvements. The size of the house and its many

conveniences in the shape of presses and cupboards—conveniences which Letitia declared were absolutely necessary—made it evident to all that Mr. Hobday had no intention of being its sole occupant.

Strange to say, it was on the very same bluff, overlooking the narrows of the inlet, where Letitia had long ago been kissed by Neville, that Mr. Hobday advanced the idea of a trip to San Francisco for the purpose of buying furniture.

"And I've come to depend so much on your taste, Letty," he said, "that you must not desert me now."

M. E. Angus.

THE OCEAN POSTAL SERVICE.



FOR many years after the founding of New Amsterdam, in 1614, there seems to have been no officially recognized post-office in what is now known as the city of New York. The arrival of a ship was looked upon as the most important event in the life of the colony. There was always a crowd at the wharf, and, in course of time, when a little system was applied to the proceeding, it was the custom to deliver to the merchants letters relating to the

ship's cargo, after which the general correspondence was distributed to the waiting and impatient crowd. If the owner of a letter could not be found, it was given to some responsible resident, who kept it until it was called for. In 1657 we find that a law was passed forbidding any person going on board any newly arrived ship from the fatherland, or elsewhere, until the letters had been delivered to the Honorable General of the colony. In explanation of this order it was stated that many mistakes had occurred, and many complaints had been made that letters and invoices were lost; thereafter letters were not to be delivered to the general public before a proper list of them had been made. The necessity of this law would certainly seem to argue that the mail-delivery was a little too exciting for our Dutch ancestors, and that the proceeding was not conducted in the slow and stolid manner that usually characterizes the doings of the race. Two years later, on the complaint that outgoing letters were lost through being badly directed by private skippers, a law was passed forbidding skippers, sailors, and passengers who were sailing out from taking

with them any private letters. "In order that letters may accordingly be conveyed more certainly and better, a box is appropriated at the office of the Secretary of the Director-General and Council, in which letters are to be deposited; and if any one require a receipt for his letter, it shall be given him by one of the clerks, and the letter recorded on the list, on condition of paying three stivers in wampum therefor." The introduction of the collection-box and the registry system seems thus to have been first used at this very early day in connection with the ocean postal service.

As early as 1673 it was proposed to establish a post between New York and Boston, but, owing to the Dutch war and other causes, the project fell through, although Massachusetts, afterward appointed a local postmaster at Boston. Governor Dongan, in 1684, proposed to set up post-houses along the coast from the Carolinas to Nova Scotia.

The first parliamentary act for the establishment of a post-office in the English-American colonies was passed in April, 1692, and the royal patent was granted to Thomas Neale for that purpose. He was to transport letters and packets "at such rates as the planters should agree to give." The rates of postage were accordingly fixed and authorized, and measures were taken to establish a post-office in each town in Virginia, when Neale began his operations. His patent expired in 1710, when Parliament extended the English postal system to the colonies. The chief office was established in New York, to which letters were conveyed by regular packets across the Atlantic. A line of post-offices was soon after established on Neale's old routes, north of the present city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and south to Philadelphia, and irregularly extended, a few years later, to Williamsburg, Virginia. The

post left for the South as often as letters enough were deposited to pay the expense. The rates were fixed, and the post-riders had certain privileges to travel.

What was called "the coffee-house delivery" of letters was probably the most unique feature connected with the early ocean postal service. The system originated from the fact that masters of vessels and the residents of Breucklyn, Pavonia, and Hackensack left letters at some well-known tavern previously agreed upon. This system of delivering the ocean mail lasted for many years, until after the English took possession of New York. The first printed mention of the coffee-house proper is found in the "New York Gazette" for March 1, 1730. Mention is there made of a sale of land by public vendue at the Exchange Coffee-House. This building was the first or Old Exchange. It was constructed in 1691, and was located at the foot of Broad street. After having been used for a long time as a shambles, it was repaired and became a resort for dealers in food-products and for merchants generally. The water-front during this period was a favorite resort for the maritime portion of the community, who patronized the small taverns located along the wharves.

In 1743 the Merchants' Coffee-House, located on the southeast corner of Wall and Queen (now Water) streets, was a popular resort. A third famous coffee-house, with which a few of the oldest inhabitants are probably familiar, and which was demolished only a few years ago, was the Tontine. This was erected between 1792 and 1794 by an incorporated association called the Tontine Association, in honor of Tonti, a Neapolitan, who introduced a similar scheme into France in 1653. The word Tontine designated a loan advanced by a number of associated capitalists for life annuities with benefit to survivorship.

From the time when the coffee-house was started until after the Revolutionary period it filled the place now occupied by two very distinct institutions, the exchange and the club. The old Dutch and Knickerbocker merchants believed in "living by the way," and were in the habit of combining sociability with business. They were accustomed to meet at their resorts in the middle of the day, and, over a glass of ale or coffee (it was pretty sure to be schnapps in the case of the Dutch), to talk about social happenings and business prospects. In the smaller seaport towns along the coast it was the custom for the people to turn out *en masse* to greet the arrival of every vessel, receiving such mail as the officers of the ship brought over, and exchanging news and gossip with the ship's crew. When vessels arrived at the harbor of New York, the captain took the mail intended

for the general public to the coffee-house, where the letters were put into a box, or stuck behind strips of tape that were drawn tightly over a good-sized board covered with green baize. Here they would remain until called for, and sometimes it would be a long time before the owners of them could be found. In the days when the Dutch had possession of the town there was an unusual effort on the part of the frequenters of these resorts to see that the correspondence was promptly delivered.

After the war of 1812, when the rights of American commerce had been secured, the packet service was brought into existence by the growing trade between the United States and Europe. The Black Ball Line, started in 1816, was the first of several lines of vessels which in those days were unrivaled for strength, beauty, and speed. It was not until 1843 that the United States had any regular mail service on the ocean, and after 1812 letters were sent upon sailing ships that were bound for the ports to which they were addressed. The facilities for foreign correspondence were very much better than they had been; the trips were made more frequently and in better time. The passage from New York to Liverpool was made several times in fourteen days, which was then considered a quick trip. In 1817 packets sailed from New York to Providence, Rhode Island, every week, sometimes taking eighteen hours and sometimes a whole week. Over the cabin stairs hung a mahogany letter-box, and on arrival there would be a rush of people to the packet to get letters in advance of the slow mail that came over the post-roads. As soon as the immediate business of landing was over, the captain would pour the contents of the letter-box upon a table, and, after the distribution of letters, decanters were produced and everybody drank the captain's health.

After the packet service came the brilliant era of the clippers, from 1840 to 1855. These ships were built expressly for speed. The growing trade of the United States with China and India, and the discovery of gold in California and Australia, developed this craft. In 1851 the *Flying Cloud* went to San Francisco from New York in eighty-four days—the fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel. In 1854 the *Dreadnought* became celebrated by reaching Sandy Hook as soon as the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Liverpool one day earlier, reached Boston. In 1846 the *Toronto*, a packet-ship of the Morgan Line, beat the Cunard steamer from Liverpool, bringing a copy of the London "Times" containing news from Europe forty-two days later than the last paper received. The paper was given to a reporter of "The New York Herald," which

published an "extra" the same afternoon. The packets and clipper-ships unofficially carried mails, and the increase of speed in ocean travel was especially appreciated by the letter-writing public.

In the year 1845 Congress passed the first law having reference to ocean mail transportation. This law authorized the Postmaster-General to make contracts, not exceeding ten years, for the transportation of mails to any foreign port. All such contracts were to be made with citizens of the United States, and the mail was to be transported in American vessels by American citizens. By this time the foreign mail had become a very important factor from both a business and a governmental point of view. The Government was then paying to the Cunard line about a million and a half dollars annually for postage and freight, and that line had become so prosperous that a duplication of the steamers was contemplated. Another provision of the act referred to was that preference should be given to the tenders of persons proposing to perform the service in steamships suitable for vessels of war and claimable by the Government when needed for that purpose at an appraised valuation. This act seems to have been intended as a first step toward the creation of a steam navy,—in imitation of the policy pursued by Great Britain at that time,—the national defense and the protection of commerce in the emergency of a foreign war being the principal objects in view, the conveyance of the mails being subordinate. After experiments on a considerable number of lines, extending over a period of ten years, Great Britain found that the employment of steamers of the navy in the postal service was inefficient, costly, and cumbersome, and finally abandoned the method.

In the United States Senate, the following year, ocean mail transportation was the subject of a spirited debate, the discussion being on a resolution authorizing the Postmaster-General to apply \$25,000 of the money appropriated for mail transportation for a line of steamers from the United States to Bremen, and \$25,000 for a line of mail-steamers from the United States to Liverpool. The people of Germany and Prussia looked upon this enterprise as very important. A special agent was sent by the German authorities from Bremen for the express purpose of aiding in the completion of the work of beginning direct communication between the United States and the German states, and with a view to enlarging the commercial and political intercourse between the two countries. There were some senators who strongly objected to this scheme. It was argued that the ocean mail could not be carried on profitably, that a line of steamers should

not be granted to New York to the exclusion of other ports. Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, New Orleans, and all the principal cities on the coast would be petitioning for the establishment of mail-lines to Europe. Merchants would demand a line not only to Liverpool, but to the East Indies and to Buenos Ayres. It was urged that the Government might better establish more post-offices in the interior of the country instead of appropriating money for the ocean service. One senator treated the whole subject sarcastically, saying that the Government, after being made bankrupt by carrying letters at home, was going to be enriched beyond all calculation by carrying letters to Europe! He said it was not a new thing to hear of splendid projects by which the Government was to be made rich: he had heard of a project for filling the coffers of the treasury by boiling salt water; there was also a scheme for raising live oak in Florida. He had made a calculation, and had found that for every foot of live oak they would put into their ships they would be out a cubic foot of silver or gold—he did not remember which, but he would stick to the gold.

Postage on letters sent by the ordinary English steamers was twenty-five cents, and in private ships six cents, and of this postage the Government received nothing.

To aid in carrying out the provisions of the act of 1845 Postmaster-General Johnson in the summer of 1847 sent one of his assistants abroad, and he made the first international postal treaty. Under this arrangement the city of Bremen became the transatlantic exchange office for all mails sent by the new ocean line. The rates of postage curtailed one half the previous expense for correspondence, and the results, both social and commercial, were highly important. Under the act of 1845 the Government made a contract for ten years with "The Ocean Steam Navigation Company" for the transportation of the United States mails to Southampton, Havre, and Bremen. The arrangement went into effect in 1848; the sum paid to the company increased from \$100,500 in 1848 to \$200,000 in 1857. On the expiration of this contract, the company being unwilling to continue the service on the terms offered by the Government, the contract was given to Cornelius Vanderbilt, who at this time had three ships out of employment, two of them being the *North Star* and *Ariel*. From 1861 to 1865, inclusive, he conveyed the mails to the Isthmus and South Pacific.

When once the foreign mail service was started, its improvement and development were very rapid. In 1851 a general law was passed authorizing the Postmaster-General to make contracts "for better postal intercourse with

foreign countries," and within the next few years the service was greatly extended. In 1864 Congress passed what was known as "The Compulsory Act," which required steamships bearing the flag of the United States to accept mails from any port in this country, or from any foreign port to the United States. This law was repealed in 1884, the compensation of two cents per letter being strongly objected to by the masters of American vessels, who argued that the basis of payment should be on the number of miles traveled. Under the act of 1885, the Postmaster-General now contracts for the transportation of the foreign mails with the lowest responsible bidder. When the foreign mail service was established, the rate of postage was twenty-four cents per half-ounce. It was gradually reduced until, in 1874, the United States entered into what is known as the "Postal Union," under which postage was fixed at five cents a half-ounce to all countries represented in that body.

One steamship company—the Pacific Mail—is closely connected with the early development of the ocean mail service, and with the progress of our Pacific territory. The corporation was chartered by the New York Legislature in 1848, and at the beginning of its business there was a large and growing passenger traffic between the port of New York and what subsequently became the city of San Francisco. The steamer *California*, which left New York on the 6th of October, 1848, was the first to bear the American flag to the Pacific ocean. The gold crisis made the enterprise very successful for the first few years.

Even as late as 1855 the condition of the foreign mail service presented some remarkable features. At that time a letter destined for Brazil, 4000 miles distant, had to be sent via England, Portugal, the coast of Africa, Madeira, and the Cape Verd Islands, thus traveling 8000 miles, and this, too, in a British packet. One destined for the Pacific coast of South America went to Panama, where it was obliged to await the arrival of an English packet with London letters more recently dated, before it could proceed to Callao, Lima, and Valparaiso. Letters for the West Indies went to Havana only in American steamers, and there they met British vessels which distributed them to the various islands, the Spanish Main, the Guianas, Venezuela, and New Granada. Letters for the continent of Europe went by the Cunard line to England, and thence by English steamers to the British Channel, Baltic Sea, the White Sea, the Mediterranean, Egypt, Constantinople, or the Black Sea. Letters to places along the coast of Africa, and to the Cape of Good Hope were sent by the English packet-ships.

About thirty years ago some of our American economists urged that it was the duty of our Government to establish and maintain an extensive, well-organized, and rapid steam mail marine, for the benefit of production, commerce, diplomacy, defenses, the character of the nation, and the public at large; and that this enterprise should be paid for liberally out of the funds in the national treasury.

In view of some legislation recently suggested in Congress, and to which I will refer further on, it will be interesting to note the arguments made at that time in favor of the scheme. In a condensed form they were as follows:

"We have not established ocean mail facilities commensurate with our national ability and the demands of our commerce; and we are largely dependent on, and tributary to, our greatest commercial rival, Great Britain, for the postal facilities which should be purely national, American, and under our own exclusive control.

"Fast steamers alone can furnish rapid transport to the mails; these steamers cannot rely on freights; sailing vessels will ever carry staple freights at a much lower figure, and quickly enough; while steam is eminently successful in the coasting trade, it cannot possibly be so in the transatlantic freighting business; the rapid transit of the mails, and the slower and more deliberate transport of freight, is the law of nature.

"Ocean mail-steamers cannot live on their own receipts; self-support is not likely to be attained by increasing the size of steamers; the propelling power in fast steamers occupies all of the available space not devoted to passengers and express freight.

"Sailing vessels cannot successfully transport the mails; we cannot, in any sense, depend on the vessels of the navy for the transport of the mails; individual enterprise cannot support fast steamers; not even *American* private enterprise can, under any conditions, furnish a sufficiently rapid steam mail and passenger marine.

"The Government can discharge the clear and unquestionable duty of establishing foreign mail facilities only by paying liberal prices for the transport of the mails for a long term of years, by creating and sustaining an ocean postal system, by legislating upon it systematically, and by abandoning our slavish dependence upon Great Britain."

The legislation proposed some time since, and to which I referred, is a bill reported by Senator Frye from the Committee on Commerce. It provides for ocean mail service between the United States and foreign ports, and is intended to promote commerce. It seems to be similar to the subsidization scheme of thirty years ago and to be recommended on similar grounds.

It provides that the Postmaster-General may make contracts for the carrying of the United States mails in United States ships, owned by American citizens, between United States ports and all foreign ports. He may make the contract for not less than five years', and for not more than ten years', duration. The bill provides for four classes of steamships for which he may contract, the first class being steel ships of a registered tonnage of not less than eight thousand tons, capable of maintaining at sea, in ordinary weather, twenty knots an hour. It provides that only that class of ships shall be used for the transportation of the mails between the United States and Great Britain. A second class of ships is provided for, of not less than five thousand tons' register, and capable of maintaining eighteen knots an hour at sea in ordinary weather. It provides for a third class of fourteen knots an hour, and not less than two thousand tons; and for a fourth class of not less than fifteen hundred tons, which may be of iron, steel, or wood. The pay for the first class is not to exceed \$6.00 a mile, outward-bound voyage; for the second class, \$3.00; for the third class, \$1.50; and for the fourth class, \$1.00. It provides that the vessels heretofore built and contracted for by the Postmaster-General shall first be inspected and receive a certificate of fitness for the service from the Secretary of the Navy; that the first three classes hereafter built shall be constructed according to plans and specifications approved by the Secretary of the Navy; that they shall be of the highest maritime rating known to American or foreign registers; that they shall be capable of sustaining four six-inch guns; and that they shall in all respects be built so as to be converted into auxiliary cruisers for the navy within ten or twenty days, with sufficient strength for all purposes that the navy would require them for. The bill also provides that they shall carry American apprentices as petty officers, one for each one thousand tons; and that they shall educate and train them in seamanship. It provides that they shall carry the mail-messenger of the United States, and furnish him with the necessary accommodations for himself and his mail. The United States, the bill provides, may take the ships whenever they please, paying whatever may be agreed upon, or, if there is a disagreement, whatever impartial appraisers may determine.

Thirty-two years ago the suggestion that the United States should employ vessels in the navy for the ocean mail service was met by the argument (which would probably be equally good at the present time) that such vessels were not adapted for such service; the navy did not require great speed, while the post did. It was also urged at that time that the vessels of the

navy would be weighted down with guns, stores, men, and a thousand things which would be in the way if they were employed for the mails. As they had no accommodations for passengers and freight, they would be deprived of those sources of income, and would have to fall back on the Government for their expenses, which would be very much more than would have to be paid to private companies for carrying the mails.

In my opinion, the proper way to manage the financial part of the ocean postal service is to pay the ships a fair compensation for carrying the mails, the same as we pay the railroads, or to make contracts with them for transporting the mails for certain distances. The British government, for instance, does not grant subsidies, in the general sense of that term, to any steamship company, but the post-office authorities make contracts for the conveyance of mails to different parts of the world with the steamship companies having steamers sailing for those parts. It will be well for us to follow the example of a government whose experience we have for nothing.

The American system of not having any exclusive contracts with steamships of any particular line, and of sending the mail by the first fast steamer, has been found to work successfully, and has received praise from such a conservative English journal as "The Saturday Review." Some months ago that paper complained of the tardiness of the English mail service. The article stated that letters written in London on Sunday rarely arrived in New York more than thirty-six hours before letters written in London on the Saturday six days later. This came about from the giving exclusive contracts for the carrying of the mails. Most of the countries of Europe send their mails to the United States by the fastest steamer offered, without regard to where the vessel hails from. Great Britain, however, despatches its regular mails by the Cunard and White Star lines, sailing from Queenstown. The time required for the conveyance of mails from London to Queenstown is eighteen hours and thirty-five minutes; and from London to Southampton, two hours and forty-five minutes. The North German Lloyd steamers sail from Southampton the same day that the White Star vessels sail from Queenstown, and they arrive at New York before the White Star steamers. More than a day could be saved if the English government followed the American rule. If the German vessels were allowed to convey from Southampton the mails that accumulate after the departure from London of the mails to be sent by the Cunard or White Star vessels from Queenstown, it would not only save the difference in the time required to convey the

mails from London to Queenstown and Southampton, but would advance the despatch of the mails held to be sent by the next Cunard or White Star steamer sailing from Queenstown two days after the German vessel sails from Southampton. Goods coming to the United States by the fast ships are thrown on the dock as unclaimed goods, and are taken possession of by the Government and put into a general-order store, mails containing the bills of lading coming, later on, by the slow ships. All that expense has to be borne by our people simply because the English government is determined to send its mails by a line it wishes to support.

One of the most important postal reforms needed at the present time is a reduction in the rates of ocean postage. I believe I was the first one to advocate publicly this reform, which I did at a banquet given in London in 1883. The suggestion was favorably received by my auditors, among whom were a number of distinguished English statesmen and men of affairs. The London "Telegraph" published a favorable article on the subject, but the suggestion did not meet with the approval of the postal authorities at Washington. On mature reflection, and further examination into the subject, I have not changed my opinion in regard to the need of this reform, and since that time I have publicly advocated it by speech and pen.

Our foreign correspondence has increased wonderfully of late years. During my recent visit abroad, Mr. Rich, the postmaster at Liverpool (one of the ablest post-office officials in the world), told me that he, as a clerk in the British post-office, when a boy, put the foreign mail on board the steamship *Great Western* about the year 1840, and it amounted to two sacks; at the present time it amounts to five or six truck-loads. In 1873, when I was postmaster at New York, the English out-going mail was considered very large if it reached 20,000 letters. At the present time over one hundred thousand foreign letters are sent from New York every sailing day, and nearly the same number are received. The total weight of the mails despatched to foreign countries during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, was 643,616 pounds, representing letters and postal cards, and 3,022,992 pounds, representing other articles. The percentage of mail-matter despatched to different countries is represented as follows, the calculation being based on an actual count of the articles contained in the mails, made during two weeks of the year: Great Britain, 51.22; Germany, 20.27; France, 7.60; Italy, 4.41; Norway, 1.44; Switzerland, 2.28; Cuba, 8.67; United States of Colombia, 5.51; Chile, 3.86; Mexico, 2.99.

In my opinion, the letter rate of ocean postage should be reduced to two cents an ounce,

and newspapers and periodicals from the office of publication should be carried for one cent per pound. Under the present system a letter going across the ocean requires a five-cent stamp, or 2½ d., English money, the weight of the letter not to exceed half an ounce; for three cents more a letter could be sent all the way from England to Hong Kong. The same high rates apply, relatively, to Germany and other nations on the Continent. We boast of having cheap domestic postage, but notwithstanding the great increase of foreign correspondence, there has been no reduction in the postal rates. We can send a letter from New York to Alaska, a distance of 5000 miles, for two cents, while it costs five cents to forward one from New York to London, a distance of 3000 miles.

I believe, also, that there should be a reduction in the rate on international money-orders. At present it is eight cents on a \$100.00 order, and forty-five cents on a \$100.00 order. These rates should be reduced one half. Dr. C. F. MacDonald, Superintendent of the Money-Order System, has recommended the increase of the maximum amount of a single international money-order from \$50.00 to \$100.00. Such a change would produce uniformity in respect to the maximum amount between the domestic and the international money-order, and would, besides, tend to reduce the expenses of the international money-order system, inasmuch as for sums from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a single order would be required in lieu of two, as at present. Since the postmasters and clerks who issue the orders, and the exchange officers who certify them, are compensated for their labor, not upon the basis of the amounts of the orders, but upon that of the number of transactions at a fixed rate per transaction, the lessening of expense in the item of clerk-hire in post-offices would be by no means inconsiderable. There is a steady increase in this branch of the Government's business.

The ocean mail service has been greatly improved during the past year. The sea post-offices established on the steamers of the North German Lloyd, between New York and Bremen, and on those of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, between New York and Hamburg, have been a great success. Incoming foreign mail is now received from two hours to a week sooner than it used to be. Postmaster-General Wanamaker has not been able, however, to complete a similar arrangement with the Post-Office Department of Great Britain, though the owners of the White Star and Inman steamships were in favor of the change.

In England, at the present time, there is a strong effort being made in favor of universal international penny-postage. The Hon. J.

Henniker Heaton, M. P. for Canterbury, is at the head of this movement; he recently visited the United States, with the view of interesting some of our leading officials and public men in the proposed reform.¹ Mr. Heaton takes the ground that the state has no right to make a profit out of the post-office. So much of the business life of the community, he says, is now dependent on the postal service that a large part of the postal revenue is derived from a tax on the machinery of trade, while another large part of the revenue is taken from the poorest class of citizens who are obliged to use the mails. He says he can understand the state charging a tax of sixpence a ton on coals actually sold, but he cannot understand a tax of sixpence on the correspondence leading to that business transaction. The state should encourage those operations of commerce which ultimately furnish work to English workers, and thus benefit the entire community. A reduction in the cost of postage would be a benefit to the entire community, and would reap a harvest of universal gratitude. It is also urged that penny-postage would promote a more brotherly feeling between the mother-country and the millions of Englishmen dwelling in her colonies, and would also tend to avert the wars which so frequently disgrace humanity, because the people of countries in constant communication would be less likely to quarrel than those which remain in savage isolation.

In this connection it may be said that the present Postmaster-General of Great Britain,

Sir James Ferguson, has steadily opposed the ocean penny-postage scheme as it has been presented from time to time by Mr. Henniker Heaton and his followers. This is not surprising when we recall the fact that the postal reforms of the great Rowland Hill were opposed, not only by the officials of his day, but by some of the most prominent men of the period, including the witty Rev. Sydney Smith.

One of the London weeklies (I think the "Echo"), not long since, in commenting on the dullness of the postal officials to appreciate this valuable reform, observed that the only thing to do was to "keep pegging away," and, in the course of time, as experience had shown, even the official mind, adamant though it might be at the outset, would succumb to the continued effort that had been made upon it.

Many improvements have been made in our domestic postal service during the last few years. Every now and then we hear of the proposition to reduce the rate of postage on domestic letters to one cent, to make use of the pneumatic tube or some similar underground system of transportation in our larger cities, and to introduce the free-delivery system into our smaller towns and villages. These suggestions are very good in their way, but it would seem as though the reform most needed at the present time is a reduction in the rates of ocean postage. With a growing public sentiment, both in England and in the United States, in favor of such a change, it will not be long before it will be brought about.

Thomas L. James.²

¹ In a letter to "The New York Times," published in January last, the interesting statement is made that "Mr. Henniker Heaton has just made an important offer to Mr. George J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, if accepted, will institute an ocean penny-postage. Mr. Heaton, with two friends, an Australian millionaire and an English capitalist, has offered to guarantee the British government against all loss if a penny-postage be established between the English-speaking peoples of the British Empire and the United States of America.

The probable loss was estimated by Mr. Goschen himself at £75,000 per annum, but Mr. Heaton maintains that the loss would not extend over more than three years, and that after that ocean penny-postage would make a profit, as has been the case with the inland penny-postage. Mr. Goschen says the Government cannot accept Mr. Heaton's offer. The latter will bring the matter before Parliament."

² In the preparation of this article I have had the assistance of Mr. George J. Manson.

THE CYCLAMEN.

OVER the plains where Persian hosts
Laid down their lives for glory
Flutter the cyclamens, like ghosts
That witness to their story.
Oh, fair! Oh, white! Oh, pure as snow!
On countless graves how sweet they grow!

Or crimson, like the cruel wounds
From which the life-blood, flowing,
Poured out where now on grassy mounds
The low, soft winds are blowing;
Oh, fair! Oh, red! Like blood of slain;
Not even time can cleanse that stain.

But when my dear these blossoms holds,
All loveliness her dower,
All woe and joy the past enfolds
In her find fullest flower.
Oh, fair! Oh, pure! Oh, white and red!
If she but live, what are the dead!

Arlo Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The First Presidential Election Under Ballot Reform.

THE presidential election of this year will be the first one in the history of the country to be decided by a secret ballot. Three quarters of all the States will cast their vote in that election in accordance with some form of the Australian system, and these three quarters include the most powerful States in all sections except the South. They include all the New England and Middle States, and all the Western and Northwestern States except Iowa, Kansas, Nevada, and Idaho. Four Southern States will have the system in operation this year,—Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and West Virginia,—and Kentucky and Texas have adopted constitutions directing their legislatures to enact laws embodying its principles. Seven Southern States have, for some inexplicable reason, failed to realize the value of a reform which is of even greater importance to the South than it is to any other part of the Union.

The fact that all the so-called "doubtful" States, whose vote is decisive in the election, are to cast their ballots in absolute secrecy, free from all espionage and intimidation, is one of momentous importance. The first and inevitable effect will be to lessen enormously the part which money will play in the contest. Every State in which money has heretofore been used most freely has adopted the new system. If votes be bought in those States hereafter, the purchasers cannot follow the men whom they have bought to the polls to see if they keep their bargain. The result will be the same in those States as it has been everywhere else under similar conditions; namely, very few votes will be bought.

This is a novel phase of a presidential canvass and election which both political parties will do well to take into consideration in selecting their campaign managers for this year. If money is no longer to be the controlling factor in the election, will it be either expedient or wise to put a professional corruptionist in charge of the campaign of either party? On the contrary, will it not be the highest political wisdom to put men of character in charge of all the committees, national, State, district, and other? Surely the time has come when such a change is most earnestly to be desired. Everybody admitted at the close of the last presidential campaign that money had been used upon both sides with a profusion never before seen in this country. There was no concealment of the fact. Both campaign committees admitted that they had used large sums, but that each had been compelled to do so by the lavish outlays of the other. Indeed, for several years past the absolute necessity for getting skilled corruptionists to take charge of campaign work has been argued with great plausibility on the ground that for one party not to do it would be simply to let the other party's corruptionist win the battle without a struggle. "We must fight the devil with fire" has been the excuse on both sides, and the fire has been supplied with a recklessness and an abundance which aroused the conscience of the whole country, and did more than anything else to create the popular sentiment in favor of ballot re-

form which has led to the enactment of the twenty-nine laws of to-day.

These laws are certain to operate here in the same beneficent way in which they operated in England. They did not stop all extravagant use of money in elections, but they did put a stop to bribery. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when in this country at the time our ballot-reform agitation was beginning, said of the operation of the Australian system in England: "In my opinion there is at the present moment exceedingly little electoral bribery and corruption in the United Kingdom. The elections are singularly pure, and are daily, if it were possible, improving in that respect. Corruption, indeed, is almost an impossibility, owing to the fact that the briber is absolutely dependent upon the bribe-taker's observance of the motto 'Honor among thieves,' for the briber has no means of ascertaining how the latter votes." Yet before the English law went into effect bribery was more open than, and its general practice had reached proportions far in excess of, anything ever seen here.

In England they did not stop with legislation making bribery unprofitable because of the impossibility of seeing the goods delivered, but they went a step further, and forbade extravagant expenditures of all kinds in elections by limiting the amount of money each candidate should be allowed to spend, and requiring him to publish a sworn account of all his expenditures. They made this the corollary of their ballot-reform legislation, and we must do the same thing here before we can stop the undue use of money in elections. The English Corrupt Practices Act, to which we have had occasion to refer many times, was passed by Parliament in 1883. It forbade the undue use of money and influence in every conceivable way, and fixed a maximum limit for all expenditures, requiring the sworn publication after election of every penny spent. When it was under discussion it was constantly predicted that it must fail of its purpose because the evils complained of were not such as could be reached by legislation, and the opinion was almost universal that the maximum limits of expenditure were far too low. Yet it was a complete success at its first trial, and practically abolished corruption in English politics at a single blow. When the grand total of expenditures in the election had been footed up, it was discovered that it was only a little more than one half of the grand total allowed by the law, so that, instead of being too low, the maximum limits were at least a third higher than they needed to be. This demonstration has been repeated in every subsequent election. When one candidate does not bribe, his opponent has no incentive to outbid him; and the result is that elections are not only decided on the merits of the candidates as they appear to the uninfluenced judgment of the electors, but they are so cheap that the poor man has equal chance with the rich as a candidate.

Does anybody doubt that if we had a law in this country fixing maximum limits for the expenditures in behalf of all candidates from aldermanic to presidential, and requiring sworn publication of all expenditures

after election, that the profuse use of money in elections would not be stopped at once upon the law's going into effect? Sworn publicity by itself would be almost a complete cure. If both campaign committees in 1888 had made their expenditures with the knowledge that at the end of their work they would be required to make public, under oath, a full statement of all the money they had received and spent, would not the outlay have been much less than it was?

We have, by passing ballot-reform laws, made the use of money for bribery difficult if not impossible, and have, therefore, cut off one of the avenues for large expenditures; but we must not stop there. So long as extravagant expenditures are permitted, they will be made. Our experience is like that of all other nations. There has never been a government under which the rich have not bought votes and the poor have not sold them, provided the law permitted such bargains to be made in secret. The American people are as jealous in the care of the moral health of their political system as other nations have been, and now that they have taken the first step toward abolishing corruption from their elections, they will be certain to take the second at an early day. In the mean time the political managers will do well to make a note of the fact that money is certain to play a less important, and reason and argument a more important, part in the campaign of 1892 than in those of its immediate predecessors, and select their campaign directors with this end in view. They can rest assured, furthermore, that the people are not in a mood to view with complacency the selection of a professional corruptionist to conduct the campaign of either party,—much less the nomination by any party of a notoriously corrupt politician as a candidate for the presidency,—though in these latter days such men have dared to attempt to juggle even the presidency into their pockets.

The New Electoral College.

UNDER the new Apportionment Act the Electoral College in the next presidential election will consist of 444 members, and 223 votes will be necessary to elect. This is an increase of 43 over the Electoral College of 1888, of which 23 come from enlarged representation in 17 old States, and 20 from the admission into the Union of six new States. We give in the following table the old and new apportionment for each State, the old States being divided between the two parties as they voted in the last presidential election:

Republican.			Democratic.		
New ap.	Old ap.		New ap.	Old ap.	
California.....	9.....	8	Alabama.....	11.....	10
Colorado.....	4.....	3	Arkansas.....	8.....	7
Illinois.....	24.....	23	Connecticut.....	6.....	6
Indiana.....	15.....	15	Delaware.....	3.....	3
Iowa.....	13.....	13	Florida.....	4.....	4
Kansas.....	10.....	9	Georgia.....	13.....	12
Maine.....	6.....	6	Kentucky.....	13.....	13
Massachusetts.....	13.....	14	Louisiana.....	8.....	8
Michigan.....	14.....	13	Maryland.....	8.....	8
Minnesota.....	9.....	7	Mississippi.....	9.....	9
Nebraska.....	8.....	5	Missouri.....	17.....	16
Nevada.....	3.....	3	New Jersey.....	10.....	9
New Hampshire.....	4.....	4	North Carolina.....	11.....	11
New York.....	36.....	36	South Carolina.....	9.....	9
Ohio.....	23.....	23	Tennessee.....	12.....	12
Oregon.....	4.....	3	Texas.....	15.....	13
Pennsylvania.....	32.....	30	Virginia.....	12.....	12
Rhode Island.....	4.....	4	West Virginia.....	6.....	6
Vermont.....	4.....	4			
Wisconsin.....	12.....	11	Totals.....	175.....	168
			Increase.....		7
Totals.....	249.....	233			
Increase.....		16			

NEW STATES.

Idaho.....	3
Montana.....	3
North Dakota.....	3
South Dakota.....	4
Washington.....	4
Wyoming.....	3
Total.....	20

If we divide the States, old and new, according as they have voted in the most recent elections since 1855, some of which occurred in 1890 and others in 1891, we shall arrive at the following result:

Republican.		Democratic.	
California.....	9	Alabama.....	11
Colorado.....	4	Arkansas.....	8
Idaho.....	3	Connecticut.....	6
Illinois.....	24	Delaware.....	3
Kansas.....	10	Florida.....	4
Maine.....	6	Georgia.....	13
Michigan.....	10	Indiana.....	15
Minnesota.....	9	Iowa.....	13
Montana.....	3	Kentucky.....	13
Nebraska.....	8	Louisiana.....	8
Nevada.....	3	Maryland.....	8
New Hampshire.....	4	Massachusetts.....	15
North Dakota.....	3	Michigan.....	4
Ohio.....	23	Mississippi.....	9
Oregon.....	4	Missouri.....	17
Pennsylvania.....	32	New Jersey.....	10
Rhode Island.....	4	New York.....	36
South Dakota.....	4	North Carolina.....	11
Vermont.....	4	South Carolina.....	9
Washington.....	4	Tennessee.....	12
Wisconsin.....	12	Texas.....	15
Wyoming.....	3	Virginia.....	12
		West Virginia.....	6
Total.....	186	Total.....	258

In this compilation Massachusetts, Iowa, and New York are placed in the Democratic column because each of those States has been carried by the Democrats in two successive elections since 1888. Indiana is placed there because the Democrats carried it by nearly 20,000 majority in 1890. Michigan is placed in both columns because twelve of her fourteen electors are to be chosen this year by congressional districts, and two by the State at large. It is conceded that at least four of them will be elected by the Democrats, and we have put that number in the Democratic column.

While making this division on the basis of elections held since 1888, we do not for a moment wish to appear as assuming that the result of this year's presidential contest is foreshadowed by it. There are several States usually and rightly classified as "doubtful" which in this division are placed in the Democratic column. There are also at least two others which have hitherto been regarded as safely Republican in presidential elections. The "doubtful" States are Connecticut, Indiana, and New York, and the States hitherto classed as Republican are Iowa and Massachusetts. All the twenty-two States in the Republican column have hitherto been regarded as surely Republican, with the exception of Montana, and possibly New Hampshire and Rhode Island. As the Republican column stands, its total of 186 votes, 37 less than enough to elect, may be taken as representing fairly the number of absolutely "sure" Republican votes. If now we take from the Democratic column the 57 votes of the three "doubtful" States, and the 28 votes of Massachusetts and Iowa, we reduce the Democratic total to 173, or 50 short of a majority in the college, which may be taken as representing fairly the number of absolutely "sure" Democratic votes.

There are several interesting combinations which can be made with these "sure" totals as bases. First, as to the Republican side. Here are four:

Sure Republican votes	186
New York	36
Connecticut	6
Total	228
Sure Republican votes	186
Massachusetts	15
Iowa	13
Indiana	15
Total	229
Sure Republican votes	186
New York	36
Iowa	13
Total	235
Sure Republican votes	186
New York	36
Massachusetts or Indiana	15
Total	237

All these combinations are on a basis of ten Republican votes from Michigan. If there were to be eleven, this combination, giving precisely a majority of the college, could be made:

Sure Republican votes	187
New York	36
Total	223

Turning next to the Democratic column, we can arrange the following:

Sure Democratic votes	173
New York	36
Indiana or Massachusetts	15
Total	224
Sure Democratic votes	173
New York	36
Iowa	13
Connecticut	6
Total	228

These are arranged on the basis of four Democratic votes from Michigan. If the number from that State be raised to five, the following can be made:

Sure Democratic votes	174
Massachusetts	15
Indiana	15
Iowa	13
Connecticut	6
Total	223

The first point which will strike every observer of these various combinations is the overwhelming importance of the thirty-six votes of the State of New York. It is as true now as it has been for many years that the party which carries that State has by far the better chance of winning the election. The admission of the six new States with their twenty electoral votes, all supposed to be safely Republican, has diminished somewhat the importance of New York to the Republicans; that is to say, they have more chances for winning without New York than they have had hitherto, and more chances than the Democrats have for winning without it: but, as our combinations show, they will have to carry all the States of Iowa, Massachusetts, and Indiana in order to accomplish that feat. As for the Democrats, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that New York is a *sine qua non* for them. With that and Indiana or Massachusetts they can win, or they can win with it together with Iowa and Connecticut; but it is very difficult to make a combination by which they can win without it, unless we were to count Montana among the "doubtful" States and give them a chance at that, or, as our final combination shows, give them one more vote in Michigan than is usually allotted to them.

The importance of Michigan with its divided vote is second only to that of New York with its largest total in the list. This is made apparent by our final combination in each set, for it is there shown that the change of one vote from one side to the other in Michigan may enable either party to elect a President.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Yankee and Rebel Yells.

ALL organized bodies of men, whether civilized or savage, while engaged in desperate deeds, and every army from the days of Pharaoh to the present moment, have probably had their peculiar yell or cheer, a vocal outburst natural to the people represented. The potent or determining influence which yells, vigorous and enthusiastic, or weak and heartless, may have had from time to time in turning the tide of battle, whether in securing victories or in causing defeats, is an unwritten element or force in war which the historian has greatly if not totally neglected.

It is certainly safe to say, other things being equal, that the body of men or the army exhibiting the greatest amount of enthusiasm, even though its numbers may be decidedly inferior, will possess a marked advantage over its antagonist. Hence to awaken spirit, determination, and dash in his troops at the moment of a charge, is the

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earnest desire of every commanding officer. To secure this end, when no secrecy is required, a bold, defiant "yell" is of the greatest value, not only in its effect upon the command in action, but also in the depressing influence which may be produced upon the enemy.

It would be interesting indeed to know the old Roman and Grecian yells, their tone, spirit, and vocal range; but this the historian has left to our imagination. The same may also be said, so far as I am aware, of the English, French, German, and Russian yells or cheers, for we read and hear but little or nothing of their existence or of their influence in battle.

During and since our late war the "Rebel" and "Yankee" yells have been frequently referred to, but their true character and essential differences, with reasons for the differences, have not, so far as I know, been clearly presented.

I was recently asked to say something upon this subject before the society of "The Virginians" on the

occasion of its annual banquet in New York, and the following is the substance of what was then stated.

There is a natural tendency in the minds of most men, as they move onward along the "River of Time," to forget, or in a great measure to obliterate from their memories, unpleasant things, and, on the contrary, to recall and treasure those that have contributed to their joys, comforts, and successes. With no one is this peculiarity more marked than with the old soldier. When he talks of his war experiences, it will constantly be found that his trials, privations, discomforts, and disappointments, have been largely forgotten or overshadowed by the memory of his comrades, of social gatherings around the camp-fires, of songs that were sung and stories told, of adventures and narrow escapes, of battles lost and victories won.

Among the incidents of active service there were probably no events more thrilling and more exciting to the soldier than those of a charge, for in its dash there were displayed not only the boldness and the fury of the occasion, but, of necessity, much of the savagery of war.

It was in the charge that the "war-whoop" was heard, the savage "yell" with which men wild in battle endeavored to send terror to the minds of their enemies.

Each foe, in every clash of arms, sought to arouse all of the military energy, the enthusiastic vigor, the martial spirit, and the determined endeavor, which could possibly impress upon its enemy the overwhelming force with which its charge or its resistance was made, and no feature added more to the accomplishment of this purpose than the enthusiasm of the yell.

I was a member of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, a follower of Stuart and his successors, and on many a well-fought field I have seen, listened to, and participated in charge after charge. The defenders of old Virginia were not by any means successful at all times in defeating their adversaries, and not infrequently by force of circumstances were induced to take their turn in a more or less graceful "skedaddle." Whenever I was one of the "skedaddling corps," I found some consolation in recalling a little family incident.

My grandfather was an officer in the war of 1812. Once in his old age, while relating to a number of his grandchildren gathered around him some of his experiences in war, he told of an encounter with the British in which his troops were forced to retreat in decided haste. One of the little boys who had been listening, with his mouth agape, no doubt, in the intensity of his interest, asked, "And, grandpop, did you run?" The old man replied, "Ah, yes, my child; and braver men than your grandfather ran that day."

That there existed a marked difference between the yells of the opposing armies during our late war was a recognized fact, and a frequent source of comment. The notes and tones peculiar to each of them were well defined, and led to their designation as the "Yankee" and the "Rebel" yells. It is interesting to note some of the reasons why they differed so widely.

Southerners have always been recognized by those who have known them best as a people possessed of unbounded enthusiasm and ardor. They have been considered and often called a "hot-headed," a "hot-blooded," people. Among the rank and file, as well as among the officers, of the Confederate armies, were

to be found men of intelligence, birth, position, and distinction in the communities in which they lived; men in whose veins ran the invigorating blood of the noblest ancestry; men who were proud in peace, courageous and fearless in war.

These peculiarities of birth, character, and temperament, coupled with the fact that they were chiefly an agricultural people inhabiting a broad expanse of country but thinly settled, and confined in no large numbers (comparatively) to the narrow limits that city and town life impose, had much to do with the development of their soldierly qualities as well as of their capacity for yelling.

Life in the country, especially in our Southern country, where people lived far apart and were employed oftentimes at a considerable distance from one another, and from the houses or homes in which they ate and slept, tended, by exercise in communicating with one another, to strengthen and improve their voices for high and prolonged notes. A wider range to the vocal sounds was constantly afforded and frequently required.

The voices of women as well as of men were often utilized for "long-distance calls." It may be amusing to note the difference in intonation which was usually exhibited by the sexes. When a man had occasion to summon any one from a distance, the prolonged tone was placed on the first note, the emphasis on the second; thus, "O—h, John!" If a female called, the prolonged tone and the emphasis were both placed on the last note; thus, "You, John—y!"

Hollering, screaming, yelling for one person or another, to their dogs, or at some of the cattle on the plantation, with the accompanying reverberations from hilltops, over valleys and plains, were familiar sounds throughout the farming districts of the South in the days gone by. It used to be said of my father's old negro foreman that he could be distinctly understood a mile or more away.

Hunting, which was enjoyed and indulged in more or less by nearly every citizen of the South, was also conducive to this characteristic development.

I remember an amusing instance illustrative of this point. I was out on one occasion before the war with a party of gentlemen hare-hunting with hounds. No guns were allowed. I had taken with me a very bright and intelligent little negro boy, who had become for a time separated from me. Later, while the dogs were chasing the hare from thicket to thicket, from meadow to woods, I came to a small open space surrounded by "old-field pines," and "broom-sedge" which had been cultivated in corn during the previous season. There, in the sunshine, unconscious of the presence of any one, sat the little darky packing damp sand over his foot, and withdrawing it—building what the boys called "frog-houses." Just then one of the huntsmen saw the hare, and gave a most vigorous vocal outburst, yelling for the dogs, "Here—here, here—here, here—here!" etc., endeavoring to place them still closer in pursuit. The little negro, without removing his eyes from the work with which he was occupied, simply uttered a most significant comment; he exclaimed, "Humph! Good gracious! dat man certainly kin holler."

The Federal, or "Yankee," yell, compared with that of the Confederate, lacked in vocal breadth, pitch, and resonance. This was unquestionably attributable to the fact that the soldiery of the North was drawn and re-

cruited chiefly from large cities and towns, from factory districts, and from the more densely settled portions of the country.

Their surroundings, their circumstances of life and employment, had the effect of molding the character and temperament of the people, and at the same time of restraining their vocal development. People living and working in close proximity to one another have no absolute need for loud or strained vocal efforts, and any screaming or prolonged calling becomes seriously annoying to neighbors. Consequently, all such liberties or inconsiderate indulgences in cities, towns, etc., have long ago been discouraged by common consent.

It is safe to say that there are thousands upon thousands of men in the large cities, and in other densely populated portions of the North, who have not elevated their vocal tones to within anything like their full capacity since the days of their boyhood, and many not even then.

To afford some idea of the difference between these "yells," I will relate an incident which occurred in battle on the plains at Brandy Station, Virginia, in the fall of 1863. Our command was in full pursuit of a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry. We soon approached their reserves (ours some distance behind), and found ourselves facing a battery of artillery with a regiment of cavalry drawn up on each side. A point of woods projected to the left of their position. We were ordered to move by the right flank till the woods protected us from the battery, and then, in open field, within a few hundred yards of the enemy, we were ordered to halt and right dress.

In a moment more one of the Federal regiments was ordered to charge, and down they came upon us in a body two or three times outnumbering ours. Then was heard their peculiar characteristic yell—"Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!" etc. (This yell was called by the Federals a "cheer," and was intended for the word "hurrah," but that pronunciation I never heard in a charge. The sound was as though the first syllable, if heard at all, was "hoo," uttered with an exceedingly short, low, and indistinct tone, and the second was "ray," yelled with a long and high tone slightly deflecting at its termination. In many instances the yell seemed to be the simple interjection "heigh," rendered with the same tone which was given to "ray.")

Our command was alone in the field, and it seemed impossible for us to withstand the coming shock; but our commander, as brave an officer as ever drew a saber, frequently repeated, as the charging column approached us, his precautionary orders, to "Keep steady, boys! Keep steady!" and so we remained till the Federals were within a hundred yards of us. Then, waving his sword in air, he gave the final order, loud enough to be heard the field over: "Now is your time, boys! Give them the saber! Charge them, men! Charge!"

In an instant every voice with one accord vigorously shouted that "Rebel yell," which was so often heard on the field of battle. "Woh-who—ey! who—ey! who—ey! Woh-who—ey! who—ey!" etc. (The best illustration of this "true yell" which can be given the reader is by spelling it as above, with directions to sound the first syllable "woh" short and low, and the second "who" with a very high and prolonged note deflecting upon the third syllable "ey.")

A moment or two later the Federal column wavered and broke. In pursuit we chased them to within twenty feet of their battery, which had already begun to retreat. The second regiment to the right and rear of the battery then charged upon us, and for a moment we were forced back; but by that time our reserves were up, and we swept the field.

In conclusion, let us rejoice in the fact that war and its incidental accompaniments are with us only in memory, and let us hope for our loved country, and for ourselves, that peace, happiness, and prosperity will dwell with us and our children's children now and evermore.

J. Harvie Dew.

Is Islam the Gospel for the Orient?

THAT command which Mohammed seemed to himself to hear in the depths of his serious and brooding soul, "Cry, cry, in the name of Allah!" and which he interpreted as the voice of the angel Gabriel, introduces us to a veritable dreamland of history. It is not, however, a land of dreams; rather of realities which have thrilled and torn the world, and strained the religious, social, and political systems of men as with the throes of revolution. The good sword of Christendom never struck more telling blows than at Tours and Vienna, when it dashed to the earth the Damascus blades of the Saracen and Turkish invaders sweeping into central Europe. Who could picture the course of history had the result been different? Who can estimate the world's indebtedness to Charles Martel and Sobieski, and to the brave men who fought with them for the rescue of humanity from the Koran, the crescent, and the harem—the symbols of religious, political, and social degradation? Who can write this story of Islam as it throbs and glows in Eastern history? Who can solve this mystery of God and Mohammed? Who can explain the genesis and the historic mission of this cry of the desert, which has closed ancient schools of philosophy, and held as in chains the sensuous tastes and the wildly idolatrous trend of the fervid East by the simple creed and the stern practice of a severe religious discipline? The history of Islam as a religion, and the story of its mysterious sway, are yet to be written by some master in the science of comparative religion whose spirit shall be taught of God, and who shall bring to the task both genius and patience in Oriental research. He must be able to read history between the lines of romance, separate sober fact from garrulous tradition, trace back the streams of Islamic thought to their hidden fountains in the desert, and push aside the tangled overgrowth from sources, long since dry, which once gave forth their brackish waters to those who perchance were searching the barren wilderness for the purer and sweeter springs of life.

The thought of our time seems ripening for such a true and exact estimate of Islam. A kindly and generous but firm and inflexible judgment upon this historic problem is rapidly forming. Islam shall have all the credit it deserves; it shall be treated with fairness and calmness and courtesy; but never can it have the place of supremacy it claims; it can never even share the honors of Christianity; nor can it presume to be her handmaid in the regeneration of the East. It has done its work, and left its stamp upon the Orient. Its record is of the earth, earthy, although it has cried and fought

in the name of Allah. Its fountainhead is in the depths of the Arabian wilderness; it has flowed only in human channels; it has hardly risen above the ordinary level of religious standards in the Orient; its ethical and social code is only the rude and vulgar heritage of the desert. Its doctrine of one God, while it is the secret of its power and explains to a large extent its magic sway, has not saved it. It has given dignity and nobility to the Moslem creed; but a closer scrutiny reveals the broken, distorted, and inferior representation of the ineffable character of God which we have in Islam. It is God envolved with human interpretations, modifications, and readjustments to meet the religious and social requirements of the East as understood by a representative Oriental. The Deity is made to sanction what he loathes, and to command a whole system of human formalism. The difference between the Bible and the Koran is the difference between the divine and the human.

What shall we say, then, of the mission of Islam? What is its significance as a factor in the religious history of the world? Why was it so quickly recognized, and so readily admitted to the place of power it has held in human affairs? What has it done for mankind? It has at least saved the Orient from atheism, and has taught men to bow in prayer, and has nourished generations in the exercise of faith. It has staggered idolatry by a crushing blow throughout all of western Asia and northern Africa. It has been, moreover, a disciplinary dispensation to the priestly pretensions and the idolatrous practices of apostate Christianity. The Eastern world seemed to have rushed headlong into the vortex of idolatry, and had lured Christianity to her fatal lapse. Centuries must pass in the ordinary course of history before the dawn of a spiritual reformation could be expected in the East. Shall idolatry, pagan and Christian, be left, meanwhile, to riot in the ancient seats of Jewish monotheism? Shall the lands which have known "one God" know him no more forever? A fervid cry is wafted from the depths of the Arabian wilderness: "There is no god but God"—alas! that there were added the fatal words—"and Mohammed is the prophet of God." Yet Islam is immeasurably better than idolatry, and has truly a noble message and a high mission. The world shall learn what superb energy and resistless power lie wrapped in the potent principle of faith in God, even though a human teacher be its only leader, and its path is in the mirage of Mohammed's Koran. Idolatry shall be overthrown in the high places of its power, and unhappy Christianity must sit in sorrow and humiliation within the shadow of her defiled shrines, beneath her pictures and images, until the time of her deliverance shall come. Such was the decree and purpose of Providence. Such is the verdict of history.

Islam is thus a rebuke and a check to idolatry until a spiritual era shall dawn. It has comforted many a devout heart, and nourished the religious instincts of the East with its supreme and unfaltering allegiance to one supreme God: but, alas! it has thrust a human hero into the place of the Son of God; it has compromised with man's lower nature in its moral standards; it has simply given a religious sanction to the code of the desert; it has collected the odds and ends of Talmudic Judaism, of travestied Christianity, and barbaric heathenism, and has patched up a religion which, while

it claims to teach men in the name of God, is simply a strange and childish medley of God and Mohammed, of truth and trash, of simple faith and rank superstition, of high aims and reckless abandon. Never was there a more bewildering blunder in spiritual discernment, or a more astounding eccentricity in religious opinion, than that which has so recently striven to indorse Islam as a religion which is worthy of a place by the side of Christianity, as a helpful and uplifting power in the world's regeneration. The Christian sense of the age and the civilized self-respect of Christendom have united in an indignant protest.

Islam, however, is not simply a thing of the past, a relic which we dig up from the prolific dust of those ancient seats of Asiatic power. Islam is here; it is of the nineteenth century; it is a power in our generation; it is something to be studied and understood. It is a political factor in the Eastern question of the very first magnitude. What becomes at once, when opened, the "burning question of the straits" is usually at first the flash of Islamic fanaticism amidst the inflammable religious elements of the Levant. The government of Turkey has pledged itself to Europe again and again as guaranteeing absolute religious toleration and freedom; but let a Moslem attempt to claim his liberty of conscience to embrace Christianity, and before the ink is dry his doom is sealed. America, to be sure, has little concern with the politics of Europe; but American Christianity has a high mission and a noble field amidst the intellectual and spiritual struggles of down-trodden peoples. Her mission is one of sympathy, and help, and active philanthropy. An Arabic figure of speech designates a helpful and gracious ministry as something done by a "white hand." American Christianity is reaching out her "white hand" of beneficence to the nations of the Orient. She has already carried to the teeming centers of Asiatic life some of the highest and most helpful elements of our civilization, and is grafting into the intellectual and spiritual movements of the Old World that power which "makes for righteousness," which both sweetens and glorifies human life, and gives it its noblest possible impulse and its highest possible destiny. There must be no "Monroe doctrine" in our American Christianity, bidding us hold aloof from this "white-handed" ministry to those who need so sorely the help of the favored nation whose happy lot has fallen under the light of the "westward star"—a star which, we must not forget, first arose in the East.

America can do much, by wise effort, and cordial sympathy, and watchful interest, to establish throughout the world the precious principle of religious freedom. Her whole influence should be thrown on the side of religious toleration and liberty of conscience. This is a lesson yet to be learned by almost the entire Eastern world. The glow of American sympathy is to-day doing wonders for whole nations in the Orient. American philanthropy has already planted six colleges and seven hundred schools in the Turkish empire. Every prominent language of the East is throbbing with American literary and religious contributions. American missionaries have within a generation given the Word of God to Eastern peoples outnumbering many times over the population of the United States.

Let American hearts be interested in the welfare of Oriental nations, and enlisted in their behalf in the

high services of human brotherhood. An example of national unselfishness as wide as the world and as deep as human want is yet to be given to men. Let America crown her greatness with the beauty and power of this example.

James S. Dennis.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's "A Psalm of Death and other Poems."

A MINOR poet shares with the greatest the privilege of being unequal to himself: some moods are more fitted to his power of expression, some forms are more adequate to his limited art, some phases of thought or action appeal more to his personality; and thus it occasionally happens that he writes above himself. The critic finds in such cases an opportunity, and may do a friendly service to literature by attracting attention to these rare single poems which seldom pass, even when of high excellence, beyond a cultivated and narrow circle. Dr. Weir Mitchell has written more than one volume that has been welcome to lovers of poetry for somewhat unusual qualities in minor verse, and in particular for some few single poems that stand out from the rest. Generally these contain a dramatic element, though the form may be lyric or narrative or, perhaps, ballad. His readers may remember such an instance in the vigorous masque of the miser, with its humorous ending, so much more effective in the original poem than was the prolonged tragic ending which encumbered it, and destroyed its best quality, when it was put upon the stage two winters ago. In a recent volume which Dr. Mitchell has published, "A Psalm of Death, and other Poems,"¹ there is an even finer dramatic poem, which has drawn so little notice as to make the fact a discouraging sign of our lack either of interest or of perception in these matters. Much else in this collection deserves a word of recognition—the sentiment for nature developed by attachment to particular places, a ballad of adventure that interests the imagination, and among a few pieces, which the author somewhat unhappily calls psalms, one sharply touched by that sympathy with physical pain which is usually vague but here is real and definite as science itself, and yet is kept within the bounds of art. All these have their merit; but this dramatic piece already mentioned excels them so far as to be of a different class and to deserve praise of a higher kind. "Master François Villon" is its title—a dialogue between two French nobles. The characterization of each of the speakers is complete, and affords a contrast, but the dramatic power of the author is felt more in the story which one tells to the other, and which concerns Villon. The skilful blending of several interests helps the variety of the matter, and the way in which the narrator unconsciously is made to reveal his own nature is admirable literary irony, while the comic element and a certain sparkle of wit and epigram affect the style without controlling it. The story itself, however, is apart from these literary traits, and is an expression of the charm of the poetic nature in Villon, worked out by well-chosen circumstances; the author has shown

the poet in Villon rising like another self out of the sort he was—the flame burning in the swamp. It is an altogether exceptional poem in our current literature, original, imaginative, vital, with both beauty of expression and energy in the movement. The very short and simple annals of our present-day verse cannot well spare work of such distinction, and it is a pleasure to direct lovers of strong and well-turned verse where such an stray lies hidden.

George E. Woodberry.

Aërial Navigation.

SINCE my article on "Aërial Navigation. The Power Required" appeared in the October number of your magazine, I have received a large number of letters on the subject. Those received from France and England have been of a congratulatory character, while two written in the United States have been of a depreciatory character.

The apparatus described and shown in my article was not intended as a complete flying-machine, as some of your readers seem to imagine. It is simply an apparatus which I designed and constructed for the sole purpose of ascertaining how much power was actually required to perform flight with a screw-driven aeroplane.

The apparatus was provided with every requisite for accurately determining the energy required, and furnished me with data which I could not obtain at that time from any other source. My article related wholly to this apparatus.

Some of your readers lay great stress upon the impossibility of such a machine moving straight through the air, saying that it would be quite impossible to preserve the angle of the plane as relates to the earth's surface, or to anything else, and if the machine was cut loose from the arm that guided it around the circle, it would run up a steep incline and fall back to the ground. This might be true of the apparatus shown.

In the machine which I am building, and which is intended for free flight, the most intricate part of the whole thing is the apparatus for keeping the machine on an even keel while flying. This apparatus does for the machine what the brain does for the bird. The least deflection from a predetermined angle instantly applies an enormous amount of energy to the planes of the machine, changing the angles of some in order to maintain the angles of others.

The machine consists of one very large plane with smaller ones attached to it. I do not anticipate any insurmountable trouble in the direction of maintaining the principal plane of my machine at any angle desired. My apprehensions at the present time are altogether of another kind: Will my engines be strong enough?

With the data and formulæ which I have at hand, it would appear that they are, and with a large margin of energy to spare; but the machine is very much larger than any that has ever been made before, and possibly there may be another and an unknown factor—the factor of size.

Yours truly,

Hiram S. Maxim.

¹ Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"STONHURST," CRAYFORD, KENT, ENGLAND.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

DAKOTA SKETCHES.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

The Dakota Bachelor.

[THE homestead country of the West was very largely settled by young men who, during the earlier years of their pioneer life, owing to the actual residence requirements of the Government's land laws, were compelled to "bach it." I have known entire townships to be settled with bachelors, strong, manly, intelligent, and energetic fellows, who found in constant labor the recreation which rendered their solitary lives not only endurable, but extremely enjoyable.]

The big full moon
Made all outdoors es light es noon.
I 'd plowed all day, 'n' put the team away,
'N' done the chores.



The soft white light
Did n' seem a bit like night.
The neighbors' shacks 'n' sheds 'n' stacks
Looked like big towns all painted white.
Ther' wa'n't no wind; I tuck 'n' pinned
A postal card
Ag'in' the section-stake,
'N' plugged the picter out at fifty yards.
Out on the hill a coyote blowed his horn.
At ten o'clock I felt so wide awake
I could n' bear to huddle up indoors,
So I pitched in 'n' worked till after one,
'N' husked a wagon-box o' corn
Jest out o' fun.

Plowin'.

I RUTHER plow 'n anything.
Jest give to me
A pair o' five-year-olds
'At 's smart,
'N' let me sling
A steel-beam plow 'at holds
Its edge, 'n' has good suck,
'N' I don't want no better luck.
It best suits me
To git 'n airly start
On eighty-acre bouts,
'N' 'wile the lazy louts
In town
Air groomin' theirselves down,
To crack my whip 'n sing:
"Rockaby baby on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
'N' down will come baby, cradle, 'n' all."

Take it October days,
W'en corn is ripe;
'N' sunshine, kind o' red,
Pokes through the smoky haze;
'N' plover 'n' silver snipe
Pick up the angletworms
'At twists 'n' squirms
Erlong the furrer's bed;
'N' lazy cattle graze
Erbout the stubble lot,
Wher' little 's to be got
But frost-bit volunteer —
I trot betwixt the tails
With independent swing
'N' hope 'at never fails,
Expectin' soon to hear
The dinner-tocsin's ring;
'N' so I laugh 'n' sing:
"Heigh-diddle-diddle, the cat played the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
'N' the dish ran after the spoon."

Give me a good-hung plow
'At sets down flat,
'N' picks right up the dirt,
'N' turns it top-side down,
I tell ye now
I 'll bet a las' year's hat
'At you can't hurt
My feelin's no sech way.
Jest let me plow,



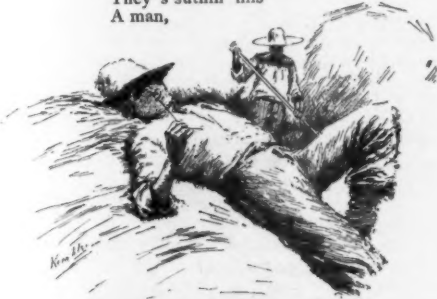
'N' turn the stubble down,
'N' smell the rottin' dirt,
'N' bust the gopher moun's
On eighty-acre roun's,
Ther' ain't no job in town
I 'd trade it fer;
No, sir.
Three acres ever' day
Es 'bout the reg'lar thing;
'N' 'long erbout sundown
You 'll hear me laugh 'n' sing:
"Chunks o' cold pudding 'n' pieces o' pie,
Chunks o' cold pudding 'n' pieces o' pie,
My ma said she 'd give me,
My ma said she 'd give me,
My ma said she 'd give me,
If I would n' cry."

Will.

It 's jest too bad
The way 'at Will gits mad.
'T was only t' other night,
Not feelin' very well,
I run down ther' to set a spell,
'N' found him in the lot
A-milkin' Spot;
So I kep' out o' sight,
'N' sneaked up clost,
Jest like a ghost,
'N' tuck the cat
'N' dragged it back'ards down
Spot's back.
She h'isted onct, 'n' laid Will flat
Acrost the rack,
'N' knocked the skin
Clean off his shin,
'N' slopped the milk,
So 'at the bilk
Of the hull spill
Soaked into Will;
'N' he got up so sour 'n' glum,—
Fer es fer any sense o' fun,
He ain't got none,—
'At I went hum.

Helpin' Hay.

BEEN up to Will's,
A-helpin' hay.
They 's suthin' fills
A man,



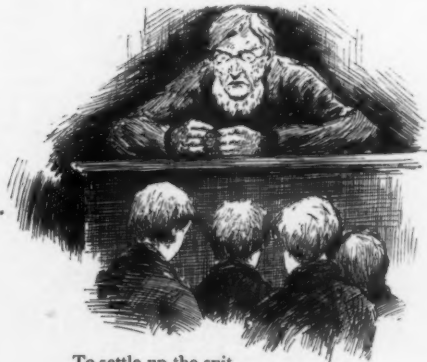
W'en he 's a-makin' hay,
'Ith sort o' satisfact'ry sense,
Like goin' to a dollar show
Fer suthin' under fifty cents.
I allus can—
W'en I 'm a-makin' hay
Up ther' to Will's,
W'en daisies blow
'N' yaller goldenrods
Flickers 'n' nods,
'N' thistles show
Acrost the fence
Wher' loafin' critters feeds
Amongst the bresh 'n' weeds—
Feel rich enough, though I ain't wuth a cent,
To buy the yeth 'n' run the govament.
Ther' 's some folks kind o' grills
W'en they 're ableeged to work,
'N' sort o' fret 'n' fume,
'N' hunt a show to shirk;
But w'en I 'm helpin' hay
Up ther' to Will's,
W'en blue-j'ints bloom,
'N' swishin' sprangle-top
Are makin' crop,
'N' peavey-buds are gittin' red 'n' redder,
I ain't afeard of work,



But all the shim'ry day,
Flat on a bunch of hay,
I slouch down on the medder,
W'ile Will fo'ks up the hay.

On Bald Bluff.

I 'VE had more fun a-rollin' stones
'N' any other game.
Late in the fall, w'en snakes is gone
'N' summer moans
Amongst the trees to kind o' blame
The frost fer comin' on,
'N' Bald Bluff's head
Gits streaked 'ith red,
Me 'n' the other boys
Ust to tramp off up ther' to rest
'N' keep f'om makin' noise
On Sunday afternoons;
'N' w'en we 'd git through huntin' coons
'N' chasin' fawn,
We 'd all turn in 'n' dig up stones—
I liked that best.
Th' way they 'd zip,
'N' slide, 'n' slip,
'N' bound,
'N' bark the trees, 'n' mow the bresh,
'N' slash the ferns, 'n' jump, 'n' cresh
The logs, 'n' plow the ground,
'N' shoo the squirrels 'n' scare the rabbits,
Jest beat the world.
Ther' ain't no countin' on stones' habits.
We started one 'at weighed a ton—
Went beautiful at first,
But soon it struck
A gnerly oak, 'n' 'gin to buck,
Square off it whirled.
We 's scart the worst
You ever see,
Fer it kep' goin' fast 'n' faster
In a bee-line fer Jenkin's paster,
Jest missed a tree,
'N' tore down forty rods o' fence.
Gosh, how the critters bawled!
Picked out the bull 'n' went fer him
Ch bim;
Th' critter was n't wuth ten cents
W'en that rock quit its sport.
Nex' mornin' we got hauled
Up into court.
Cost father ninety dollars



To settle up the suit.
I 'll recollect it allers,
Fer we got licked to boot.

Doane Robinson.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"In Lighter Vein."

WE turn the leaves; as on a stage
 Bard, story-teller, artist, sage
 In noble sequence pass; again
 We thrill to beauty, joy, and pain.
 At length we come where runs the page
 In lighter vein.

Here she who sprang austere, full-grown,
 Full-armed from Jove's proud brain alone,
 Forgetful of her august past,
 In tricky humor prattling fast,
 Peeps laughing from her helmet—shown
 A child at last!

Here rove the gallant troubadour,
 Blind bard, and minstrel old and poor.
 Look how the twangling chords they press
 With more than whilom nimbleness
 (In gloves well-fitting, to be sure,
 And evening dress!).

Poor Colin woos his Molly dear,
 Or pleads with Norah darlint here;
 We seek the visage pale and thin
 To tell a love-lorn heart within;
 We lean to note the scalding tear,
 And lo, a grin!

Next see the sage of helot school,
 Grave, philosophic, mouthing full
 His maxims, proverbs, saws, and spells;—
 A faint, familiar tinkle tells
 (Whene'er he wags his solemn wool)
 Of cap and bells!

Across the boards from wing to wing
 They pass with pirouette, tilt, and fling;
 With whimsy, mummery, quirk, and quip;
 With light kiss blown from finger-tip;
 With airy gibe and harmless sting
 On laughing lip.

Confess, Judge Pundit, Madam Blue,
 Dear Lord Disdain (O Critic!) too,
 Your portly minds are sometimes fain
 To gravitate from that high plain,
 And smile with us an hour or two
 In lighter vein!

Mary Bates Dimond.

Observations.

THE power of unqualified assertion in literature is very great, because most readers are never in that active state of mind which examines and combats.

UNREQUITED love is seldom so persistent as romancers would have it. A stick of wood cannot long burn alone.

WE never get what we want just as we want it.

A VERY generally accepted fallacy is that which, making no distinction between the difficult and the impossible, asserts that because a man has done a hard thing, he can do anything.

DEALING with a woman, it is much wiser not to take no for an answer than to take her answer for no—which it frequently is n't.

PEOPLE who always receive you with great cordiality rarely care for you. Your true friends make you a partaker of their humors.

WHENEVER you see people in any crisis of feeling acting as you think they should naturally act, depend upon it that they are acting artificially; for nature is nearly always clumsy, and, as it were, unnatural. It is rather self-conscious indifference that does the right thing.

CONCEPTION is so narrowed by expression that the greatest masterpieces may be said to have been born giants and grown up dwarfs.

Manley H. Pike.

Wail of an Old-Timer.

EACH new invention doubles our worries an' our troubles!
 These scientific fellows are spoilin' of our land.
 With motor, wire, an' cable, now'days we 're scarcely able
 To walk or ride in peace o' mind—an' 't is n't safe to stand.

It fairly makes me crazy to see how 'tarnal lazy
 The risin' generation grows—an' science is to blame.
 With telephones for talkin' an' messengers for walkin',
 Our young men sit an' loaf an' smoke without a blush o' shame.

An' then they wa'n't contented until some one invented
 A sort o' jerky tape-line clock, to help on wasteful ways.
 An' that infernal ticker spends money fur 'em quicker
 'An any neighborhood o' men in good old bygone days.

The risin' generation is bent so on creation,
 Folks have n't time to talk, or sing, or cry, or even laugh.
 But if you take a notion to want some such emotion,
 They 've got it all on tap for you, right in the phonograph!

But now a crazy creature has introduced the feature
 Of artificial weather—I think we 're nearly through.
 For when we once go strainin' to keep it dry or rainin'
 To suit the general public—'t will bu'st the world in two.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

